THE

European Magazine,

For JUNE 1802.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of WILLIAM HAWES, M. D. And, 2. A VIEW of FAIRLOP OAK.]

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For J. SEWELL, CORNHILL.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. is anſwered by OXFORD. This will, it is hoped, be underſtood.

The papers from G. R. are received. His terms will be agreed to.

We are not unmindful of S. G.'s requeſt. If found practicable, it will be acceded to.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from June 13, to June 19.

	Wheat s.	Wheat d.	Rye s.	Rye d.	Barl. s.	Barl. d.	Oats s.	Oats d.	Beans s.	Beans d.
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
INLAND COUNTIES.										
Middleſex	73	11	33	9	32	3	24	3	33	9
Surry	72	6	32	0	33	8	23	0	36	6
Hertford	62	4	38	6	32	2	23	0	35	9
Bedford	64	6	55	2	34	6	21	3	32	0
Hunting.	65	2	00	0	32	0	16	6	29	0
Northam.	62	10	00	0	26	9	16	0	32	0
Rutland	67	6	36	0	32	0	17	0	36	0
Leiceſter	69	3	00	0	32	3	18	0	33	6
Nottingh.	74	8	48	0	35	6	20	4	39	0
Derby	78	0	00	0	39	6	20	2	37	4
Stafford	73	7	00	0	40	2	22	5	47	9
Salop	72	6	49	4	37	0	22	9	44	5
Hereford	64	0	41	7	31	7	23	9	36	7
Worceſt.	72	4	46	2	37	6	28	4	37	6
Warwick	75	3	00	0	37	6	23	6	38	2
Wilts	66	4	00	0	28	4	20	6	37	8
Berks	70	6	00	0	30	10	23	11	34	6
Oxford	65	0	00	0	29	9	20	9	33	5
Bucks	67	6	00	0	35	6	19	9	33	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans
Eſſex	71	8	31 6	30 4	24 0	31 0
Kent	69	6	00 0	32 0	23 10	31 4
Suſſex	72	0	00 0	27 0	24 3	34 0
Suffolk	67	1	00 0	29 9	19 4	28 6
Cambrid.	65	8	00 0	27 0	16 5	29 10
Norfolk	67	9	34 0	28 6	18 9	28 6
Lincoln	70	1	46 6	30 2	16 0	30 7
York	67	9	43 0	25 11	16 11	32 3
Durham	74	6	00 0	00 0	20 8	00 0
Northum.	64	8	42 1	27 1	18 2	00 0
Cumberl.	75	2	49 4	30 6	18 3	00 0
Weſtmor.	79	3	56 0	30 8	20 4	00 0
Lancaſh.	74	11	00 0	00 0	20 11	38 0
Cheſhire	69	4	00 0	00 0	25 3	00 0
Glouceſt.	66	2	00 0	30 2	21 6	32 0
Somerſet	62	10	00 0	29 11	15 4	00 0
Monmou.	61	8	00 0	31 10	00 0	00 0
Devon	61	5	00 0	23 10	19 0	00 0
Cornwall	59	10	00 0	24 11	16 5	00 0
Dorſet	62	0	00 0	24 4	24 3	38 0
Hants	65	3	00 0	27 6	22 4	35 7
WALES.						
N. Wales	71	8	40 0	33 4	16 6	00 0
S. Wales	56	0	00 0	28 0	12 0	00 0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

MAY.

Day.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.
28	29.90	62	S E.
29	29.91	64	S.
30	29.82	57	S E.
31	29.96	45	E.

JUNE.

Day.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.
1	30.12	49	N.E.
2	30.20	51	E.
3	29.94	57	E.S.E.
4	29.79	65	W.
5	29.65	64	S.W.
6	29.63	62	S.W.
7	29.61	63	S.
8	29.72	64	W.
9	29.80	58	S.W.
10	29.67	60	S.
11	29.81	62	S.
12	29.94	63	S.
13	30.12	64	S.
14	30.20	65	W.
15	30.24	65	W.
16	30.28	67	N.W.
17	30.31	61	N.E.
18	30.27	62	E.
19	30.28	64	E.
20	30.33	65	E.
21	30.45	64	E.
22	30.26	66	W.
23	30.21	62	N.W.
24	30.10	59	N.N.W.
25	30.09	61	N.W.
26	30.05	63	S.

European Magazine

Engd by Ridley from a miniature in the possession of Dr. Addison

WILLIAM HAWES M.D.

Published by J Sewell Cornhill July 1802

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE 1802.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HAWES, M. D. OF LONDON.

(WITH A PORTRAIT*.)

"THERE is too much vice in the world, and diſtreſs is too general, for me as an individual to correct the one, or to ſtop the other,"—would that man reaſon whoſe ignorance or ſelfiſhneſs is circumſcribed by prejudice, or contracted by apathy: not ſo the reaſoning and practice of the philanthropiſt, who experiences the happineſs and feels the comfort of ſufficiency: He ſays, "If I cannot do all the good I wiſh to effect, I will do all that I can—If I reform one vicious propenſity; if I relieve one famiſhed fellow-creature; I am only doing my duty, and imitating in my humble ſphere the beneficent Creator, who is good to me, and to all his creatures, and affords to each the means of acquiring happineſs. Among human beings, if every one, who can do it, would relieve one only who cannot relieve himſelf, happineſs would be infinitely multiplied to the donor, as well as to the receiver."—Thus has reaſoned, at leaſt thus has acted, that man whoſe traits of character we wiſh briefly to delineate, that others, by perceiving how much good may be effected by one individual, may be animated to become members of that group of characters who live for others more than for themſelves; for, alas! the good as well as the bad are haſtening to that bourne which neither the prince nor the beggar can elude; and the Writer of theſe lines often contemplates the grey hairs of his friend Dr. Hawes with a ſolicitude, in anticipating that chaſm which his paſſage to the grave would occaſion; and hardly dares to indulge a hope, that upon ſome cotemporary who may ſurvive him, the ſpirit that actuated the archetype may deſcend. At this time he is about ſixty-five years of age †, poſſeſſing his uſual flow of ſpirits among his friends, and ſociety in general; but, with all his uſual cheerfulneſs, if a ſubject be caſually ſtarted in his company that excites pity and demands ſuccour, he is inſtantly metamorphoſed into another being—his eyes ſparkle—his whole body appears in motion—he riſes from his chair—runs up to the individual who repreſented the caſe of human woe—draws him to the corner of the room—and inſtantly opens his purſe, with a requeſt to convey his mite to the object of diſtreſs, or take his addreſs, for future inveſtigation and ſubſequent aid. In the ſtreet, the Writer who directs the pen of anecdote over theſe pages hath often ſeen him haſten up to a poor object, preſs ſomething into the cold hand of miſery, and as haſtily paſs out of ſight, like a ſhadow, to pre-

* It will be proper to obſerve, that ſince the DRAWING was made from which the PLATE was engraven, Dr. Hawes has diſcontinued the wearing of a wig; which, to thoſe who have recently ſeen him, will in a degree leſſen the fidelity of the reſemblance. The Doctor, however, in his grey hairs, loſes no jot of the amiable character of his countenance.

† Dr. Hawes, we believe, was born at Iſlington, about the year 1736; and, after finiſhing his education at St. Paul's ſchool, lived with Mr. Carſan, an ingenious medical practitioner in the vicinity of Vauxhall.

vent his being known by the receiver, or thanked by his gratitude: it has, however, been occaſionally noticed, and been found to conſtitute an amplitude of ſuccour, that muſt have ſurpriſed, as well as gratified, the ſupplicant—ſurpriſe, heightened by ignorance of the donor, and gratitude, augmented by the degree of unexpected liberality. Surpriſe and gratitude muſt be ſtill more elevated, were it known, that this benefactor is the father and grandfather of a large progeny; in the circle of which, however, he is happy in their affection, and, like an ancient patriarch, can rejoice in their eſteem.

In this ſketch (ſays the CORRESPONDENT to whom we are indebted for the materials of the preſent Memoir) I am not aiming at regular biography, but curſory characteriſtic anecdote; which I mention and claim as an apology for introducing age before infancy. In youth, liberality is predominant, if not proverbial; but it is avarice that moſt generally accompanies old age; and happy, and indeed great, muſt be that mind that can triumph over this worſt imbecility of advancing years, and, like Dr. Hawes, open the heart, whenever want appeals to its tender auricles; which in him have a portal, and through which the warm blood of humane affections is preſerved in a conſtant pulſation, and a warm ſtream of beneficent action.

I can, however, trace multiplied inſtances, where his appeals to beneficence, in aid of indigence, have been equally public and impreſſive. I well remember, that about ten years ago, when the manufactories of cottons had ſo far ſuperſeded thoſe of ſilks, as to occaſion temporary want, and even beggary, among the artiſans in Spital-fields, he ſingly ſtood forward; and by his activity, I have reaſon to believe, 1200 families were ſnatched from ruin. His public addreſs upon that occaſion is worthy of being preſerved:

SPITAL-FIELDS WEAVERS.

We have been requeſted to inſert the following letter, written by Dr. HAWES *to a popular Clergyman; being convinced, that the humane tendency of it will excite the compaſſion of ſuch as poſſeſs the ability of relieving the miſerable. Diſtreſs in this country needs but complain, and Relief makes an immediate appearance. The ſame generous minds who ſo lately gave the wretched Emigrant protection—who laudably made proviſion for the Widow and Orphan of the brave Warrior, and are yet employed in yielding eaſe and comfort to thoſe who ſtill ſurvive to protect our liberties and property, will not ſuffer a numerous body of uſeful artiſans, through the caprice of Faſhion, to periſh for want of the neceſſaries of life.*

" REV. SIR,

" Permit me to addreſs you on the preſent occaſion, and to return you my moſt ſincere thanks for your voluntary exertions in behalf of the diſtreſſed Weavers.

" Believe, Sir, it is not in the power of language to deſcribe their long and continued miſeries; — miſeries not brought on by idleneſs, intemperance, or a diſſolute courſe of life; but human wretchedneſs, abſolutely produced by the want of employment.

" My profeſſion obliges me daily to be an eye-witneſs of the ſevere diſtreſſes, trials, and afflictions, of theſe much-to-be-pitied of our fellow-creatures. Whole families *without fire*, *without raiment*, and *without food*; and, to add to the catalogue of human woes, three, four, and five, in many families, languiſhing on the bed of ſickneſs.

" I am ſure, Sir, you will believe me when I declare, that ſuch ſcenes of complicated woe are too affecting to dwell upon: and therefore ſhall conclude with my moſt earneſt wiſhes, that, by your pleading in their behalf, other divines may be animated to the ſame pious undertaking; as I am certain that public benevolence will prevent the *premature death* of many, will reſtore health to numbers, and afford the ſtaff of life to thouſands. I am, Rev. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

" W. HAWES, Phyſician to the London Diſpenſary."

Spital Square, Nov. 16, 1793.

Before this period, I witneſſed his animated endeavours, in forming an Inſtitution for the Recovery of Drowned Perſons. Cogan, the ingenious and learned Dr. Cogan, aided him, by tranſlating, in 1773, the Amſterdam Memoirs, in order to acquaint the Britiſh nation with the practicability of reſtoring perſons apparently drowned; but not long afterwards this coadjutor left England to reſide in Holland; and the weight and organization of the infant inſtitution devolved in great meaſure on Dr. Hawes, whoſe undeviating labours have, I truſt, eſtabliſhed it for ever; and without which, in my humble opinion,

opinion, there would not have been at this time a ſimilar eſtabliſhment in Europe, America, or India; where Humane Societies have now multiplied with every great ſtream that fructifies the ſoil of thoſe different regions. Abſorbed as he has been in promoting and extending Humane Societies over the globe, the avenues of his active beneficence are not dried up or contracted by them; for his hand is in his purſe whenever the appeals of miſery touch his heart, or the importance and wants of philanthropic Inſtitutions are preſented: his time is no leſs in uniſon than his activity of mind, in devoting both to private Committees and public meetings in the promotion of private and public charities, and other uſeful Inſtitutions.

As a writer, Dr. Hawes is rather a uſeful than a voluminous author. In 1774 he publiſhed "An Account of Dr. Goldſmith's laſt Illneſs," whoſe ſubſequent death he aſcribed to the improper adminiſtration of a popular medicine; and from this unfortunate event he deduces many uſeful cautions reſpecting the exhibition of powerful medicines.

In 1777 appeared his "Addreſs on Premature Death and Premature Interment," which he liberally diſtributed, in order to awaken attention in the public mind againſt the too early interment of perſons ſuppoſed to be dead, before it was clearly aſcertained that life was totally extinct. This performance had been ſuggeſted to his mind even prior to the eſtabliſhment of the great object of Reſuſcitation which he afterwards ſo ſucceſsfully purſued, which is now ſo univerſally known under the title of the "ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY;" and which is in effect confirmed by the following declaration of the late Dr. Towers.

At a General Court of the Directors of the Humane Society in 1776, Dr. Towers ſat as Chairman; and, after congratulating the Society on a variety of ſucceſsful caſes of aſtoniſhing recoveries, the Chairman thus proceeded:

"To the well-known humanity of his (Dr. Hawes's) diſpoſition, and to that activity of benevolence for which he was ſo remarkable, this Society in a great degree owed its origin. The reaſonableneſs and utility of an Inſtitution of this kind had been very early ſeen by Dr. Hawes, and therefore he had laboured to promote it, with a diligence and an ardour that would ever do him honour. Indeed, before the eſtabliſhment of this Society, he had publicly advertiſed rewards for notice to be brought him of any perſons in ſuch ſituations (within a reaſonable diſtance from his own habitation) as thoſe who are now the objects of this Inſtitution; which was the ſtrongeſt demonſtration of his ſolicitude to promote ſo benevolent a deſign; and that afterwards, by joining with his worthy colleague, Dr. Cogan, in adopting the neceſſary meaſures for eſtabliſhing the preſent Inſtitution, he had performed a real ſervice to his country."

In 1780 was publiſhed his third edition of an "Examination of the Reverend John Weſley's Primitive Phyſick;" in which the abſurdities and dangerous remedies authorized by that late reſpectable leader of a new and very increaſing religious ſect, known by the name of Methodiſts, are expoſed by ſuch a combination of irony and ſerious argument, as perhaps, if equalled, is not exceeded by a Swift or an Arbuthnot.

In 1781 Dr. Hawes publiſhed "An Addreſs to the Legiſlature on the Importance of the Humane Society, in various important Points of View;" and by his ſteady perſeverance, and almoſt by his perſonal endeavours alone, he has lived to ſee moſt of his objects realized, as conducive to the reſtoration of ſuſpended animation.

About this period likewiſe appeared his "Addreſs to the King and Parliament of Great Britain, with Obſervations on the General Bills of Mortality."

Theſe uſeful and intereſting publications gradually raiſed the reputation of the Author to the notice of many learned, as well as benevolent, characters; and the reſult of this general approbation was evinced by the degree of Doctor of Medicine being conferred upon him in the year 1782.

Soon afterwards Dr. Hawes commenced his Medical Lectures on Suſpended Animation; and was the firſt, and perhaps the only, perſon that ever introduced the ſubject as a part of medical education, which he elucidated under the following heads:

1. To inſtruct the younger part of the faculty how to preſerve human life in every critical circumſtance wherein the vital powers are liable to be ſuſpended; and to urge the importance of

the

the enquiry, on every principle of chriſtianity, national policy, and humanity.

2. To conſider the ſundry derangements which ſuſpend the action of the principal vital organ, the brain, the heart, or the lungs; together with the various means for reſtoring their reſpective functions.

3. An inquiry (ſo far as relates to the preſent ſubject) into the effects of the animal, vegetable, and mineral poiſons; their deleterious power in ſuddenly deſtroying the vital functions; and the moſt approved methods of preventing or correcting their baneful effects, when received into the human body.

4. The modes of recovering perſons from ſyncopæ, inebriation, trance, drowning, ſuffocation by the cord, or noxious vapours, intenſe cold, or lightning.

5. Important reflections on ſtillborn children, and the moſt efficacious modes of reſtoring vital action.

6. The various ſymptoms of apparent death, which ſometimes ſupervene in acute diſeaſes, but which might frequently be ſurmounted by ſuitable meaſures ſpeedily adopted and vigorouſly purſued; and laſtly, the uſual ſigns of death conſidered, and thoſe which are *certain* diſtinguiſhed from thoſe which are more equivocal, &c.

Theſe Lectures cloſed with an adjudication of prize medals, ſuggeſted by the ardour of his mind, and founded by his munificence; and which has given riſe to the invaluable works of Pearſon, Goodwin, Coleman, Kite, and Fothergill.

However prejudice and unbelief might, at the commencement of the Humane Society, have warped the minds of many, the numerous and incontrovertible inſtances of wonderful recoveries of perſons apparently dead, at length rendered the Royal Humane Society one of the moſt conſpicuous in Europe, throughout which, and the continent of America, as well as in Aſia, ſimilar Inſtitutions, as has been obſerved, have been ſucceſsfully adopted; and the general approbation and conviction of their beneficial effects have been commemorated by Divines and Painters; and in Poetry we ſelect the following Lines by an amiable and learned Phyſician at Bath.

ON THE ART OF RESTORING ANIMATION.

ADDRESSED TO DR. HAWES.

" *Nulla in re, homines propius accedunt ad* DEOS, *quam vitam hominibus* intermortuis, *reſuſcitando.*"

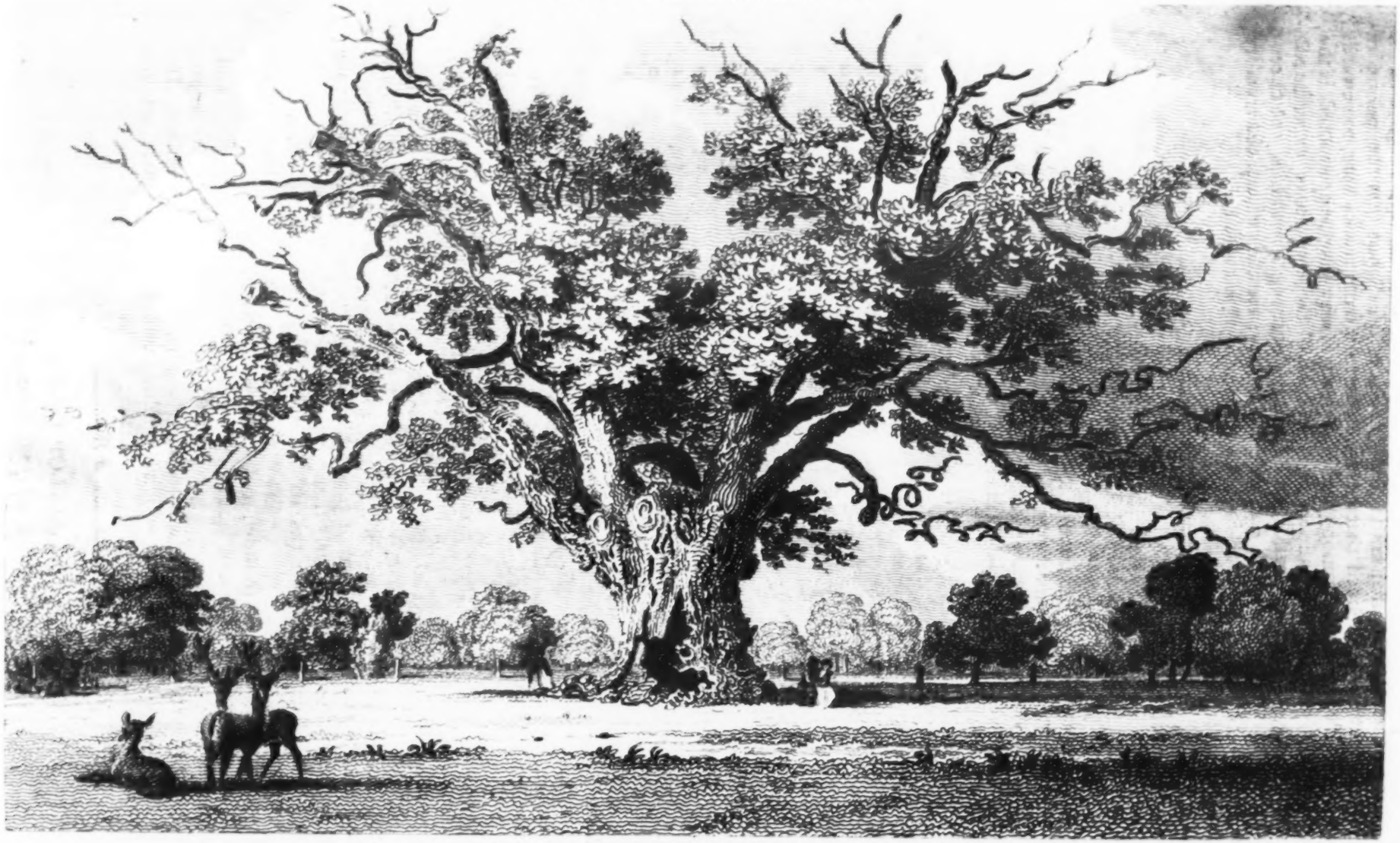
While others ſing of warlike deeds,
Embattl'd ſquadrons! foaming ſteeds!
Whoſe dreadful conflict, far and wide,
Pours forth the ſanguinary tide!
With all thoſe direful ſcenes of woe
That people Pluto's realms below!
While widows' ſhrieks, and orphans' cries,
Bemoan the haughty victor's prize;
My Muſe abhors the bloody car,
And all the impious pomps of war;
With pity views thoſe reſtleſs things,
Styl'd Princes, Heroes, Conquerors, Kings!——
And bids attune the peaceful lyre,
To *thoſe* whom *healing arts* inſpire,
Who *fan* the *embers* of *Promethean* fire.
What victor claims ſuch juſt renown,
As he who earns the CIVIC CROWN*?
Whoſe Godlike office is to ſave
The juſt, the virtuous, and the brave;
Too oft pale victims to the Stygian wave!
T' unfold the enlivening art divine
Deſerves a more than mortal ſhrine.
It long lay hid in Nature's laws,
Till late ſhe gave the Key to HAWES;
Who, zealous of th' important truſt,
Humanely views the lifeleſs duſt;
When, if one *latent ſpark* † remains,
An heart-felt joy rewards his generous pains.

A.F.

In 1796, Dr. Hawes favoured the Public with his great work, entitled " Tranſactions of the Royal Humane Society, from 1774 to 1784," including a period of ten years, which was dedicated to the King by Royal permiſſion.

The numerous inſtances of his promoting the public good naturally raiſed the reputation of ſo diſtinguiſhed and beneficent a character, both at home‡ and abroad, and occaſioned his name to be enrolled as an Aſſociate or Honorary Member in ſeveral Literary Societies; a NAME that will be enrolled

* Given by the Romans to him who ſaved the life of a citizen.
† The Motto of the Humane Society is, *Lateat ſcintillula forſan.*
‡ Elected Phyſician to the London and to the Surrey Diſpenſaries.



View of FAIRLOP OAK on Epping Forrest.

Drawn & engd by S. Rawle.

Published by I. Sewell, 32 Cornhill, July 1st 1810.

among the great characters who have been the benefactors of mankind; and the mind that has influenced that *name* will aſcend to be enrolled among congenial ſpirits, bearing this paſſport engraven on the wings that ſhall enable it to mount upwards—"*The ſick and the priſoner he viſited, the poor he fed, widows and the fatherleſs he conſoled and comforted, and the apparently dead he raiſed to life*:" but that the period of departure from works here, to rewards hereafter, may long be protracted, is the wiſh of all thoſe who have experienced the undeviating friendſhip, the cheerful ſociety, and the rational conviviality of the living HAWES!

STATISTICAL REMARKS.

THE number of the inhabitants of a country or city is almoſt renewed every thirty years; and, in a century, the human race is renewed three times and one third.

If we allow three generations for a century, and ſuppoſe the world to be only 5,700 years old, there appears to have been 171 generations ſince the creation of the world to the preſent time, 124 ſince the Deluge, and 53 ſince the Chriſtian æra; and as there is not a family that can prove its origin even ſo far back as the Emperor Charlemagne, it conſequently follows that the moſt ancient families are unable to trace their origin farther back than thirty generations. Very few indeed can trace ſo far, without diving into fiction.

Out of 1000 infants, who are nurſed by the mother, about 300 die; of the ſame number, committed to the care of ſtrange nurſes, it is calculated that 500 periſh.

Among the 115 deaths, there may be reckoned one woman in child-bed; but only one of 400 dies in labour.

The ſmall pox in the natural way, uſually carries off eight out of 100.

By inoculation, one dies out of 300.

It is remarked, that more girls than boys die of the ſmall pox in the natural way.

From the calculations founded on the bills of mortality, only one out of 3126 reaches the age of 100.

More people live to a greater age in elevated ſituations than in thoſe which are lower.

The probability is, that a new-born child will live to the age of 34 years and ſix months.

	Years	Years.	Months.
That one of	1 will live	41	9
	3	45	7
	5	46	4
	10	44	9
A perſon of	15	41	6
	20	38	3
	24	35	5
	30	32	3
	35	29	8
	40	26	6
	45	23	0
	50	20	11
	55	17	0
	60	14	2
	65	11	5
	70	8	11
	75	6	8
	80	4	10
	85	3	3
	90	2	0

The proportion of the deaths of women to thoſe of men is 100 to 108; the probable duration of a man's life is 60 years.

Married women live longer than thoſe who are not married.

By obſervations made during the ſpace of 50 years, it has been found that the greateſt number of deaths has been in the month of March; and, next to that, the months of Auguſt and September. In November, December, and February there are the feweſt deaths.

FAIRLOP OAK.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THIS very remarkable tree ſtands in that part of Hainault Foreſt (being part of the foreſt of Waltham) which is within the limits of the pariſh of Barking. It has been known for many centuries by its preſent name of Fairlop.

lop. But "the tradition of the country," ſays Mr. Gilpin, in his Remarks on Foreſt Scenery, "traces it half way up the Chriſtian era. It is ſtill a noble tree, though it has ſuffered greatly from the depredations of time. About a yard from the ground, where its rough fluted ſtem is 36 feet in circumference, it divides into eleven vaſt arms, yet not in the horizontal manner of an oak, but rather in that of a beech. Beneath its ſhade, which overſpreads an area of 300 feet in circuit, an annual fair has long been held on the firſt Friday in July; and no booth is ſuffered to be erected beyond the extent of its boughs. But as their extremities are now become ſapleſs, and age is yearly curtailing their length, the liberties of the Fair ſeem to be in a very deſponding condition. The honour, however, is great. But honours are often accompanied with inconveniences; and Fairlop has ſuffered from its honourable diſtinctions. In the feaſting that attends a fair, fires are often neceſſary; and no places ſeem ſo proper to make them in, as the cavities formed by the decaying roots of the tree. This practice has brought a more ſpeedy decay on Fairlop than it might otherwiſe have ſuffered." But this tree is now fenced round with a cloſe paling, about five feet high. Almoſt all the extremities of its branches have been ſawed off, and Mr. Forſyth's compoſition applied to them, to preſerve them from decay; and the injury which the trunk of the tree had ſuſtained from the lighting of fires in the cavities, has been repaired, as much as poſſible, by the ſame compoſition. On one of the branches is fixed a board, with this inſcription: "All good foreſters are requeſted not to hurt this old tree, a plaiſter having been lately applied to his wounds."

The founder of Fairlop Fair, above mentioned, was a Mr. Daniel Day, a block and pump-maker at Wapping, who had a ſmall eſtate near Fairlop Oak, whither he uſed to repair annually on the firſt Friday in July; at which time it was his cuſtom to invite a ſelect party of his neighbours to accompany him, and dine, under the ſhade of the Oak, on beans and bacon.

In the courſe of a few years, other parties were formed on Mr. Day's anniverſary, and ſutling-booths erected for their accommodation. Theſe increaſing progreſſively, booths were erected alſo by perſons who brought various articles for ſale. About the year 1725 the place began to exhibit the appearance of a regular Fair. Mr. Day continued to reſort annually to his favourite ſpot as long as he lived; and, in memory of its origin, never failed to provide on the day of the fair ſeveral ſacks of beans, with a proportionate quantity of bacon, which he diſtributed, from the trunk of the tree, to the perſons there aſſembled. For ſeveral years before Mr. Day's death, the pump and block-makers of Wapping, to the number of about 30 or 40, went annually to the fair, in a boat made of one piece of entire fir, covered with an awning, mounted on a coach-carriage, and drawn by ſix horſes, attended by flags and ſtreamers, a band of muſic, and a great number of perſons, both on foot and on horſeback. This cuſtom is ſtill continued. A few years before Mr. Day died, his favourite Oak loſt a large limb, out of which he procured a coffin to be made for his own interment, and often uſed to lie down in it to try how it would fit him. His death happened at the age of 84, October 19, 1767; and his remains were conveyed to Barking by water, purſuant to his own requeſt*, accompanied by ſix journeymen pump and block makers, to each of whom he bequeathed a new leathern apron and a guinea. There is a tomb-ſtone to his memory in the Church-yard of Barking.

Among the numerous ſocieties that have been formed, ſince the revival of the faſhionable amuſement of archery, that of "The Hainault Foreſters" is not the leaſt diſtinguiſhed, as the principal ladies and gentlemen of the county belong to the aſſociation, and, at certain times, march in proceſſion round Fairlop Oak, that venerable father of the ſylvan race, dreſſed in an elegant uniform, and attended by a band of muſic.

* Leſt by any accident the hearſe ſhould be overturned. He had in the courſe of his life been thrown from a horſe, and overturned in a chaiſe; which occaſioned him to forſwear both.

A VOYAGE

A VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, BATAVIA, AND CHINA.

BY J. DAVIS.

Brevis eſſe laboro.

EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR.

BY LUCAS GEORGE.

WHEN wafted o'er the wide unfathom'd main, [plain,
Far from thy kindred friends and native
Where tropic ſuns a torrid luſtre ſhed,
And ſeas unknown, immeaſurably ſpread!
Say! when impell'd to view each novel ſcene, [guag'd men,"
Each town, each realm, of "many lan-
Did no ſuperior wiſh thy boſom burn,
Than gaze like others, and like them return? [inſpir'd
Far nobler thoughts than theſe thy ſoul
(With ev'ry gen'rous thirſt of knowledge fir'd),
Such as thro' ev'ry clime, and ev'ry ſoil,
Induc'd the ſage Pythagoras to toil,
Who trac'd each ſcene with philoſophic eye,
And learnt true wiſdom from variety:
Explor'd with eager ſearch the world around,
Whate'er in art or nature could be found,
Marking each kingdom portion'd out by fate, [ſtate;
And empires falling from their ancient
While Time, with ſolemn ſtep, and mournful mien,
Beheld the havoc of the waſted ſcene!
Here, as reclin'd beneath ſome ſhady tree, [thee;
I read, and, reading, think I roam with
Feel all thy woes, and all thy dangers ſhare,
As Ocean rolls, or billows foam in air.
Say! when, my friend, thro' India's realms you paſs'd,
A wand'ring pilgrim o'er the deſert waſte,
Inſpir'd by airy Hope to tempt the ſeas,
You left Britannia's happier ſeats of eaſe,
What part diſplay'd, enchanting to the eye,
A ſoil more cultur'd, or a purer ſky?
Long has it been thy wayward doom to try
The ills of life beneath a foreign ſky;
E'en here, on Carolina's torrid ſtrand,
Still fate condemns thee from thy native land:
Here, where an endleſs wild of foreſts lies,
Where pines on pines for ever meet the eyes!
Where once the Indian roam'd along the wood, [blood,
In queſt of ſlaughter, and in thirſt of
Oft haſt thou paſt the melancholy hours
In ſad oblivion of thy mental pow'rs:
Here Envy, too, with rage thy ſteps purſu'd,
Thro' ev'ry gloom and ſolitary wood;
And when to Friendſhip's voice you ſtrung the lyre, [ire;
How each ungen'rous boſom ſwell'd with
Or when, with love of Nature oft impreſt,
You mov'd to ſympathy the feeling breaſt,
How ev'ry envious eye in wrath would roll,
And pour the malice of a vengeful ſoul.
And now! ſince fate compels the friend to part, [heart!
The dear companion of his opening
Say! ſhall thy future memory recall,
When here, for thee, he ſung the Trojan Fall? [throng,
Or when, indignant to the ſenſeleſs
You pour'd to Friendſhip's joys the lyric ſong? [ſhore we ſtood,
Sweet were the hours, when on the
That ſmoothly bounds the wide Atlantic flood! [ſhip grew,
And bleſt the day when firſt our friend-
Friendſhip ſo pure, enlighten'd, and ſo true!
Sacred to this be each revolving day,
Sacred till Time ſhall ſweep this orb away! [read,
And when in future years our works are
Our labours number'd with the learned dead, [ſong,
Some, who inſpir'd by ſoft, harmonious
Who feel the tranſports that to bards belong, [ling ſtood,
Remote ſhall come where once thy dwel-
"Near Cooſohatchie's ſlow-revolving flood,"
O'er the wide lapſe of ages caſt an eye,
And praiſe the power of magic ſympathy,
Our dark, perverſe, unfriended, fate deplore,
Secluded far along this lonely ſhore,
Recite ſome ſhort memorial of thy name,
And ſpread our friendſhip to eternal fame!

George Town, South Carolina,
Sept. 14, 1799.

VOYAGE

VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, BATAVIA, AND CHINA.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing that exalts us more in the dignity of thinking beings than that inſatiable deſire which the mind feels to change the ſphere of action, and explore thoſe places which reading or converſation has pictured to the imagination. Of the paſt years of my life, there are none I review with more ſatisfaction than thoſe which I have employed in viſiting diſtant countries. The grand advantage of travelling is the power it affords us to regulate imagination by reality, and the hardſhips connected with it are amply repaid by the pleaſure of relating them.

The beginning of January, 1788, I ſailed from the Downs, on board an Indiaman called the Eſſex, commanded by Captain Strover. Our ſhip was not leſs than 800 tons burden, and conſigned to St. Helena, Batavia, and China. I had been committed by my friends to the care and guidance of the Chief Mate, to whoſe cabin, in the ſteerage, I had always free acceſs. But I meſſed in the Third Mate's birth, where I found a ſociety rather joyous than elegant. It was the midſt of winter when we began our voyage, and our ſhip had to ſtruggle with ſome very ſevere gales of wind, which roſe in ſucceſſion during our paſſage through the Bay of Biſcay. Let the reader form to his imagination a deeply laden ſhip, expoſed to the rigours of an inclement ſeaſon, which brought only foul winds: her top-ſails cloſe reefed, and ſometimes the fore one handed: rolling gunwale under, and not infrequently pitching her bumpkins into water: ſeas waſhing over the waiſt and quarters with a tremendous roar: the bulkheads of the Officers' cabins creaking with a horrid noiſe: the ſky black with clouds, and the waves riſing into mountains!

Quocunque aſpicias, nihil eſt, niſi pontus et aer,
Nubibus hic tumidus, fluctibus ille minax. OVID.

On ev'ry ſide, what gloom aſſails the eye,
Wave mounts on wave, and clouds obſcure the ſky.

Yet amid theſe horrors, I kept watch night and day, and was exempted from no duty that belongs to a ſailor.

In diminiſhing our latitude we found foul weather ſucceeded by fair, and enjoyed between the Tropics a ſteady breeze and cloudleſs ſky. Among the paſſengers on board was a Gentleman of the clerical function, going to St. Helena to take upon him the care of the ſouls of its inhabitants. Every Sunday, when the weather was favourable, he read prayers to the ſhip's company, who aſſembled to hear him on the quarter-deck. The Boatſwain, on this occaſion, acted as Clerk, and cried *Amen!* with an audible voice at the end of every prayer. But the Boatſwain complained grievouſly that he could never get the ſailors upon deck, unleſs he ſaid to them, *Come to prayers, and be damn'd to you.*

My watch below I generally paſſed in the Chief Mate's cabin, under whoſe tuition I entered upon the ſtudy of Euclid, which had not ſuch charms to allure my imagination as a novel or romance. Mr. Roebuck was a man of an active vigorous mind, converſant with every branch of the mathematics, an excellent ſeaman, and a dignified Officer. But the converſation of my meſſmates was not leſs obſcene than blaſphemous, which will ever be the fate of that ſociety from whom the fair-ſex are excluded. Not even the preſence of Parſon Wilkins could reſtrain their oaths, or ſoften their ribaldry.

On croſſing the Equator, the ſhip reſounded with merriment. Thoſe who had not paſſed it before either incurred the penalty of a fine, or ſubmitted to the operation of being ſhaved by Neptune's Barber; a perſonage, I believe, unknown to the ancients, but who would highly have embelliſhed the poetical fictions of an Ovid and Virgil.

Though St. Helena lies only in ſixteen degrees of South latitude, we were obliged to run to that of twenty-nine, that we might get to windward of it, and catch the Trade. We ſaw it May 11; but its proximity was before announced by ſeveral pigeons which had flown from the land. The morning was ſerene, the breeze ſteady, and the water ſmooth. The Iſland roſe like a new creation from the ſea, and as we approached it the eye was charmed with the romantic proſpect of cloud-capt mountains, fruitful vallies, and cultivated incloſures. We kept the rocks cloſe on board to ſecure our anchorage in the road, which commands a view of the town, and is highly commodious;

modious. Boats came to us from the ſhore, and every heart felt rejoiced to be once more ſafe in harbour.

Having landed our cargo, and taken a ſupply of water, we reſumed our voyage through the azure flood into the grand Southern Ocean. Our ſtay being ſhort, our acquaintance with the inhabitants could not ripen into friendſhip, and we ſailed from the Iſland without regret.

On leaving St. Helena, I reſumed my ſtudy of Euclid under Mr. Roebuck, who alſo taught me the method of keeping a ſhip's reckoning. From this laſt acceſſion of knowledge I derived a moſt lively pleaſure. What can redound more to the comprehenſive genius of man than the power of tranſporting a veſſel in ſafety over an immeaſurable expanſe of water to the remoteſt places of the globe? It is an opinion founded on truth, that the Officers of the Engliſh Eaſt India ſhips are the experteſt navigators that any nation can boaſt. Had, therefore, the love of a ſea-faring life been my predominant paſſion, I enjoyed every advantage that could facilitate the knowledge of my purſuit. But *trahit ſua quemque voluptas*. The abſtruſe and intricate branches of the mathematics had nothing faſcinating to a mind that was accuſtomed to wander in the flowery paths of poeſy and romance. I ſoon found, though too late, that I had miſtaken the bent of my genius. Experience cured my illuſion, and often did I ſigh for the pleaſures I had left behind in the peaceful boſom of ſtudy and retirement, where, engaged by the calm and elegant occupation of literature, every increaſe of ideas brought me an acceſſion of happineſs.

The trade winds wafted us on our courſe, and were ſo ſettled and regular, that often we had no occaſion either to augment or reduce our ſail during the day. The water being ſmooth, we experienced little or no motion, though we went at the rate of eight knots an hour; and the ſea, cleaved by the prow of our veſſel, formed a ſublime ſpectacle breaking into foam. But in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the ſhip had to combat with ſome of the ſevereſt gales of wind that ever were witneſſed, and it was with no ſmall joy that we got round this dangerous promontory.

We ſaw the high land of Java Auguſt 24, and entered the Straits of Sunda between Prince's Iſland and the Main. In theſe Straits we experienced light airs and calms, and came to frequently with our ſtream anchor, not being able to reſiſt the current. We were ſurrounded by ſcattered iſles, and found the water in ſeveral places ſo ſhallow, that it required the utmoſt vigilance and precaution to conduct the ſhip in ſafety through the paſſage.

On the 27th we came to an anchor in Batavia Roads, where we found riding ſeveral Dutch ſhips of war. The next day I went on ſhore to the town, and found every elegance of accommodation at the Hotel, which was grand and magnificent.

The city of Batavia, which, in the extravagance of praiſe, has been called the Empreſs of the Eaſt, is ſituated near the ſea, on the river Jacatra, which runs through the middle of it. Several pleaſant roads lead from the town into the country, of which one is planted with rows of mango trees, and exhibits the proſpect of lofty buildings, elegant gardens, and extenſive pleaſure grounds.

The white women of Batavia are principally born in the Indies, and either the offſpring of European mothers, or of oriental female ſlaves. They are exquiſitely lovely, and *degagées* in their air; but from a neglect of education, ignorant and unenlightened.

There is ſcarcely a huſband who is exempted from the venom-clamours of a jealous wife. Thinking with the honeſt Counſellor, that *toujours perdrix ne vaut rien*, the huſband ſometimes extends his careſſes to the female ſlave, who cannot reſiſt his imperious will; but who not being able to elude the watchful eye of the ſuſpicious wife, undergoes the moſt horrid tortures for her compliance. I am of opinion, that jealouſy does not always ariſe from love, but more frequently from pride. A jealous wife has ſcarcely interred the body of a deceaſed huſband at Batavia, before ſhe conſoles herſelf for the loſs by taking another to her arms.

Theſe ladies diſplay much taſte in their dreſs, which conſiſts of a gold and ſilver ſpangled muſlin robe. They adorn their fine black hair with a profuſion of jewels, and encircle it with a chaplet of odoriferous flowers. When I firſt ſaw them walking out to pay their evening viſits, I could not help thinking myſelf in the land of fairy enchantment.

The ſlaves of Batavia, but particularly thoſe who come from the iſland of

Celebes, are often guilty of the moſt horrid aſſaſſinations. Theſe crimes are termed *mucks* by the Europeans, becauſe the perpetrators during the commiſſion of them cry out, *Amok! Amok! Kill! Kill!* They work themſelves into frenzy by ſwallowing large doſes of opium, and ſally out knife in hand through the ſtreets, ſtabbing the old and young, without diſtinction of ſex, till they are ſhot or made priſoners.

One inſtance of this kind occurred during my reſidence at Batavia. It was in the evening. I was ſitting in the Hotel with ſome Dutch Officers over a bottle of wine, when the cry of *Amok! Amok!* was heard in the ſtreet. The Officers roſe from the table, and involuntarily drew their ſwords. The cry did not laſt long, as the murderer had paſſed on. But a horrid ſcene ſoon preſented itſelf. Two Ladies and their female ſlaves lay mortally wounded in the ſtreet, into whoſe breaſt the mercileſs aſſaſſin had plunged his knife. A little further on was perceived another bleeding victim, and a few paces from him the *Muck* himſelf in the agonies of death, who had been ſhot by a centinel towards whom he was running. What a picture of horror! The crowd were mourning over the dying, in whom ſome found a relation, and others a friend!

The ſuburbs of the city are inhabited by Chineſe, whoſe population is rated at 30,000. In the year 1740 there was a revolt of the Chineſe, which brought upon them a dreadful and general ſlaughter. During the inſurrection, thoſe Chineſe who dwelt within the town comported themſelves with the ſtricteſt ſubmiſſion and order. They kept within their houſes, but this precaution could not protect them from the fury of the irritated ſoldiery, who on a ſudden roſe upon the innocent defenceleſs Chineſe, and put them to the ſword without diſtinction. A ſcene of horror enſued, and the cry of murder reſounded from every quarter of the town. Neither age nor ſex was ſpared. The pregnant mother and the ſucking infant fell beneath the daggers of their relentleſs purſuers, and ſoon the bodies of the innocent heaped the ſtreets with thoſe of the guilty.

The Government of Batavia is a mixture of Eaſtern grandeur and European police; the town is magnificent; and the inhabitants, though oſtentatious, are hoſpitable to ſtrangers.

The 16th of September we ſailed from Batavia, and proſecuted our voyage into the China Sea. We ſaw the main land of China Nov. 1, and the following day came to an anchor off Macao, a ſmall iſland granted to the Portugueſe by the Emperor of China.

Macao is only celebrated from having been honoured with the reſidence of the Virgil of Portugal. Here Camoens, baniſhed from Goa, lived five years, and wrote his immortal poem of the Luſiad. Having, during that time, acquired a fortune adequate to his wiſhes, and the Viceroy who had been the cauſe of his exile being removed, Camoens embarked again for Goa, in a veſſel freighted by himſelf, but was wrecked in the gulph near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin China, where he loſt in the waves all he had gotten by his induſtry. Of this he makes mention in the 7th Luſiad, where he ſays,

"Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave,
For ever loſt!"

MICKLE.

Could I land at Macao without reflecting that it was once dignified by the preſence of this great, but unfortunate, genius; of that poet from whoſe page I had riſen with feelings more elevated, and an imagination more expanded. The enthuſiaſm of my mind on this occaſion I remember with pleaſure, and hope increaſing years will not extinguiſh its flame.

After paſſing through a narrow inlet, called the Bocca Tigris, we proceeded up Wampoa River, where we moored our ſhip among fifty other ſail of Indiamen. The following day I went in a paſſage-boat to Canton.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that I am enabled to ſay any thing new of a country, which travellers, who poſſeſſed much better means of information than myſelf have very imperfectly deſcribed. The Chineſe, from what I could obſerve of them, appeared to me a moſt ingenious but fraudulent, and a moſt affable but hypocritical, people. However, it would be unjuſt to make general concluſions from particular caſes, and, therefore, I cannot pretend to exhibit the national character of the Chineſe.

In literature, being confined to the writers

writers of their own country, they cannot cultivate that taſte which is acquired by the compariſon of what is beautiful and juſt. But Confucius, the greateſt of their philoſophers, would have done honour to any nation by his ardour of truth, acuteneſs of reſearch, and boldneſs of conception. His works are held in very high eſtimation by the Chineſe, who conſider them a complete ſyſtem of ethics, and the perfect rule of government. They conſiſt of four books, and are entitled, "The School for Adults," "The Immutable Mean," "Moral Diſcourſes," and "A Treatiſe on Government."

The love of ſcience that glowed in the breaſt of Confucius deſcended to his poſterity, who trod, not without dignity, in the ſteps of their anceſtor. Hence the hiſtorian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has pronounced the family of Confucius the greateſt that ever lived; reſembling, in this reſpect, the Chineſe themſelves, who eſtimate men not by the ſplendor of wealth, but the attainments of the mind.

The banks of Wampoa River, where we lay at anchor were remarkably pictureſque, exhibiting the view of rice-fields in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation. Boats, ſkulled by Tartar girls, plyed conſtantly round the ſhip; but it was only by bribing the Mandarines that theſe damſels could be gotten on board.

We ſailed from Wampoa Feb. 17, 1789, in company with ſeveral other Indiamen, which we parted from at ſea. We had loaded our ſhip with tea, china, and ſale goods.

Nothing happened worthy of being recorded during our paſſage to St. Helena. It has been obſerved by the great Bacon, that men keep journals at ſea, where there are no images to be combined, and neglect to do it on land, which ſupplies an ample field for obſervation. We ſtaid at St. Helena a few days to recruit our ſtock of water, and returned, not without tranſport, our voyage to England.

Such is the love of the *natale ſolum*, ſuch the predilection of man for his native ſoil, that its force pervades the minds of every order of beings, and warms not leſs the breaſt of the ignorant than enlightened. There was not a ſailor on board whoſe heart did not dilate on beholding again the land which he claimed as his country; and no muſic was ever more ravithing to the ear than the noiſe of the anchor when let go on Engliſh ground. The 10th of July, after an abſence of a year and a half, we found ourſelves once more ſafely anchored in the Downs.

HISTORY OF WOOD CUTS.

WOOD CUTS are engravings on wood, commonly on box, which, in many caſes, are uſed with advantage inſtead of copper plates. The art of cutting or engraving on wood is undoubtedly of high antiquity; for Chineſe printing is a ſpecimen of it. Even in Europe, if credit be due to Papillon, this art was practiſed at a period conſiderably remote; for he mentions eight engravings on wood, entitled, "A Repreſentation of the Warlike Actions of the great and magnanimous Macedonian King, the bold and valiant Alexander; dedicated, preſented, and humbly offered, to the moſt holy Father, Pope Honorius IV. by us Alexander Alberic Cunio Chevalier, and Iſabella Cunio," &c. This anecdote, if true, carries the art of cutting in wood back to 1284 or 1285; for Honorius occupied the papal throne only during theſe two years. Even this is not the remoteſt period to which ſome have carried the art in Europe; for the uſe of ſeals or ſignets being of very high antiquity, they imagine that the invention of wood cuts muſt be coeval with them. The ſuppoſition is certainly plauſible, but it is not ſupported by proof. The earlieſt impreſſion of a wooden cut of which we have any certain account, is that of St. Chriſtopher carrying an infant Jeſus through the ſea, in which a hermit is ſeen holding up a lantern to ſhew him the way; and a peaſant, with a ſack on his back, climbing a hill, is exhibited in the back ground. The date of this impreſſion is 1423.

In the year 1430 was printed at Haarlem, "The Hiſtory of St. John the Evangeliſt, and his Revelation, repreſented in Forty-Eight Figures in Wood, by Lowren Janſon Coſter;" and, in 1448, Jorg Schappf, of Augſburg, cut in wood the hiſtory of the

Apocalypſe,

Apocalypſe, and what was called *The Poor Man's Bible*.

A folio chronicle, publiſhed 1493, by Schedal, was adorned with a vaſt number of wood-cuts, by William Plydenwwrff and Michael Wolgemut, whoſe engravings were greatly ſuperior to any thing of the kind which had appeared before them. Wolgemut was the preceptor of Albert Durer, whoſe admirable performances in this department of art are juſtly held in the higheſt eſteem, even at the preſent day.

About this time it became the practice of almoſt all the German engravers on copper to engrave likewiſe on wood; and many of their wood-cuts ſurpaſs in beauty the impreſſions of their copper-plates. Such are the wood-cuts of Albert Aldtorfer, Hiſbel Pen, Virgil Soles, and Lucas van Lyden, the friend and imitator of Albert Durer, with ſeveral others. It appears that the Germans carried this art to a ſingular degree of perfection. Hans or John Holbein, who flouriſhed in 1500, engraved the "Dance of Death," in a ſeries of wood-cuts, which, for the freedom and delicacy of execution, have hardly been equalled, and never ſurpaſſed.

Italy, France, and Holland, have produced many capital artiſts of this kind. John Tornæſium printed a Bible, at Leyden, in 1554 (a copy of which we have ſeen), with wooden cuts of excellent workmanſhip. Chriſtopher Jegher, of Antwerp, from his eminence in the art, was employed by Rubens to work under his inſpection, and he executed many pieces which are held in much eſtimation; the character of theſe is boldneſs and ſpirit.

The next attempt at improvement in this art was by Hugo da Carpi, to whom is attributed the invention of the *Chiaro Scuro*. Carpi was an Italian, and of the ſixteenth century; but the Germans claim the invention alſo, and produce in evidence ſeveral engravings by Mair, a diſciple of Martin Schoen, of date 1499. His mode of performing this was very ſimple. He firſt engraved the ſubject upon copper, and finiſhed it as much as the artiſts of his time uſually did. He then prepared a block of wood, upon which he cut out the extreme lights, and then impreſſed it upon the print; by which means a faint tint was added to all the reſt of the piece, excepting only in thoſe parts where the lights were meant to predominate, which appear on the ſpecimens extant to be whitened with white paint. The drawings for this ſpecies of engraving were made on tinted paper with a pen, and the lights were drawn upon the paper with white paint.

There is, however, a material difference between the *Chiaro Scuros* of the old German maſters, and thoſe of the Italians. Mair and Cranach engraved the outlines and deep ſhadows upon copper. The impreſſion taken in this ſtate was tinted over by means of a ſingle block of wood, with thoſe parts hollowed out which were deſigned to be left white upon the print. On the contrary, the mode of engraving by Hugo da Carpi was, to cut the outline in one block of wood, the dark ſhadows upon a ſecond, and the light ſhadows, or half tint, upon a third. The firſt being impreſſed upon the paper, the outlines only appeared: this block being taken away, the ſecond was put in its place, and being put in the ſame place upon the removal of the ſecond, and being alſo impreſſed upon the paper, made the dim tints, when the print was completed. In ſome inſtances, the number of blocks were increaſed, but the operation was ſtill the ſame, the print receiving an impreſſion from every block.

In 1698, John Baptiſt Michel Papillon practiſed engraving on wood with much ſucceſs, particularly in ornamental foliage and flowers, ſhells, &c. In the opinion, however, of ſome of the moſt eminent artiſts, his performances are ſtiff and cramped. From that period, the art of engraving on wood gradually degenerated, and it may be ſaid to have been wholly loſt, when it was lately re-invented by Mr. Bewick, of Newcaſtle.

This eminent artiſt was apprentice to Mr. Bielby, an engraver on metal, ſuch as the faces of clocks, &c. Application having been made to him for a wood-cut or two of the moſt trifling deſcription, the job was given to Thomas Bewick; by whom it was executed in ſuch a manner, that Mr. Bielby, who was accuſtomed to employ his apprentices in ſuch work, adviſed him to proſecute engraving in that line. The advice was followed; and young Bewick inventing tools, even making them with his own hands, and ſawing the wood on which he was to work into requiſite thickneſs, proceeded to improve upon his own diſcoveries, without

out aſſiſtance or inſtruction of any kind. When his apprenticeſhip expired, he went to London, where the obſcure wood engravers of the time wiſhed to avail themſelves of his abilities, while they were determined to give him no inſight into their art. He remained ſome years in London, and during that time, if we miſtake not, received from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. a premium of conſiderable value for the beſt engraving in wood. Returning to Newcaſtle, he entered into copartnerſhip with his old maſter; and eſtabliſhed his reputation as an artiſt by the publication of his admirable Hiſtory of Quadrupeds. This was followed by his Hiſtory of Birds, of which only one volume has yet been publiſhed.

John Bewick, brother to Thomas, learned the art of him, and practiſed it for ſeveral years in London with great applauſe. His abilities, however, though reſpectable, were not, by the beſt judges, deemed ſo brilliant as his brother's; and owing to bad health, and the nature of his connexion with the bookſellers, and others, he ſeems not to have advanced the art beyond the ſtage at which he received it. He died, three or four years ago, at Newcaſtle.

Mr. Neſbit and Mr. Anderſon have hitherto been the laſt of Thomas Bewick's pupils, who have appeared before the public as artiſts (the former in an edition of Hogarth, the latter in the plates of Grove-hill, a poem). By theſe Gentlemen we are authorized to ſay, that the method practiſed by the ancient engravers on wood, whoſe works are ſtill admired, muſt have been different from that of Bewick and his pupils. What that method was ſeems to be altogether unknown. Papillon, who writes the beſt hiſtory extant of the art, gueſſes indeed in what manner the old engravers proceeded, ſo as to give to their works the ſpirit and freedom for which they are famed: but that his gueſſes are erroneous ſeems evident from the ſtiffneſs of his own works. The principal characteriſtic, in the mechanical department of the productions of the ancient maſters, is the croſſing of the black lines, which Papillon has attempted with the greateſt awkwardneſs, though it ſeems to have been accompliſhed by them with ſo much eaſe, that they introduced it at random, even where it could add nothing to the beauty of the piece. In Bewick's method of working, this croſs hatching is ſo difficult and unnatural, that it may be conſidered as impracticable. Mr. Neſbit has introduced ſomething of it into two or three of his pieces, merely to ſhew that he *could* do it; but ſo great was the labour, and ſo little the advantage of this improvement, if ſuch it can be called, that probably it will not be attempted again.

The engravers of Bewick's ſchool work on the end of the wood, which is cut acroſs the trunk of the trees, in pieces of the proper thickneſs. As wood-cuts are generally employed in the printer's preſs, amid a form of types, this thickneſs muſt be regulated by the height of the types with which they are to be uſed. The tools employed are nearly the ſame with thoſe uſed in copper-plate engraving, being only a little more deep, or lozenge, as engravers call it. They muſt have points of various degrees of fineneſs for the different purpoſes to which they are applied, ſome of them being ſo much rounded off at the bottom as to approach to the nature of a goodge, while others are in fact little chiſſels of various ſizes. Theſe chiſſels and goodges, to which every artiſt gives the ſhape which he deems moſt convenient, are held in the hand in a manner ſomewhat different from the tool of the engraver on copper, it being neceſſary to have the power of lifting the chips upward with eaſe. To attempt a deſcription of this in writing would be in vain; but it is eaſily acquired, we are told, by practice.

The pupils of the ſchool of Bewick conſider it as quite improper to ſpeak of his invention as a revival of the ancient art. Some old prints, it is true, have the appearance of being executed in the ſame way with his; but others have certainly been done by a method very different. It is, therefore, not fair to appreciate the preſent art by what has been done, but by what may be done; and that remains yet to be ſhown. The art is in its infancy; and thoſe who are diſpoſed to compare it with the art of engraving on copper, ought to look back to the period when copper-plate engraving was of as recent invention as Bewick's method of engraving on wood. Marc Antonio, who engraved under the direction of the great painter Raphael, thought it no mean proof of his proficiency in

his art, that he was able to imitate on copper-plate the wood-cuts of Albert Durer; and Papillon is highly indignant that there ſhould have been perſons ſo very blind, as to miſtake the copies for the originals. If copper has its advantages over wood in point of delicacy and minuteneſs, wood has, in its turn, advantages not inferior in regard to ſtrength and richneſs. Theſe prints, which were executed under the auſpices of Titian and Rubens, will always remain a monument of the ſpirit and vigour natural to wood-engraving; and if there be not found in them all the attention to *chiaro ſcuro* which the preſent age demands, it muſt not be attributed either to defect in the art, or to want of abilities in the artiſts, but to the taſte of the times when *chiaro ſcuro* was little underſtood. It remains for ſome enterpriſing artiſt to ſhow that the vigour of the ancient art may be attained by the preſent one, and at the ſame time to add to that vigour thoſe gradations of ſhade which are ſo much admired in good copper-plates. As there ſeems to be a more perfect, or at leaſt a more pleaſant, black produced by wood than by copper-plate printing, and certainly a more perfect white (the parts of the print intended to be white are not even touched by the wood-block), who will ſay that any intermediate ſhade whatever may not be produced by wood-cuts? To attempt this on a ſmall ſcale would indeed be in vain, becauſe the ſlighteſt variation, produced by a little more or leſs ink, or a harder preſſure in printing, bears ſuch a proportion to a very ſhort line as muſt neceſſarily render the attempt abortive.

Wood engraving, therefore, muſt always appear to diſadvantage while it is confined to ſmall ſubjects, and will never reach its ſtation as a fine art, till thoſe who are engaged in its cultivation improve upon the diſcoveries of one another, and apply it to ſubjects to which it is properly adapted. As an economical art for illuſtrating mechanics, and other ſubjects of ſcience, it is too little employed, even in its preſent ſtate.

Supplement to Enc. Brit.

IDLENESS.

THERE is no vice which an *habitual* idleneſs will not introduce, nor any principles, however active or excellent, which it will not deſtroy. It may be defined a ſtupid ſtagnation of the ſoul and every lively ſpirit; a froſt of the heart, that blaſts the buds of every virtue, and depreſſes the exertion of the nobler powers of nature. He who allows himſelf to ſleep beneath the ſhade of Indolence, in perpetual inaction, will ſoon find a general diſreliſh of all commendable purſuits ſteal upon him, till at length he will neither be arouſed by the appeals of honour or the calls of benevolence, by the applauſes of celebrity or the ſong of victory, but ſink (like the degenerate drone) in ſupine and voluptuous indulgence, an uſeleſs cypher of ſociety. Abſorb'd in this Lethean ſtupor, the mind very ſoon becomes inſenſible to every boſom-impulſe of glory or diſtinction, nor feels even the fainteſt deſire to figure in any character of life; the very idea of active excellence will by degrees be worn away, till in the end his faculties will ruſt within him. It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the almoſt imperceptible deviation from virtue to vice: an ill-gratification indulged today by the pureſt mind, is, on the morrow, matured into a *ſecond* allowance, and a ſecond allowance is, with equal eaſe, improved into a dangerous habit of indulgence. Cuſtom is, in truth, the great conqueror of every fairer principle on the one hand, as it is the ſubduer of every ill one on the other: it therefore requires the niceſt degree of circumſpection to guard againſt the firſt omiſſions of an eſtabliſhed duty, and by a continued courſe of uniform rectitude to ſecure our minds againſt every infatuation, by the indulgence of which we are making enemies of all our paſſions, and arming our powers againſt ourſelves. Every man is engaged in this unnatural combat who gives himſelf up to the captivity of Idleneſs; the more eſpecially as he is by nature an active being, and as his only duty depends upon the vigorous exertion of all his abilities.

Lazineſs is, perhaps, one of our *national* grievances. The Italian, Venetian, and Frenchman, like their climate, are remarkable for the vivacity of

of their ſpirit, and the briſkneſs of their behaviour; the Scots are alert and vigorous; and the Spaniards, though ſupine and ſtately, are nevertheleſs full of fire, and kept for ever in a ſtate of animation, by the livelineſs of their paſſions: the African is active to a miracle; nor is the Neapolitan without his frequent ſallies of ſprightlineſs: but the Briton, and *only* the Briton, pampers himſelf on the fat of his own land, and often drowns his ſenſes in luxurious ſlumbers and lethargic repoſe.

Idleneſs is, of *all* others, the ſtrongeſt argument of ſelfiſhneſs and ſenſuality: it is impoſſible for the man who is infected with this ſoft and undermining diſeaſe to pay a proper regard to the poliſhed delicacies of life, or to the moral duties of a *ſweet* and *ſocial* humanity. It is termed by Mr. Addiſon, "the ruſt of life," and not without that elegant writer's general propriety; for it gradually defaces the brightneſs of our nature, till it eats even into the ſoul.

Nor is Idleneſs more ſubverſive of all moral rectitude than it is of natural health, of which exerciſe has been ever accounted the ſureſt preſervative; it is as impoſſible for a vitiated and debauched heart to move happily, as for a diſordered and feveriſh pulſe to beat the temperate muſick of health. Man, conſidered abſtractedly from the operations of paſſion or the incitements of deſire, is nothing better than a machine without motion. It ſeems ſomewhat amazing, that in a world like this, where events are every moment occurring, of the moſt intereſting nature, to attract our regard and awake us from our trance, we ſhould remain obſtinately deaf to every ſurrounding appeal! I will be bold to aſſert, that there is not a minute of our exiſtence which might not be turned to ſome general and good account by induſtrious benevolence; nor is the univerſe ever ſo barren of objects adapted to ſtimulate our notice and exerciſe our faculties, that we need have recourſe to oblivion to ſlumber away the ſuperflux of life, or to ſeek in the arms of Apathy an univerſal inſenſibility and indifference. Orrery has finely termed our paſſions the "gales of life;" and without them what a languid lump of earth is man; a mere ſtatue, of which we confeſs our admiration, becauſe we ſee the hand of a divine artificer; but even *He* would loſe half the glory of the wonderful workmanſhip, were not the furniture of the creature's ſoul adequate to the beauty and excellence of its form.

Our powers of enjoyment and capacities of bliſs are only given us to be regularly and conſtantly exerted in ſuch manner as ſeems moſt likely to promote the virtue and honour of mankind. As in watch-work, ſo it is in our natural and intellectual formation and conſtructure, the ſmalleſt diſorder in any of the parts unharmonizes the whole; either of the extremes, likewiſe, are fatal to the conſtitution of the ſoul and body; a voluptuous indolence long continued will flatten the ſprings of life as effectually as a conſtant torrent of diſſipation and debauch: and in reſpect of our corporeal concerns; by intendering ourſelves by indolence, the ſlighteſt complaint unbraces the fibres of the natural ſyſtem, and the valetudinarian, diſuſed to bear either pain or misfortune with magnanimity, is ſtung with unmanly anguiſh at the wound of the roſe.

Fatal, beyond every other danger, are the ſleeps of the ſoul, and thoſe lethargies of the mind which lead us to doze away, day after day, in forgetful ſtupefaction. Every ſuperior ſenſation muſt of neceſſity languiſh, unleſs it is frequently cheriſhed and applauded. In this world it is ſo ordered, by an all-wiſe Providence, that each being ſhould be dependent on the reſt of the ſpecies; the ſubſiſtence of one part, therefore, entirely depends upon the induſtry of the other; ſo that he who ſurrenders himſelf up to the ignominy of ſloth ſtands juſtly chargeable with an avowed rebellion againſt the laws of ſocial nature. How ſhould he benefit mankind who refuſes the means by which it may be benefited? Without arouſing our endeavours to the point, how ſhall we carry it? If the town is not attacked, how ſhall the citadel be taken? And where nothing is attempted, what can be effected? Thoſe virtues (which though natural to the temper are ſtifled by Indolence), like the jewels which lay ſleeping in the mine, and will never burn their way through the earth, or like thoſe ſtars which are obſtructed from ſhining by an immenſity of cloud, are neither of public or private utility.

He who ſmothers his ſenſibilities in Forgetfulneſs,

Forgetfulneſs, or drowns them in the opiates of Idleneſs, totally inverts the intentions of Omnipotence, and is a living neuter upon the face of the earth; he is one who will neither be at the trouble to reſcue innocence from diſaſter, or poverty from oppreſſion, and who will not deign to ſympathize either with the ſorrow or ſatisfaction of the world around him; but dead alike to its weal or woe, ſnores upon the down of ſedentary ſtate, an unwieldy exuberance of fleſh and blood, courting his own agonies, and diſregarding thoſe of others.

A lazy man is like a ſtone that grows more hard and bulky as it lies, till, by a long courſe of years remaining in the ſame inſenſible poſition, it becomes at length immovable, and, ſpreading over the ground, curſes it with barrenneſs for ever.

A proper diſplay of our natural and moral powers is neceſſary to the enhancement of every pleaſure, and to the mitigation of every inquietude. He who ſuffers his heart to lay long dormant within him, will either feel himſelf affected with a general miſanthropy, or break out into paroxyſms of rage or rapture upon the moſt trifling occaſions. Joy, unleſs it is the reſult of ſome generous exertion of the mind, or communicated to us by the voice of virtue, is downright diſtraction; when our tranſport proceeds merely from vacuity of heart (eaſily caught with the fopperies of life), it argues a natural imbecility and weakneſs. It is only by the emulative vigour of the human mind, that either arts or arms have attained their eminence and diſtinction. The poet and the philoſopher owe their reputation to the active induſtry of genius, to laborious ſtudy, and intenſe obſervation. The mechanic and the merchant, the ſoldier and the ſailor, the man of policy and of politeneſs, derive their character and fame from one common and univerſal ſource; from ſtretching to the bent every inborn or acquired perfection, and calling to the teſt every ſocial endeavour. Hence it is we owe every inſtrument of utility, and every ornament of pleaſure, the plume of conqueſt and the olive of peace. It is therefore the poſitive duty of every man to ſhake off this ſomnific habit, and to add his individual attempts to the complicated efforts of the general community; to conſider himſelf as a dependent and connected being, whoſe rank in the ſcale of nature makes it a moral obligation in him to fulfil that law by which he is moſt ſtrictly enjoined to reciprocate bleſſings and good offices between himſelf and his fellow-creatures; and (with all the generoſity and dignity of a man determined to anſwer the deſigns of his Maker) to employ his faculties in ſuch exerciſes as may not only preſerve his own felicity and health, but alſo impart them to others.

DIONYSIUS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BY THOMAS HUTCHINS, ESQ.

THE great length and uncommon depth of this river, and the exceſſive muddineſs and ſalubrious quality of its waters, after its junction with the Miſſouri, are very ſingular *. The direction of the channel is ſo crooked, that from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio, a diſtance which does not exceed 460 miles in a ſtraight line, is about 856 by water. It may be ſhortened at leaſt 250 miles, by cutting acroſs eight or ten necks of land, ſome of which are not thirty yards wide. Charlevoix relates, that in the year 1722, at Point Coupee, or Cut Point, the river made a great turn, and ſome Canadians, by deepening the channel of a ſmall brook, diverted the waters of the river into it. The impetuoſity of the ſtream was ſo violent, and the ſoil

* In a half pint tumbler of this water has been found a ſediment of two inches of ſlime. It is, notwithſtanding, extremely wholeſome and well taſted, and very cool in the hotteſt ſeaſons of the year; the rowers, who are then employed, drink of it when they are in the ſtrongeſt perſpiration, and never receive any bad effects from it. The inhabitants of New Orleans uſe no other water than that of the river, which, by keeping in jars, becomes perfectly clear.

of

of ſo rich and looſe a quality, that, in a ſhort time, the point was entirely cut through, and travellers ſaved fourteen leagues of their voyage. The old bed has no water in it, the times of the periodical overflowings only excepted. The new channel has been ſince ſounded with a line of thirty fathoms, without finding bottom.

In the ſpring floods the Miſſiſſippi is very high, and the current ſo ſtrong, that with difficulty it can be aſcended; but that diſadvantage is compenſated by eddies or counter-currents, which always run in the bends cloſe to the banks of the river with nearly equal velocity againſt the ſtream, and aſſiſt the aſcending boats. The current at this ſeaſon deſcends at the rate of about five miles an hour. In autumn, when the waters are low, it does not run faſter than two miles, but it is rapid in ſuch parts of the river as have cluſters of iſlands, ſhoals, and ſand-banks. The circumference of many of theſe ſhoals being ſeveral miles, the voyage is longer, and in ſome parts more dangerous, than in the ſpring. The merchandize neceſſary for the commerce of the upper ſettlements on or near the Miſſiſſippi, is conveyed in the ſpring and autumn in batteaux rowed by eighteen or twenty men, and carrying about forty tons. From New Orleans to the Illinois the voyage is commonly performed in eight or ten weeks. A prodigious number of iſlands, ſome of which are of great extent, interſperſe that mighty river. Its depth increaſes as you aſcend it. Its waters, after overflowing its banks below the river Ibberville, never return within them again. Theſe ſingularities diſtinguiſh it from every other river in the known world. Below New Orleans the land begins to be very low on both ſides of the river acroſs the country, and gradually declines as it approaches nearer to the ſea. This point of land, which, in the Treaty of Peace in 1762, is miſtaken for an iſland, is to all appearance of no long date; for in digging ever ſo little below the ſurface, you find water and great quantities of trees. The many beeches and breakers, as well as inlets, which aroſe out of the channel within the laſt half century, at the ſeveral mouths of the river, are convincing proofs that this peninſula was wholly formed in the ſame manner. And it is certain, that when La Salle ſailed down the Miſſiſſippi to the ſea, the opening of that river was very different from what it is at preſent.

The nearer you approach to the ſea, this truth becomes more ſtriking. The bars that croſs moſt of theſe ſmall channels, opened by the current, have been multiplied by means of the trees carried down with the ſtreams; one of which ſtopped by its roots or branches, in a ſhallow part, is ſufficient to obſtruct the paſſage of thouſands more, and to fix them at the ſame place. Such collections of trees are daily ſeen between the Balize and the Miſſouri, which ſingly would ſupply the largeſt city in Europe with fuel for ſeveral years. No human force being ſufficient for removing them, the mud carried down by the river ſerves to bind and cement them together. They are gradually covered, and every inundation not only extends their length and breadth, but adds another layer to their height. In leſs than ten years time, canes and ſhrubs grow on them, and form points and iſlands which forcibly ſhift the bed of the river.

Nothing can be aſſerted, with certainty, reſpecting its length. Its ſource is not known, but ſuppoſed to be upwards of 3000 miles from the ſea as the river runs. We only know, that from St. Anthony's falls, it glides with a pleaſant clear ſtream, and becomes comparatively narrow before its junction with the Miſſouri, the muddy waters of which immediately diſcolour the lower part of the river to the ſea. Its rapidity, breadth, and other peculiarities, then begin to give it the majeſtic appearance of the Miſſouri, which affords a more extenſive navigation, and is a longer, broader, and deeper river than the Miſſiſſippi. It has been aſcended by French traders about twelve or thirteen hundred miles, and from the depth of water, and breadth of the river, at that diſtance, it appeared to be navigable many miles further.

From the Miſſouri river to nearly oppoſite the Ohio, the weſtern bank of the Miſſiſſippi is (ſome few places excepted) higher than the eaſtern. From Mine au fer to the Ibberville, the eaſtern bank is higher than the weſtern, on which there is not a ſingle diſcernible riſing or eminence the diſtance of 750 miles. From the Ibberville to the ſea, there are no eminences on either ſide, though the eaſtern bank appears rather the higher of the two, as far as the Engliſh turn. Thence the banks

gradually diminiſh in height to the mouths of the river, where they are not two or three feet higher than the common ſurface of the water.

The ſlime which the annual floods of the river Miſſiſſippi leaves on the ſurface of the adjacent ſhores may be compared with that of the Nile, which depoſits a ſimilar manure, and for many centuries paſt has inſured the fertility of Egypt. When its banks ſhall have been cultivated as the excellency of its ſoil and temperature of the climate deſerve, its population will equal that of any other part of the world. The trade, wealth, and power, of America, will, at ſome future period, depend, and perhaps centre upon the Miſſiſſippi. This alſo reſembles the Nile in the number of its mouths, all iſſuing into a ſea that may be compared to the Mediterranean, which is bounded on the North and South by the two Continents of Europe and Africa, as the Mexican Bay is by North and South America. The ſmaller mouths of this river might be eaſily ſtopped up, by means of thoſe floating trees with which the river during the floods is always covered. The whole force of the channel being united, the only opening then left would probably grow deep as well as the bar.

An objection has been often made by miſinformed men, otherwiſe of great abilities, who too credulouſly believed that the navigation of the Miſſiſſippi river, on account of its rapid current, was more difficult than it is in reality. It appears from the calculation made by ſeveral ſkilful and experienced travellers, that in the autumn, when the waters are low, the current deſcends at the rate of about one and a half or two miles in an hour; and that the waters are in this ſtate more than one half of the year. In the ſpring, when the freſhes are up, or at their greateſt height, the current runs at the rate of five or ſix miles. It is true that the navigation would be difficult at that ſeaſon, to thoſe who ſail or row up againſt the ſtream; but there is no example of ſuch folly. When the waters of this river are high, the commodities and produce of the interior country are gathered and prepared for exportation with the deſcending current. And when the waters are low, the produce of the interior country is growing to maturity. This is the time for the navigator's importation. Great advantages are likewiſe taken then from eddy currents. At preſent there are few builders ſkilful enough to conſtruct veſſels better calculated for that navigation than thoſe already mentioned. Time and experience will doubtleſs produce improvements, and render the navigation of this river nearly as cheap as any other. But that the Miſſiſſippi can anſwer every purpoſe of trade and commerce, is proved to a demonſtration, by the rapid progreſs the French, German, and Arcadian inhabitants on that river have made. They have attained a ſtate of opulence never before ſo ſoon acquired in any new country. And this was effected under all the diſcouragements of an indolent and rapacious government. It may be further aſſerted, that no country in North America, or perhaps in the univerſe, exceeds the neighbourhood of the Miſſiſſippi in fertility of ſoil and temperature of climate. Both ſides of this river are truly remarkable for the very great diverſity and luxuriancy of their productions. They might probably be brought, from the favourableneſs of the climate, to produce two annual crops of Indian corn as well as rice, and with little cultivation would furniſh grain of every kind in the greateſt abundance. But this value is not confined to the fertility and immenſity of champaign lands; their timber is as fine as any in the world, and the quantities of live and other oak, aſh, mulberry, walnut, cherry, cypreſs, and cedar, are aſtoniſhing. The neighbourhood of the Miſſiſſippi, beſides, furniſhes the richeſt fruits in great variety, particularly grapes, oranges, and lemons, in the higheſt perfection. It produces ſilk, cotton, ſaſſafras, ſaffron, and rhubarb; is peculiarly adapted for hemp and flax, and in goodneſs of tobacco equals the Brazils; and indigo is at this preſent a ſtaple commodity, which commonly yields the planter from three to four cuttings. In a word, whatever is rich or rare in the moſt deſirable climates in Europe, ſeems natural to ſuch a degree on the Miſſiſſippi, that France, though ſhe ſent few or no emigrants into Louiſiana but decayed ſoldiers, or perſons in indigent circumſtances (and theſe very poorly ſupplied with the implements of huſbandry), ſoon began to dread a rival in her colony, particularly in the cultivation of vines, from which ſhe prohibited the coloniſts under a very heavy penalty; yet ſoil and ſituation triumphed over all political reſtraints,

reſtraints, and the adventurers, at the end of the war in 1762, were very little inferior to the moſt ancient ſettlements of America in all the modern refinements of luxury.

The Miſſiſſippi furniſhes in great plenty ſeveral ſorts of fiſh, particularly perch, pike, ſturgeon, eel, and calts of a monſtrous ſize. Craw fiſh abound in this country; they are in every part of the earth; and when the inhabitants chooſe a diſh of them, they ſend to their gardens, where they have a ſmall pond dug for that purpoſe, and are ſure of getting as many as they have occaſion for. A diſh of ſhrimps is as eaſily procured; by hanging a ſmall canvas bag with a bit of meat in it to the bank of the river, and letting it drop a little below the ſurface of the water, in a few hours a ſufficient quantity will have got into the bag. Shrimps are found in the Miſſiſſippi as far as the Natchez, 348 miles from the ſea.

THE following Letter was extracted from an old book of manuſcript in the Iſland of Jamaica, containing alſo Venable's Narrative, with colonial and political diſcuſſions and memoirs during the century. Mr. Long, in his valuable ſurvey of Jamaica, has made copious quotations from this book. The tranſlation is bold and accurate; but, as the Spaniſh original is not before me, I have not ventured to make any material alterations.

[This letter of Columbus, which bears evident marks of authenticity, appears to have been written during his fourth and laſt voyage, when he lay in a moſt deplorable ſituation on the coaſt of Jamaica; where, after having completed his richeſt and moſt valuable diſcoveries of Veragua, Mexico, and the whole coaſt of Terra Firma, from the Gulph of Honduras to the mouth of the River Oronoque, he was forced to run his ſhips on ſhore, being ſo rotten and worm-eaten that he could no longer keep them above water. Here he ſuffered the extremeſt miſery. Seized with the moſt excruciating pains of the gout, deſerted by moſt of his crew, his proviſions exhauſted, and the natives his enemies, he had no reſource but to the bare chance of a truſty ſervant's finding his way to St. Domingo in an Indian canoe, which he providentially accompliſhed, entruſted, as it ſhould ſeem, with the following letter, and the papers therein mentioned. Whether this letter ever found its way to the Spaniſh Court does not appear.]

LETTER FROM CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

SIR, *Jamaica*, 1503.

DIEGO MENDES, and the papers I ſend by him, will ſhew your Highneſs what rich mines of gold I have diſcovered in Veragua; and how I intended to have left my brother at the river Berlin, if the judgments of Heaven, and th. greateſt misfortunes in the world, had not prevented it. However, it is ſufficient that your Highneſs and ſucceſſors will have the glory and advantage of all, and that the full diſcovery and ſettlement are reſerved for happier perſons than the unfortunate Columbus. If God be ſo merciful to me, as to conduct Mendes to Spain, I doubt not but he will make your Highneſs and my great Miſtreſs underſtand that this will not only be a Caſtle and Law, but a diſcovery of a world of ſubjects, lands, and wealth, greater than man's unbounded fancy could ever comprehend, or avarice itſelf covet. But neither he, this paper, nor the tongue of mortal man, can expreſs the anguiſh and afflictions of my mind and body, nor the miſery and dangers of my ſon, brother, and friends. For here already we have been above ten months lodged on the open decks of our ſhips, that are run on ſhore and laſhed together. Thoſe of my men that were well have mutinied under the Perras of Seville; my friends that were faithful are now ſick and dying. We have deſtroyed the Indians' proviſions, ſo that they abandon us all; therefore we are like to periſh by hunger; and theſe miſeries are accompanied with ſo many aggravating circumſtances, that it renders me the moſt wretched object of misfortune this world ſhall ever ſee; as if the diſpleaſure of Heaven ſeconded the envy of Spain, and would puniſh as criminal theſe undertakings and meritorious ſervices. Good Heaven, and you Holy

Saints,

Saints that dwell in it, let the King Don Ferdinand, and my illuſtrious Miſtreſs Donna Iſabella, know, that I am the moſt miſerable man living, and that my zeal for their ſervice and intereſt hath brought me to it, for it is impoſſible to live and have afflictions equal to mine. I ſee, and with horror apprehend my own, and (for my ſake) theſe unfortunate and deſerving people's deſtruction. Alas! Piety and Juſtice have retired to their regions above; and it is a crime to have done or have promiſed too much. As my miſery makes my life a burthen to myſelf, ſo I fear the empty titles of Perpetual Viceroy and Admirals render me obnoxious to the Spaniſh nation. It is viſible enough, that all methods are made uſe of to cut the thread that is breaking; for I am *in my old age* oppreſſed with inſupportable pains of the gout, and am now languiſhing and expiring with that, and other infirmities, among ſavages where I have neither medicines nor proviſions for the body; prieſt nor ſacrament for the ſoul; my men mutining; my brother, my ſon, and thoſe that are faithful, ſick, ſtarving, and dying; the Indians have abandoned us; and his Grace of Saint Domingo, Obando, has ſent rather to ſee if I am dead, than to ſuccour us, or to bury me alive here; for his boat neither delivered a letter, or ſpoke, or would receive any from us. I therefore conclude your Highneſs's officers intend that here my voyage and life ſhould end. Oh bleſſed Mother of God! who compaſſionates the moſt miſerable and oppreſſed! why did not Cenell * Bouvadilla kill me, when he robbed me and my brother of our dearly-purchaſed gold, and ſent us to Spain in chains, without trial, crime, or ſhadow of one? Theſe chains are all the treaſures I have, and they ſhall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or grave; for I would have the remembrance of ſo unjuſt and tragical an act die with me, and for the glory of the Spaniſh name be eternally forgotten. Had it been ſo (oh bleſſed Virgin!) Obando would not have found us for ten or twelve months periſhing through malice as great as our misfortunes. Oh! let it not bring a further infamy on the Caſtilian name, nor let future ages know there were wretches ſo vile in this as to think to recommend themſelves to Don Ferdinand by deſtroying the unfortunate and miſerable Chriſtopher Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his pretences to diſcover and to give to Spain a new world! It was you, oh Heaven, that inſpired and conducted me to it! do you therefore weep for me, and ſhew pity; let the earth, and every ſoul in it that loves juſtice and mercy, weep for me; and you, oh glorified Saints of God, who know my innocence, and ſee my ſufferings, have mercy on this preſent age, which is too envious and obdurate to weep for me! Surely thoſe who are unborn will do it, when they are told, that Chriſtopher Columbus, with his own fortune, at the hazard of his own and brother's lives, with little or no expence to the Crown of Spain, in twenty years and four voyages, rendered greater ſervices than ever mortal man did to prince or kingdom; yet was ſuffered to periſh without being charged with the leaſt crime, poor and miſerable, all but his chains being taken from him: ſo that he who gave Spain another world, had neither in that, nor in the old world, a cottage for himſelf

* This man, a Spaniſh Knight, and a favourite at Court, when Columbus was Governor of Hiſpaniola, was ſent out with a commiſſion to enquire into his conduct. He had been repreſented to his Sovereign, Ferdinand and Iſabella, as cruel, covetous, corrupt, ambitious, and tyrannical; but it was thought his greateſt crime was, that of being immenſely rich. He was charged with working the gold mines within his juriſdiction clandeſtinely, and concealing from the officers of the crown thoſe that were the moſt valuable. As his ruin was predetermined, it was eaſy to find accuſers. He was therefore ſeized, diveſted of his government, put in irons, his whole property confiſcated, and thus impoveriſhed he was ſent priſoner to Spain. Here he found means to get admittance to the royal preſence, and was again taken into favour, probably on a promiſe of making ſtill more valuable diſcoveries. In purſuit of which, on the 9th of May 1502, he ſet ſail with four ſmall barks, and touching at the port of St. Domingo, on the apprehenſion of an approaching tempeſt, he was there refuſed entrance; his knowledge of the coaſt enabled him to eſcape its fury by taking timely ſhelter in a commodious creek; where he had the ſatisfaction to learn, before his departure, that his inveterate enemy Bouvadilla, with nineteen ſhips, chiefly laden with the property of which he (Columbus) had been robbed, had periſhed miſerably.

ſelf or his wretched family! But ſhould Heaven ſtill perſecute me, and ſeem diſpleaſed with what I have done, as if the diſcovery of this new world be fatal to the Old, and as a puniſhment bring my life in this miſerable place to its fatal period; yet, oh good angels! you that ſuccour the oppreſſed and innocent, bring this paper to my great Miſtreſs; ſhe knows how much I have ſuffered for her glory and ſervice, and will be ſo juſt and pious as not to let the ſons and brothers of him, who has brought Spain immenſe riches, and added to it vaſt and unknown kingdoms and empires, want bread or live on alms! She, if ſhe lives, will conſider that cruelty and ingratitude will provoke Heaven, and that the wealth I have diſcovered will ſtir up all mankind to revenge and rapine, ſo that the nation may chance to ſuffer hereafter for what envious, malicious, and ungrateful people do now.

BUCOLICAL REPORT.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(*Concluded from Page* 357.)

THE *improvement* of the breed of cattle has, as was ſtated in the former part, by increaſing the eſtimation in which fat meat was held, induced the butchers (who ſhould now be termed *artiſts*), when they have purchaſed beaſts, or the carcaſſes of beaſts, which have only been fed upon graſs, and ſuch kind of *vulgar* diet, to endeavour, by manufacturing, to give to their fleſh the appearance of being *high-fed*. We know that it has long been the practice of thoſe ingenious perſons to blazon out their veal to the ſemblance of plumpneſs in two ways. Firſt, by making inciſions in different parts of the animal ſoon after it is ſlaughtered, inſerting pipes, and injecting breath, wholeſome or putrid as the caſe may happen, till the *cellulæ*, *adepoſæ*, and *omentum*, are violently extended: then beating or rubbing the carcaſs with a ſtick, and repeating this proceſs of blowing and beating, until, by the air being diſperſed through the innumerable minute veſſels, fibres, and ramifications, of theſe great ſyſtems, they become rarified and diſtended to the utmoſt ſtretch of their texture, to the moſt accurate diffuſion of their filaments: the form which, from the air thus inhaled, the veſſels, &c. acquire when warm, they retain when cold. The meat then undergoes another operation, which I think is termed burniſhing, *i. e.* it is daubed over with a thick coat of melted greaſe, applied by the clean and delicate hand of the cutting butcher *, and, probably, rancid before it is deſtined to this uſe. From this truly excellent proceſs, our *London veal*, as it is emphatically termed, acquires that peculiarly delicate flavour, that Hottentot *hautgout*, ſo agreeable to the palate, and ſo congenial to the ſtomach, for which it has (particularly of late) been ſo remarkable.

As I delight in recording every effort of ingenuity, I muſt take the reader back a little, in order to remark, with reſpect to our meat in general, that when the ſlaughterman has done with any carcaſs, and it deſcends to the cutting butcher to undergo the latter, and every ſubſequent, proceſs, even to the ſcales, the *management* of which, I am

* The operation of the *greaſe pot* is not, as I have lately obſerved, confined to veal. Whoever will take the pains to examine the *apparently* fat meat expoſed for ſale, will be convinced that a conſiderable portion of *art* or artifice has been beſtowed to give to it that appearance. This is particularly conſpicuous in *beef*, the outſide of which the ingenious manufacturers are in the habit of daubing over, or, in the ſea language, *paying*, with a thick coat of melted fat, which, when cold, produces, from its ſeparating, upon the *cutis* particularly on the flank and *briſket*, that curious kind of *tracery* work which we have ſo often admired. Mutton has, I ſee, of late, been ſubject to the ſame kind of embelliſhment: but I think, the greateſt efforts of the art have been beſtowed upon lamb, the inteſtines of which have been abſolutely *modelled* and adorned with twiſted cones of extraneous fat, like ſpiral ſhells, or the horn of the unicorn, which renders them beautifully pictureſque.

informed,

informed, requires a large portion of *ſtatical* obſervation, the moſt curious operations ſeem to commence. This perſon, therefore, if properly educated, ſhould to this acquirement have added a ſtock of what is termed comparative anatomical knowledge, to a lyceum for the ſtudy of which I ſhall, at the cloſe of this ſpeculation, direct his attention, and be at leaſt grounded in the mathematical elements, as all theſe ſciences, and others their dependants, will be called into action, if, in this learned age, he means to become a complete *Zootomiſt*, and, conſequently, to *cut* a figure in his profeſſion.

I remember once to have ſeen that truly great man whom I have already quoted, looking for a conſiderable time at the geometrical rules for the diſſection of various animals, exhibited in prints at Charing-croſs. He probably thought with me, ſeeing the lines, letters, and numerical references, that this was an excellent, though bold, attempt to introduce the *Laputian* ſyſtem into our ſhambles; but he never could think, nor, had it been poſſible for his genius to have extended, could have divined, half the *improvements* that would be made in this *art*, or have calculated a tenth part of the advantages which we have derived from them.

He, nor any one elſe without conſiderable ſtudy, could have comprehended the *diagonal cut* which, in the hands of an expert operator, combined with the modern mode of turning back the ſkin, *ſecundum artem*, and properly beating with the blade, ſo as to cauſe the little fat there is to work on to ſpread, has been ingeniouſly contrived to give to the joints of kine lean as Pharoah's that appearance of plumpneſs ſo deſirable, and, in this age, ſo much deſired.

Having thus far deſcanted upon the ſtate of animals ſlaughtered for the food of man, and ſtill wiſhing to render our preſent admirable ſyſtem as perfect as poſſible, there is another obſervation ſtrikes me, which I conceive would be an improvement, more eſpecially as I have heard with concern, and, indeed, in ſome inſtances have ſeen, that quadrupeds ſo enormouſly fat and unwieldy as our prime cattle, generally ſpeaking, are, have become as liable to accidents from over-fatigue as other *corpulent bodies*, of which more than one melancholy inſtance has occurred with reſpect to Prize Sheep, &c. which, referring to that I have before celebrated, I fear aroſe from the improper and uneaſy vehicle in which that animal was conveyed to Smithfield. I ſhould therefore propoſe firſt, with regard to oxen, that the very admirable machine which about Chriſtmas laſt became, for ſome time, a *fixture* in the City Road, to the great amuſement of the neighbourhood, and which was ſaid to encloſe the auguſt body of an elephant, be made the pattern, and adopted for their removal. Indeed I cannot ſee why ſeveral of them ſhould not ply as ſtages in future, though they muſt be conſiderably ſtrengthened and enlarged if it is meant they ſhould carry more than one paſſenger at a time. I would alſo ſuggeſt, for the removal of ſheep, whether it would not be an object of conſideration to eſtabliſh immediately ſtands of *ſedan chairs*, or rather *chairmen's horſes*, of proper dimenſions, which, like palanquins, might be carried by four, or, according to the ſize of the animal, by fourteen, at Iſlington, Mile End, and, indeed, on all our great roads. It is, as I have already hinted, the cuſtom to bring our Eſſex calves to town in waggons: but theſe I conceive to be vulgar carriages, and by no means ſuited to the dignity of the beaſts: *Long coaches*, or indeed *ſociables*, are, in my opinion, far preferable; theſe with chairs, and the caſtles of elephants, being vehicles better adapted to the feelings of theſe diſtinguiſhed travellers, would probably ſave them from that ſickneſs which rougher modes of conveyance has frequently occaſioned, and perhaps render the feeding upon them, when they arrive at their journey's end, ſafer to the human conſtitution, though, I think, before they do arrive at this *laſt ſtage*, it would not be amiſs to have them medically examined, their pulſe felt, and, in ſhort, treated in all reſpects as (which is really the caſe) *patients* ſuffering from repletion.

Theſe obſervations upon high-fed beef, noble mutton, and elegant *dreſſed* veal, would be incomplete, did we not, before we conclude, conſider a little more the ſuſtenance of the animals whoſe fleſh has ſo properly acquired theſe pompous and ſonorous epithets, and judge whether they have derived theſe diſtinctions from their diet, and have become great, as the heroes of old are ſaid to have become valiant, by being

being *well-fed* *; which judgment a ſhort analyſis of their food will enable us to form. The firſt and moſt important ſuccedaneum for air, exerciſe, and the ſweet and natural herbage of mountains, downs, and paſtures, is to tie the animals in a ſtall, or confine them in a pen, and cram them with the linſeed cake; the excellent property of which for fattening cattle has, by the *groſs*, rather than *graſs* feeders, been long acknowledged. And as the mucilaginous and balſamic qualities of this ſeed are well known, although from its inſipidity it has not been ſo frequently taken in decoctions as it ought to have been, I think an admirable method has been hit upon to introduce its virtues into the conſtitution at *ſecond hand*. Therefore when we were of late eating a piece of roaſt beef, we might eaſily have conceived that we were fortifying ourſelves againſt coughs and catarrhs, pleuriſies and inward ulcerations, had we not too frequently found, after repletion, ſome effects that ſeemed not only hoſtile to the ſyſtem, but oppoſite to the dulcet quality of the medicine, ſomething that gave us an idea of the taſte of linſeed oil, and cauſed gentlemen ſometimes to take a thimblefull of brandy, as Foote ſays, "to keep all quiet;" though I would by no means inſinuate, that this has ever been the caſe with ladies.

The next ſpecies of agricultural aliment is (as I have been informed) *graves*, *i. e.* the droſs and refuſe of tallow. This, if cattle can be induced to feed upon it, which I much doubt, except they are literally crammed, muſt be a delicate nutriment, and produce excellent meat, which when taken into the human ſtomach muſt, in its effects, be extremely congenial to the feelings, and conducive to the health, of thoſe that have made it their diet.

The other articles with which our herds and flocks are pampered are, chiefly, artificial graſſes and meal, to which, perhaps, the principal objections are, that they force them into an unnatural growth, and cauſe the greater part of their carcaſſes to conſiſt of fat, or rather blubber, unwholeſome and indigeſtible, of which inſtances have been exhibited at the ſhew-yard in Smithfield, in the pieces of prize oxen, which to twelve inches of fat had ſcarce one inch of lean; and, with reſpect to ſheep, haunches, &c. of mutton have been diſplayed at moſt of the principal butchers, in which the lean was ſcarcely diſcernible, at leaſt it bore a ſtill leſs proportion to the tallow or greaſe than the former.

Theſe objects of curioſity, for ſuch, from the immenſe price at which they were ſold (two ſhillings and half-a-crown per pound), they could only have been to the admiring crowd, ſeem, as was obſerved of the firſt Prize Ox, to have given a tone to the markets, and cauſed butchers meat in general to be manufactured in a way, and advanced to a price, heretofore unknown, even in times of the greateſt ſcarcity.

Avarice, mounted upon the ſhoulders of Luxury, and facilitated by his gigantic ſtrides, ſeems to have made a rapid progreſs round the metropolis, perhaps over the whole iſland; while, the one in purſuit of gain, and the other of ſenſual gratification, theſe amiable partners have combined to ſophiſticate the productions of Nature, and render them, almoſt in every ſenſe, the productions of art. With reſpect to meat, I have endeavoured to demonſtrate the baneful effects of this confederacy; the ſame practices have been applied to poultry; and in ſome degree, though one would hardly think it poſſible, even to fiſh, ſeveral ſpecies of which (to ſay nothing of the means in uſe to give to them the appearance of freſhneſs) are, by blowing, diſtended to twice their original ſize. The earth is forced into a rank vegetation. Alum and pearl-aſh, as has been lately confeſſed to me by two bakers, enter largely into the compoſition of *bread* †. It has been ſtated,

* "And if I take Dan Congreve right,
"Pudding and beef make Britons fight." PRIOR.

† Alum finely pulverized and mingled with ſalt, which is alſo finely ground, ſo as to make the mixture have the appearance of the whiteſt flour, is, in this ſtate of preparation, publicly ſold. It is to be regretted, as the baneful, and, to infants, poiſonous, nature of the firſt of theſe ingredients (alum) has been by many experiments, and

ſtated (and the ſtatutes * ſhew with ſome reaſon), that we frequently drink the decoction of deleterious drugs (Cocculus Indicus and French berries, for inſtance) in our *malt* liquors. Our wine has been fined with lead, arſenic, &c., and our ſauces ſtewed with verdigriſe †: therefore with all theſe (and theſe are not all) poiſons in our diet and culinary preparations, can it be wondered that we ſhould frequently feel the effects of their operation?

Another evil reſpecting food, which ſeems more immediately to affect the lower order of ſociety, demands alſo immediate redreſs. I have great reaſon to fear, that ſince the enormous advance in the price of butchers meat, an immenſe quantity of the fleſh of animals not deemed eatable has been ſold, eſpecially in forms where it could be diſguiſed. I have heard it officially mentioned, that the carcaſs of a dog is, at preſent, never found with *a tongue* in its head. And indeed, though many dogs are killed, you ſeldom ſee their carcaſſes lying about as formerly. Hearts of horſes have, it has appeared, been diſpoſed of for thoſe of oxen, as their tongues, I learn, have been ſalted, and their fleſh converted to other purpoſes than for *dog's meat*: and —— but I will not proceed further on this horrid and diſguſting ſubject, which I can aſſure my readers might be placed in a much more prominent point of view, and which I do conceive, both from regard to health and delicacy, ought to become an immediate object of inveſtigation, eſpecially when I contemplate the ſtrong ſtimulus of avarice on the one hand, and the preſent circuitous mode of proceeding againſt offenders on the other.

Among the municipal regulations derived from the Saxons, there were formerly many, prohibiting butchers from ſelling any meaſly, ſtale, or unwholeſome, victuals. By the 4th of Edward the IVth, it was enacted, that victuals was not to be ſold at *unreaſonable* prices, nor any unwholeſome meat not convenable nor fit for man's body. And further, by ſeveral acts of common council it is ordered, that no ſtale or unwholeſome victuals ſhould be ſold in the City, nor any thing be brought into the markets for ſale after three o'clock on the market-days. Theſe regulations, though, in the preſent age, ſeldom acted upon, are ſtill exiſting; and in provincial cities (Bath for inſtance) laws of the ſame nature are, I believe, ſtill carried into effect: the neceſſity for a ſtricter attention to the markets of the metropolis is ſufficiently obvious ‡, and alſo to our ſtreet butchers, porkmen, &c. and our itinerant venders of proviſions. Here we frequently ſee ſwine in our ſtreets, lanes,

and by *two fatal inſtances*, fully exemplified, that the dealers in it are not as penally prohibited from ſelling it for the purpoſe, which muſt be obvious to them, of being mixed with flour in the compoſition of bread, as the bakers are from uſing it, or indeed from having it, in certain circumſtances, in their poſſeſſion.

* No common brewer, &c. ſhall uſe any broom, wormwood, or any bitter ingredient, inſtead of hops, on penalty of 20l. 9 Ann. c. 12. ſ. 24. 26.—Or *foreign grains*: *Guinea pepper*, *Eſſentia Bine*, *Coculus Indiæ*, *&c.* on penalty of 20l. 13 Ann. ſt. 1. c. 2. ſ. 32.

† Vide Experiments and Obſervations on the Poiſon of Copper, by William Falconer, M. D. F. R. S.

‡ It was with pleaſure that I obſerved an article in the public papers of the 6th of April, by which it appears, that a ſtricter attention to this important object has taken place in the City. It ſtated, "that the Keeper of Newgate Market had the day before ſeized the carcaſſes of three oxen expoſed for ſale at the ſhops of two ſalemen, which, from their appearance, were ſuppoſed *to have been poiſoned*. They were conveyed to the Manſion houſe, and were ordered to be thrown into the Thames, no perſon appearing to own them." What became of them afterwards it is impoſſible to ſay; but I ſhould have imagined, that it would have been far better to have had them deſtroyed by fire, as once was (and I hope ſtill is) the practice at Bath, when any ſtale or unwholeſome meat was expoſed for ſale in the market, &c. With reſpect to the carcaſſes of theſe beaſts, I have no queſtion but they were in the ſame ſtate with ſome which were once made the ſubject of a proſecution in Weſtminſter, the recital of which diſguſted the Grand Jury as much as the reading the Bill did the Court. I may venture to ſay, that no one who heard the account of the tranſaction ſat down to his dinner with any appetite, at leaſt that day: yet after all, owing to *a defect* in the evidence, the proſecution proved abortive.

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and alleys; and, which is ſtill worſe, hear that they are kept in cellars, firſt floors, garrets; anywhere! Here the butchers meat is frequently either diſguſtingly fat, or mere carrion, burniſhed and daubed over with greaſe that probably never belonged even to the ſpecies; ſo that the oily matter running out of the one, and off the other, renders the dreſſing of either almoſt a *Holocauſt*.

It is from theſe circumſtances, wherein the health of the public and the lives of individuals are endangered (as I have obſerved), to be lamented, that ſome legiſlative regulations are not adopted and enforced, both with reſpect to the feeding our cattle, and the manufacturing their fleſh, as the food of man, which, if they did not go to the reduction of the price, might, at leaſt, inſure us a wholeſome article for our money, and prevent the converſion of what ſhould be nutriment to poiſon *. Neither Scipio, Cæſar, Cicero, nor any other of the greateſt men of Rome, diſdained the office of inſpectors of the proviſions. It is much to be wiſhed that their example might have ſome influence in this country, and that our great men would correct the practice of our *great feeders*, and induce them, inſtead of endeavouring to improve the ſize, *i. e.* the price of cattle, to turn their attention to the rendering their fleſh leſs ſuſceptible to ſophiſtication, and conſequently more ſalutary to the human conſtitution, which, as I do conceive it to be an abſolutely neceſſary, would be a real and eſſential ſervice to the public, as it would tend to reſtore the once reſpectable *Sirloin*, who now, ſwoln and bloated with diſeaſe, ſeems, like Falſtaff in diſgrace, to hold his title in abeyance to his former dignity, honours, and ſituation, and cauſe us once more to be proud of an article for which we many centuries maintained undiſputed pre-eminence, namely,

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

NUMBER VII.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, 1750—1774.

THE name of Ferguſſon has long been celebrated in the different walks of aſtronomy, politics, and juriſprudence. Robert Ferguſſon, of whom it is here attempted to give ſome account, has been hitherto little known on this ſide the Tweed. But the few poems he has left behind him prove that his talents were conſiderably above mediocrity, and that had he lived in times more favourable to poetry, he would have riſen to higher excellence, and acquired greater fame.

He was born of parents who, though in a humble line of life, had it in their power to give him a liberal education. He ſpent ſix years at the ſchools of Edinburgh and Dundee, and ſeveral years at the univerſities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's. He was at one time deſtined for the Scottiſh Miniſtry; but as he advanced towards manhood, he renounced that intention, and at Edinburgh entered the office of a writer to the Signet, a title which means a ſeparate and higher order of Scottiſh attorney. Ferguſſon had a ſenſibility of mind, a warm and generous heart, and talents for ſociety of the moſt attractive kind. To ſuch a man, no ſituation could be more dangerous than that in which he was placed. The exceſſes into which he was led impaired his

* It appears that our rivals the French have been paying great attention to the *amelioration* of the food of their cattle; from which I augur, that the price of butchers meat will ſoon be raiſed in France; and alſo to the amendment of their breed. A number of the fineſt Bulls have been (it is ſtated) *brought* from Switzerland, and diſtributed among the farmers of La Vendee, by the Miniſter of the Interior, with inſtructions to permit every perſon to breed from them. It has alſo been ſtated, that a Rural Lyceum has been inſtituted at Alfort, for the inſtruction of pupils in the anatomy of Sheep, who are afterwards ſent to obſerve the practice upon the national flocks of Ramboullet. Perhaps if theſe regulations are carried into effect, our alarmiſts will have no longer cauſe to dread the preſent dearneſs of proviſions operating, with reſpect to our manufactures, to the diſadvantage of this country.

feeble conſtitution, and he ſunk under them in his twenty-fourth year. Burns, a kindred genius, and who ever regarded the memory of Fergusſon with the moſt affectionate admiration, erected a monument over his grave.

Ramſay, Fergusſon, and Burns, have revived in their country a taſte for the old ſtyle of Scottiſh poetry. Their poems, remarkable only for beautiful ſimplicity and unadorned imagery, have yet a pathos, and excite an intereſt more pleaſing than all the ſplendid fictions of ancient mythology. Though certainly inferior to Burns in point of genius, Fergusſon poſſeſſed higher powers of imagination than Ramſay, and more learning than either. His poems written in pure Engliſh, in which he follows the claſſical models, though ſuperior to the Engliſh poems of Ramſay, ſeldom riſe above mediocrity. But in thoſe compoſed in the Scottiſh dialect he is often very ſucceſsful. However, the ſubjects of his poems are in general leſs happy than thoſe of his brother poets. As he ſpent the greater part of his life in Edinburgh, and wrote for his amuſement in the intervals of buſineſs and diſſipation, his Scottiſh poems are chiefly founded on the incidents of a town life, which, though they are ſuſceptible of humour, do not admit of thoſe delineations of ſcenery and manners which vivify the rural poetry of Ramſay and Burns, and which ſo agreeably amuſe the fancy and intereſt the heart. In appreciating the genius of Fergusſon, let it be recollected that his poems are the careleſs effuſions of an irregular, though amiable, young man, who wrote for the periodical papers of the day, and who died in early youth. Had his life been prolonged, under happier circumſtances, he would probably have attained greater excellence.

It is impoſſible to contemplate unmoved the fate which has attended many of the neglected bards of Scotland, nor can the few and melancholy particulars which compoſe the lives of Grœme, of Michael Bruce, of Fergusſon, and Burns, be read without the moſt painful feelings of regret. The two firſt lived and died in the obſcurity of a country village, known only to a few, who loved their amiable diſpoſition, and admired their uncommon genius. Both fell the early victims of a conſumption; both led an innocent and virtuous life, debarred by their ſituation and poverty from the uſual purſuits and pleaſures of mankind. It has been ſeen that Fergusſon was launched on a wider theatre, and his early death was perhaps haſtened by his own follies. Of Burns, who has not heard? and who that has heard of him has not lamented that he had not been born in a higher ſtation, that a better ſyſtem of education had left him leſs to himſelf, and corrected the native wildneſs of his genius. Over his misfortunes, his failings, his early and almoſt ſelf-intended death (for what is the continued indulgence of a pernicious and deſtructive vice but a ſpecies of ſuicide), humanity would fain draw a veil; but poſterity, which exacts the ſtricteſt truth reſpecting every author whoſe fame deſcends to her, permits no virtue to be concealed, nor errors to be palliated, the knowledge of which may contribute to the improvement of others, or deter them from vice. Dr. Currie has executed the delicate taſk of writing the life of Burns with infinite credit to himſelf, and, we really think, with juſtice to the man whoſe virtues and defects it was his duty to point out. The memoirs are entitled to every praiſe, for the undoubted veracity of the facts, the juſt and impartial reflections to which they give riſe, and the uncommon neatneſs of ſtyle which prevails throughout. In the ſecond volume, ſome of the letters ought, perhaps, to have been rejected, as they were not intended, and are certainly not calculated, for general peruſal. Many of the letters, alſo, of Burn's correſpondents might have been omitted without injury to the writers.

GUICHENON, 1607—1664.

It has long been a matter of ſurpriſe to many, that no Hiſtory of the Houſe of Savoy has ever been attempted in our language, as materials for ſuch a work are by no means wanting. For the two laſt centuries, the Princes of Savoy have been very conſpicuous in the annals of Europe. In the early part of their hiſtory, their diſputes with the republic of Geneva, when only maſters of the barren rocks of Savoy, their ſubſequent encroachments into Piedmont; their connections and family alliances with France, Spain, and England; their acquiſition in the laſt century of Sicily, which they afterwards exchanged for Sardinia; the ſhare they have had, more or leſs, in every

every war which has agitated Europe; and their conſtant ſucceſs in negociation; all conſpire to make this portion of hiſtory extremely intereſting, and well worthy the attention of ſome of our firſt writers. There is a very voluminous collection of materials for ſuch a hiſtory in a work printed in two thick folios at Lyons, 1660, compiled by Samuel Guichenon, under the title of "Hiſtoire Généalogique de la Maiſon de Savoye." The ſubſequent accounts of the Dukes of Savoy and Kings of Sardinia are ſo connected with the general hiſtory of Europe, that it is preſumed there would be no difficulty in preparing ſuch a work, at leaſt for common uſe.

As Guichenon is very little known in this country, the following ſhort biographical account may not perhaps be unacceptable. He was born at Mâcon, in the province of Burgundy, the 18th of Auguſt 1607, as appears by a curious memorandum made by his father at the time of his birth, and which may be ſeen in Bayle. His father was a Proteſtant, and he himſelf conformed to that religion; but on his return from Italy, he recanted at Lyons in 1630, and continued a Roman Catholic till he died. He followed the profeſſion of an Advocate at Bourg-en-Breſſe, of which little province he publiſhed a hiſtory in 1650. By command of the Dutcheſs of Savoy, daughter of Henry the IVth of France, he undertook and accompliſhed his great work, the Hiſtory of the Houſe of Savoy; for which he was liberally rewarded, by being made Hiſtoriographer to the Court, and a Knight of the Order of St. Maurice. He was three times married, and by his ſecond wife left five children, of whom there were deſcendants in the middle of the laſt century. He died in 1664. Beſides his principal work, he wrote a Hiſtory of Breſſe, a compilation in Latin, entitled, Bibliotheca Sebuſiana, and a Hiſtory of the Principality of Dombes.

DANTE, 1265—1321.

This extraordinary and original poet is ſaid to have conceived an attachment for the Lady whom he has celebrated under the name of Beatrice at the early age of nine years. When his miſtreſs died ſeveral years afterwards, his friends, to divert his melancholy, adviſed him to marry. He followed their advice, but ſoon repented it; for he unfortunately made choice of a Lady who bore ſome reſemblance to the famed Xantippe of old. But our poet not poſſeſſing the patience of Socrates, diſmiſſed her with ſuch expreſſions and vehement marks of contempt, that he never afterwards admitted her to his preſence.

Dante, thus unfortunate in his amours, liſtened to the voice of ambition, and plunged into politics. Here he was again unſucceſsful, and underwent a variety of dangers, till he found refuge at the Court of Verona, then ſubject to the Prince Cane de la Scala. But the high ſpirit of Dante was little ſuited to courtly dependance, and the troubles he had experienced had given to his character a ſtrong tincture of melancholy. This ſubjected him to ill treatment and neglect in a Court where all was gaiety and noiſe, and where the common buffoon was more noticed and followed than the poet. The Prince obſerved this, and aſked him, "How it happened that a worthleſs fellow like the jeſter was admired, while he, a man unparalleled in learning, genius, and integrity, was univerſally neglected." "Why ſhould you wonder at it?" anſwered Dante; "Do you not know that ſimilarity of manners is the ſtrongeſt bond of attachment?" This, and many other anſwers equally ſevere, ſoon diſguſted his patron, and Dante was compelled to leave Verona. The elevation of Henry Count of Luxemburgh to the Imperial Throne afforded him at firſt ſome proſpect of being reſtored to his native country; but the death of that Prince, which happened ſhortly after, deprived him of all hopes of re eſtabliſhment. He at length experienced an honourable reception at Ravenna, where he died in the ſervice of the Lord of that city.

ROLLIN, 1661—1741,

one of thoſe men who, having been too much praiſed in their life-time, have experienced undeſerved neglect after their death. Had the adulation once paid to Rollin been leſs exceſſive, the philoſophers of the preſent day would not have had the equally unjuſt affectation of conſidering him merely as a plodding compiler, with no other merit than that of induſtry. He deſerves the praiſe of being the moſt extenſively uſeful ſcholar that perhaps ever exiſted. By his various works, his judicious directions to ſtudents,

and

and his faithful verſions of the beſt claſſics, he has rendered the ſtudy of ancient hiſtory eaſy and acceſſible to the moſt moderate capacities. When placed at the head of the univerſity of Paris, which high ſituation he attained at a very early age, by rapidly paſſing through the neceſſary intermediate gradations, the many changes which then took place in the mode of teaching evinced the penetration, the judgment, and the talents, of the new Rector. As an Author, his merit is eaſily diſcovered, and may be now fairly allowed him by every impartial reader, whoſe judgment is not miſled by the popularity he once enjoyed, or the unjuſt prejudice which ſeems to have purſued his memory.

The private character of Rollin was excellent. He had a mildneſs of temper, a moderation in his opinions, and ſimplicity of appearance, which marked the candour and goodneſs of his heart. Born in the loweſt rank, the ſon of a cutler, he was of the firſt to ſpeak of his humble origin. "It was from the cave of the Cyclops," he would ſay, "that I firſt took my flight to Parnaſſus." With all this modeſty, however, there was a tincture of vanity about him, which made him ſpeak of his works with evident ſelf-approbation; but the praiſes he would ſometimes beſtow on the fruits of his own labour were not ſo much the reſult of pride or preſumption as the candid and juſtifiable expreſſions of a man who knew his own worth, and ſcrupled not to avow it. Indeed he muſt have poſſeſſed uncommon ſtrength of mind to hear unmoved the applauſe of his pupils and friends. His name was known and celebrated in every part of Europe. Princes ſought, and eſteemed it an honour to obtain, his acquaintance and correſpondence. The King of Pruſſia, who honoured him with ſeveral letters, in one of them pays him this high compliment, "des hommes telo que vous marchent à côté des Souverains."

His conduct had always been marked by the ſtricteſt morality and the moſt ſcrupulous piety. But in the laſt years of his life, his underſtanding appeared to ſink, and his piety to degenerate into the moſt childiſh ſuperſtition. At a time when all Paris flocked to the cemetery of St. Médard, to viſit the tomb of a pretended Saint, it was a melancholy and degrading ſight to ſee this illuſtrious man mix with the vileſt populace, and join in their abſurd devotions.

In life's laſt ſcene, what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and *follies* of the *wiſe*.

ALGAROTTI, 1712—1764,

was born at Padua, and finiſhed his ſtudies in the univerſity of Bologna. He commenced his travels at an early period, and in his viſit to England acquired a predeliction for the philoſophy of Newton, which induced him to write his "Newtonianiſmo per le Dame," a popular work founded on the model of Fontenelle's "Plurality of Worlds," and is equally inſtructive and amuſing. At Berlin, Algarotti was kindly received by Frederick the Great, who conferred upon him the order of Merit, the title of Count, and poſt of Chamberlain. His character was that of a man of letters, a philoſopher, and one of the firſt connoiſſeurs in Europe in the arts of muſic, painting, ſculpture, and architecture. He contributed much to the improvement of the Italian Opera, and wrote verſes replete with imagery and ſentiment. He died at Piſa. The manſoleum which he erected for himſelf is a monument both of his taſte and of his vanity; as was the following epitaph, written by himſelf,

"Hic jacet Algarottus, ſed non omnis."

JOHN SKELTON,

a bard who flouriſhed in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, and was honoured with the laurel at Oxford. He was patronized by Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, a Peer whoſe love for the Muſes is undeniably proved by a magnificent MS. once his property, now preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, which contains ſome of the beſt ſpecimens of old Engliſh poetry. Skelton had been a Student at both univerſities, and Rector of Diſs, in Norfolk. From thence he was expelled for irregularity; and, ſays Antony à-Wood, "for having been guilty of certain crimes, as moſt poets are." He was imprudent enough to attack Wolſey, whoſe dependants purſued him ſo vehemently, as to force him to take ſanctuary at Weſtminſter, where Iſlip the Abbot protected him till his death. Skelton had imagination and fancy; but the vulgarity of his ſtyle, with the

ridiculous

ridiculous rhymes in which he indulged, ſeem to render him very unworthy of the honourable title which Eraſmus beſtowed on him, of "Britannicarum Literarum lumen et decus." The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen of his ſpite againſt Wolſey:

He is ſet ſo hie
In his Ierarchie
Of frantic phreneſie,
And fooliſh fantaſie,
That in Chamber of Stars
All matters he mars,
Clapping rodd on the borde,
None muſt ſpeke a worde,
For he hath all the ſaying
Without any re-naying;
He rolleth in recordes,
He ſaith, "How ſay ye, my Lordes?
"Is not my reaſon good?
"Good—even good—Robin Hood."

He died in 1529.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND *LITERARY JOURNAL*, FOR JUNE 1802.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Sketch of the Life and Literary Career of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, with the Journal of his Tour to Paris at the Cloſe of the Year 1790. Written by Himſelf. Tranſlated from the German, by Ann Plumtre. 8vo.

OF the various ſpecies of compoſition which daily preſent themſelves to the notice of the Public, biography ſeems to be allowed the moſt intereſting, and to afford at the ſame time the moſt amuſement. By means of it, we are enabled to diſcover the weakneſſes which frequently attach to the greateſt characters; we are incited to emulate their virtues, to avoid their errors, and, comparing ſituations and circumſtances, to be content with the mediocrity of fortune in which we may chance to be placed.

The name of Kotzebue is known in every part of Europe where the Drama is cultivated, and he has been thought to have introduced to the Stage a degree of licence in the conduct of his dramas by no means favourable to the intereſt of ſound morality. He has here given us an account of his life, which partakes in ſome degree of the beauties as well as the blemiſhes of his dramatic works. He ſeems, however, to have given it fairly; and by it we learn, that at an early age he imbibed a paſſionate fondneſs for theatrical amuſements, and when very young, while a ſcholar at the Gymnaſium at Weimar, he notices a cuſtom, which gave him an opportunity of exerciſing his poetical genius: "An hour in every week was devoted to poetry; and as this was on a Saturday, I always looked forward to that day with particular delight. The forms obſerved on theſe occaſions were thus regulated:

"At the appointed time Muſæus came among the claſs, and enquired whether any ſcholar had a poetical compoſition of his own to produce, for this was very properly a perfectly voluntary thing on the part of the youth. Yet he ſcarcely ever failed of finding ſome baſhful wooer of the Muſes, who with downcaſt eyes ſignified that they had been taking a canter upon Pegaſus. The roſtrum was immediately reſigned to the juvenile poet, who aſcended it and read his production, while the maſter walked up and down in ſilence with his hands behind him. At the concluſion of each piece, the work was criticiſed

criticiſed by the latter, though not with the ſame ſeverity as is cuſtomary among the critical corps in the world at large."

After mentioning another exerciſe, Kotzebue proceeds to relate the hiſtory of his firſt production in this ſchool, as follows:

"At that time ballads were much the rage. The almanacks ſwarmed with terrific legends of knights and ghoſts, which, as tales of horror, could not fail of exciting my warmeſt admiration; nor was it unnatural, in my ardour of authorſhip, that I ſhould be inſpired with a ſecret ambition of rivalling them. I therefore compoſed a ballad in the very higheſt flights of the ruling taſte, a part of which I have ſtill among my papers. It contained a ſumptuous banquet, and a horrible murder; a ghoſt appeared preaching repentance, and the obdurate ſinner was at length carried away by the devil. The verſification was, however, eaſy and correct.

"On the following Saturday, I ſcarcely knew how to wait for the appointed hour before I produced this maſterpiece. The important moment arrived—my heart palpitated—I aſcended the roſtrum, and read my performance with a tremulous voice—but how did my eyes ſparkle, how did my boſom ſwell with tranſport, when at the concluſion Muſæus ſaid—Oh words never to be forgotten!—'Good! very good!—from what almanack did you borrow it?'—Conceive, reader, if thou canſt—but no, 'tis impoſſible to conceive with what exultation I anſwered, 'It is my own writing.'

"'Indeed?' ſaid Muſæus: 'Well, well, bravo! go on!'—I was almoſt beſide myſelf, and would not have parted with the feelings of that moment to purchaſe a kingdom. With cheeks glowing with delight, I returned to my ſeat, and as I obſerved that the eyes of all my ſchool-fellows were fixed upon me, I concealed my face, with oſtentatious modeſty, in the blue cloak which all the ſcholars were obliged to wear.

"From that moment, I conſidered myſelf as really a poet. Muſæus had ſaid BRAVO! Muſæus could think that the ballad was taken from an almanack—a ſpecies of publication for which at that time I entertained a very high reſpect—who then could queſtion my claim to be conſidered as a ſon of the Muſes?—I had now proceeded in my career, and againſt every Saturday compoſed ſomething new; but as it appeared to me that nothing could poſſibly equal my ballad, I contentedly repoſed under my laurels, only gratifying my childiſh vanity by always carrying the beloved babe in my pocket, that no opportunity of ſpreading its fame might be loſt by its not being at hand when I met with any one ſo good-natured as to requeſt the peruſal of it.

"Happily for me, Muſæus underſtood as well how to check conceit as to encourage genius. Some months after, when the time was approaching at which both tutors and pupils were to make an exhibition of their talents at a public examination before a numerous audience, Muſæus wiſhing the examiners to be preſented with ſome ſpecimens of the ſcholars' progreſs in compoſition, deſired thoſe whom he thought capable of it to recite poems of their own writing. When it came to my turn, and he aſked me what I ſhould produce upon the occaſion, I anſwered, without heſitation, and with perfect ſelf-ſatisfaction, 'My ballad.'

"'Your ballad,' he replied; 'what ballad?'

"'The ſame that Mr. Profeſſor was pleaſed to commend ſo highly ſome months ago,' I returned with a confidence and ſelf-ſufficiency that Mr. Profeſſor could not endure.

"'Pſhaw!' he replied, 'away with the ſilly thing, which I had long ago forgotten. No, no, pray let us have ſomething new, ſomething worth hearing.'

"I was thunderſtruck; the mighty fabric of vanity erected in my boſom was overthrown in an inſtant, and Shame ſtood weeping over the ruins. What was to be done?—I muſt caſt off the laurel-wreath beneath which I had ſo long contentedly ſlumbered, and which I now firſt diſcovered to be withered, and endeavour to deſerve a freſh crown."

Kotzebue went to Peterſburgh in the autumn of 1781, and on account of the nature of his engagement reſolved to relinquiſh his favourite purſuit of writing; but his friend General Bawr, meeting with a collection of tales he had publiſhed, "and enquiring particulars reſpecting the author, learned, to his no ſmall ſurpriſe, that it was the ſame Kotzebue who then laboured under him at a very different ſpecies of employment." This work procuring

the author applauſe, blew the embers, ſtill ſmothering in his boſom, again into a blaze; and it is added, by degrees, he again devoted his leiſure hours, which were but few, to his old literary purſuits.

As it is probable that the following performance drew upon Kotzebue the anger of the Emperor Paul, and produced his exile afterwards into Siberia; though no notice is here taken of that circumſtance, we ſhall preſent it to our readers.

"I wrote," ſays Kotzebue, "a tragedy, in five acts, called *Demetrius, Tzar of Moſcow*, taken from the well-known ſtory of the true or falſe Demetrius, who, according to report, was murdered a child at Uglitſch; but who afterwards appeared, ſupported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godwnow. The world needs not now to be informed, that the beſt hiſtorians are divided upon the queſtion, whether or not this Demetrius was an impoſtor? A ſtrong prejudice was at laſt awakened in his favour, from the woman who was undoubted mother to the child ſuppoſed to have been murdered burſting into an agony of tears, in the midſt of a numerous aſſembly of the people, at beholding the adventurer, as he was called, and with the wildeſt effuſions of joy acknowledging him as her ſon. It is, however, alas! but too certain, that policy has often engaged even maternal tenderneſs in its intereſt, and thoſe tears might not improbably be artificially ſhed by Maria Feodorowna, from hatred to the uſurper, and a deſire of revenging herſelf by contributing in any way to his downfall. Be this as it may, I did not like, in my capacity of tragedian, to produce an impoſtor as the hero of my piece, and accordingly I ſupported his being really the dethroned Prince.

"When my drama was completed, I read it to a ſmall but choſen circle. The then Pruſſian Ambaſſador at the Ruſſian Court, and the Preſident of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Peterſburgh, men of acknowledged and diſtinguiſhed taſte in literature, were among my audience. The piece was approved, probably more from the indulgence of my hearers than from its own merit. Such, at leaſt is the impreſſion I now have upon the ſubject, as I ſhould by no means venture at preſent to bring it on the ſtage. General Bawr ordered it to be immediately performed, and very ſplendid dreſſes and decorations, after the old Ruſſian coſtume, were prepared for it.

"As the Tzarina had conſigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own fiat ſufficient, and that it was unneceſſary to lay the manuſcript before the theatrical cenſor. But this piece of negligence nearly proved the overthrow of all my tranſports. As the intended day of repreſentation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the Governor of the Police ſent one morning to the theatre prohibiting the performance. It appeared, that Peter the Great had iſſued an ukaſe, expreſsly declaring Demetrius an impoſtor; and this being ſtill in force, was more inconteſtible evidence againſt him, than the tears of his mother were in his favour. In vain did I urge, that I was wholly ignorant of the exiſtence of ſuch an ukaſe: it was ſtill aſked, how I dared, in the very face of an Imperial decree, to preſent my hero to the public, under the title of Tzar of Moſcow?"

The play was however performed, on the condition of Kotzebue making, in his perſon, a ſolemn declaration that he was firmly convinced of Demetrius's impoſture, and in repreſenting the matter otherwiſe in his play had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

Kotzebue paſſed ſome time at Reval, and viſited "the diſmal and dreary environs of Kiekel, abounding with foreſts and moraſſes. Yet, through the enchanting ſmiles of affection and the genial warmth of friendſhip, even this miſerable country was transformed into a paradiſe.

"Ye worthy; ye excellent people, among whom I then lived! in your circle I learned, that mortal man may be far happier in ſuch a ſpot, though ſurrounded by the growling of bears, and the howlings of wolves, than in the midſt of poliſhed ſociety, environed by the honied tongues of hypocrites and flatterers. Your foreſts were inhabited by beaſts of prey, but calumny dwelt not in their dens; frogs and toads croaked in your moraſſes, but envy had not reared her altar in the midſt of them. The lime-trees, indeed, aſſumed not their lovely verdure till the ſpring was far advanced, and the roſes were even more tardy in unfolding

ing their ſweets, but innocence and joy were perennial plants in your gardens. The ſoil was ſparing of its fruits, but benevolence needs not abundance! a groſchen is a rich preſent when moiſtened with the tear of ſympathy, and a louis-d'or has no value without it. O fleeting Time! ſcatter if thou wilt the reſt of theſe pages to the winds of heaven, only let this one—this on which I inſcribe the names of Frederick and Sophia Helena Roſe—let this one remain untouched! for thou wouldſt ſnatch it from the altar of virtue and affection, on which I place it as an offering of gratitude."

This Sketch now relates our Author's travels through a part of Germany, in the year 1785, and cloſes with the death of his firſt wife.

In the route from Weimar to Paris, a brief account is given of the places through which he paſſed, with the mode of travelling and the accommodations upon the road, which are repreſented as very diſagreeable and bad. The deſcription of Paris is by no means inviting, but diſguſting. As Kotzebue fled to diſſipate his grief, and knew no better ſource of conſolation, he conſtantly viſited the places of amuſement, and he gives an account of the entertainments, and a ſketch of moſt of the pieces he ſaw repreſented at the theatres.

During his ſtay, he was taken ſo ill one morning as to be incapable of going abroad, at which time he recollects his former happineſs, and thus addreſſes his deceaſed wife:

"Oh my Frederica! how unjuſt was I towards Fate when I ſo often wanted to gather the roſes that bloſſomed around me without the thorns. Even thoſe hours of anguiſh when I have walked up and down the room, racked and tortured with my malady, when I could not ſpeak to any one, no, not to thee, and could think of nothing but myſelf—even thoſe hours are charming to me in recollection, for then thou wert with me! Then didſt thou ſit upon a corner of the ſopha in ſilence, with thy work in thy hands, from which thou didſt ſometimes take a ſtolen glance towards me, yet cautiouſly avoiding to wipe a tear from thine eyes, unleſs when my back was turned. Thus ſometimes have we paſſed whole hours. Yet, while all that was mortal about me was in agony, my ſoul could ſtill feel the higheſt enjoyment in the ſerene tranſports of domeſtic happineſs.

"But when theſe corporeal feelings ſubſided, the ſpiritual obtained the complete aſcendancy; what then were our mutual ecſtaſies! I gave thee my hand, it was the well-known ſignal that my ſufferings were abated—thy work was laid aſide, and I no longer thought only of myſelf, walked only by myſelf, but arm in arm we paced the room together—then one kiſs, and all was forgotten.

"Happy and cheerful, I laid myſelf down upon the ſopha—the more happy for being alone with thee; for never then did I find the time paſs heavily. Perhaps thou didſt take a book and read to me, or went to the harpſichord while I accompanied thee with my flute. —Ye bliſsful hours, never, never can ye be repeated!—Oh, we were ſo all-ſufficient to each other, that every thing elſe appeared ſuperfluous to us. If ſometimes we fancied we might find amuſement at a ball, or ſome other diverſion, and went thither, the moment the clock ſtruck ten, my Frederica came to me or I went to her, 'My love, ſhall we not go home;'—'Oh, yes,' was the conſtant anſwer; and the firſt words as we entered our own houſe were, 'Thank God, we are at home again'."

We ſhall only add, that this work will afford entertainment to the reader. The narrative is conducted in a ſprightly manner, and as it proceeds loſes none of the intereſt which it early promiſes. It is in ſhort ſuch a performance as might be expected from the Author of The Stranger, Pizarro, and Lover's Vows.

An Account of a Geographical and Aſtronomical Expedition to the Northern Parts of Ruſſia, for aſcertaining the Degrees of Latitude and Longitude, of the Mouth of the River Kovima, &c. &c. &c.

(*Concluded from Page* 371.)

We left our travellers at their grateful devotions, on New Year's Day 1787; we are now to proceed with them on their ſcientific and curious expedition.

On the 14th of January, Billings propoſed

poſed a viſit to the *Yukagiri*, who reſided about fifty verſts from the Company's rendezvous at *Kovimah*; the party conſiſted of Dr. Merck, Mr. Roberk, the drawing maſter, and Mr. Sauer, and they travelled in narti (a kind of long ſledges, very low and narrow); they were drawn by thirteen half-ſtarved dogs to each ſledge, and they went ſo ſlowly, that our Author kept pace with them, though walking on ſnow-ſhoes. "We were," ſays he, "nine hours on the road, and about midway we made a halt to eat ſome raw frozen ſalmon, which I thought excellent, although it was the firſt time I had dined on fiſh dreſſed by a 30 degrees froſt; nor had I any other ſauce than ſalt and hunger." Very little meriting notice is related of the people they went to, except that one of their Chiefs was ſo remarkably ſtupid, that he could not tell how many children he had, till he called them over by bending a finger for each child as he named it; and yet, the whole amount was only five daughters and two ſons. With reſpect to the women, tea and bread and butter was as faſhionable a refreſhment as it is in England, and it was ſucceeded by a dance and ſongs, performed by eight young women, whoſe action expreſſed their manner of hunting, ſkinning, and dreſſing for food, the animals they had killed.

The Coſſacs who inhabit theſe dreary regions are deſcribed by our Author as ſcarcely deſerving the degrading appellation of animated lumps of clay, exerting the moſt ſavage barbarity over their wives, their children, and their cattle, and alſo over the neighbouring tribes, whoſe miſerable lot it is to pay tribute to them, or to be under the leaſt obligation to them, either by accepting a glaſs of brandy or a leaf or two of tobacco. Girls are frequently married to the Coſſacs at the early age of twelve, and as it is a ſlave that they want, it ſeems a matter of indifference to them, whether ſhe be Ruſſian, Yakut, Tungooſe, or Yukager, provided ſhe is of the Greek religion. Her particular province is to wait on her huſband, whom ſhe aſſiſts in putting on and pulling off his clothes, which ſhe keeps in good repair; ſhe alſo dreſſes his food and ſerves it up, and when he has made his meal, ſhe ſits down and eats with the reſt of his labourers, with whom ſhe has ſhared the drudgery of fiſhing, cutting wood, and other laborious occupations. In ſhort, both ſexes ſeem incapable of forming any tender attachment, and the women are very inconſtant to their huſbands.

To navigators, the journals of the voyage to the Icy Sea will be found very uſeful, and the aſtronomical obſervations to the lovers of that ſcience; to the general reader we ſhall only preſent ſuch particulars as are uncommonly curious and entertaining, and can be brought within the compaſs aſſigned to our review department.

On the 15th of July, while at anchor cloſe in with the land in Wolves Bay, they had ſeveral claps of thunder, with a gentle South Eaſt breeze and calms; and while the wind blew, the thermometer, which only three days before had been 2 degrees below freezing point, ſuddenly roſe to 14 degrees and 16 degrees above that point; and during the intervening calms ſunk to 6 degrees. At other times, it frequently indicated 1 degree above 0, and then the rigging of their ſhip was incruſted with ice. Latitude 69 deg. 27 min. Longitude 167 deg. 50 min.

The natural hiſtory contains a deſcription of the beaſts, birds, trees, ſhrubs, and berries, on the land, and of the variety of fiſhes in the ſea and rivers in theſe Northern diſtricts.

We meet with nothing very remarkable till we come to Chapter X. of this extraordinary narrative, in which the Author gives an ample account of the *Yakuti*, a nation known among the Ruſſians by that name, but who call themſelves *Socha*, and ſay that they came from the South originally; and in ſupport of the probability of this migration, it is obſerved, that a nation of *Mongrels* inhabit the diſtrict of *Kraſnoyarſk*, extending to China, who alſo call themſelves Socha, and ſpeak the ſame language as the Yakuti. The tradition of their migration is related as delivered by one of their Chiefs, the whole contents of this intereſting Chapter being collected either from perſonal inquiry or reſearch. The ſections reſpecting their religion, their ceremonies, their magicians, their method of dividing time, their cuſtoms, puniſhments, &c. cannot be abridged, and are recommended as well worthy the attention of the amateurs of authentic, well-written voyages and travels.

As a ſpecimen, we borrow the conciſe account of their burials.—"The corpſe is firſt dreſſed in the beſt apparel of the deceaſed, and ſtretched out; the

arms tied tight round the waiſt; then it is incloſed in a ſtrong box, with a knife, flint, ſteel, and tinder; alſo ſome meat and butter, that the dead may not hunger on the road to the dwelling of ſouls. A *Shaman* (Magician) preſides at the funeral; the wives and other relations accompany the proceſſion to a certain diſtance; the favourite riding-horſe of the deceaſed is ſaddled and accoutred with hatchet, palma, kettle, &c. and led to the place of interment, as is alſo a fat mare: two holes are dug under ſome tree; then the horſe is killed, and buried in one, while the corpſe is laid in the other: the mare alſo is killed, dreſſed, and eaten by the company; and the ſkin is ſuſpended on the tree under which the body lies with the head always to the Weſt. The Shaman takes his tambour, and invokes the demons to let the ſpirit of the deceaſed reſt in peace, and finiſhes the ceremony by filling up the grave. When an elder brother dies, his wives become the property of the younger.

As ſoon as the ice broke up in the river *Lena*, Captain Billings and his party left Yakutſk, and proceeded to a village called *Amginſkoi Sloboda*, inhabited by one hundred and ſixty-eight Siberian coloniſts, ſent there to cultivate corn as an article of commerce; but the eſtabliſhment has not anſwered the purpoſe, the ſoil not producing a ſufficient crop for their own conſumption; ſo that the inhabitants are obliged to get their living chiefly by trading with the neighbouring tribes in trinkets and brandy. They arrived at Ochotſk on the 8th of June 1789, and found the largeſt ſhip intended for the expedition ready for launching, and the other nearly ſo. All the articles for the voyage had arrived ſafe, and Lieutenant Saretſheff joined them the latter end of the month. Towards the middle of July the largeſt ſhip was launched, and named, by expreſs orders from the Empreſs, "The Glory of Ruſſia." The ſmaller veſſel was named "The Good Intent," which was ſhipwrecked in going out of the harbour. A reſolution was immediately taken to ſail with the Glory of Ruſſia to Kamtſhatka, and there build a ſmall veſſel during the winter. This ſhort voyage they performed without any remarkable occurrence, arriving ſafe at the iſland of St. Peter and Paul on the 1ſt day of October. Here they found the climate mild and pleaſant; the kitchen-gardens belonging to the Coſſacs were full of cabbages and other vegetables; and the views around them were uncommonly beautiful; fiſh and wild fowl were in great abundance, and having a plentiful ſtock of French brandy, they paſſed the winter very comfortably. Early in the month of March 1790, the whole command being got together in the harbour of St. Peter and Paul, they received diſpatches from St. Peterſburgh, informing them of a ſhip called the Mercury, mounting 16 guns, under the command of a Mr. Coxe, having been ſent into theſe ſeas by the Court of Sweden to annoy the Ruſſian fur-trade *.

On the 1ſt of May, all hands embarked; the Glory of Ruſſia, which mounted 16 braſs three pounders, was hauled into the Bay of Avatſka, when Captain Billings read his inſtructions to the other Officers, and declared his intention of ſteering to the North-Weſt Coaſt of America. On the morning of the 1ſt of June, they roſe the iſland of Oonalaſka, and on the ſecond at noon were well in with the land, which appeared every where high formed of projecting promontories and inland high mountains. The latitude obſerved was 53 deg. 3 m. 29 ſ. corrected longitude 193 deg. 47 min. The next day ſeveral of the natives came alongſide, and were received on board, as was likewiſe a Ruſſian hunter, who was rowed alongſide by eight Alcutes, in a baidar (a kind of long-boat); they were conducted by their viſitors into a bay which the Ruſſians call the Bay of Otters, where they came to an anchor oppoſite the habitations of the natives; here Captain Billings landed with his aſtronomical tent; about five families reſide on the iſland, called Sithanak; it is only ſeven miles in length from North-Eaſt to South-Weſt, it is ſeparated from Oonalaſka by ſtraits of only a few fathoms wide, and appears to be

* The war between Sweden and Ruſſia had juſt broke out, and undoubtedly gave riſe to this falſe report. For the real deſign of Mr. Coxe's voyage, ſee our Review of "Obſervations made during the Voyage, and publiſhed by Lieutenant (now Captain) George Mortimer, Lieutenant of Marines, Second in command of the Mercury, an Engliſh brig." See Vol. XIX. of our Magazine, June 1791, page 431.

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the South-Weſt extremity of that iſland.

The deſcription of the perſons, dreſs, and manners of the natives of Oonalaſka, and the adjacent iſlands, offers nothing new nor intereſting for thoſe who have peruſed the voyages of Captain Cook and other navigators of theſe ſeas.

The next place they viſited was the iſland of Kadiak, where the Ruſſians have an eſtabliſhment for the purpoſe of hunting different animals whoſe ſkins are valuable; the eſtabliſhment was formed by Shelikoff, a Ruſſian Naval Officer; it conſiſts at preſent of about fifty Ruſſians, including Officers of the Fur Company and Sturman Iſmailoff, Collector of the Tribute for the Ruſſian Government, and about 1300 grown up males, with 1200 youth, natives of this and the adjacent iſlands, are under ſubjection to the Ruſſian Governor of the ſettlement, who employs upwards of 600 baidars, containing each two or three of the natives, in the chaſe for the benefit of the Company: they are divided into ſix parties, each under the direction of a Ruſſian leader. Beſides theſe, ſmall parties are ſent out daily to fiſh for halibut, cod, &c. The females are employed in curing and drying fiſh; in digging, waſhing, and drying edible roots, in collecting uſeful plants, berries, &c. and in making dreſſes both for natives and Ruſſians. About two hundred of the daughters of the Chiefs are kept at the habitations of the Ruſſians, as hoſtages for the obedience of the men, and they appeared to be well ſatisfied with their treatment. The males are not ſo contented; and, at the firſt arrival of the Ruſſians, ſeemed inclined to oppoſe their reſiding on the iſland; but Shelikoff ſurpriſing their women whilſt gathering of berries, carried them priſoners to his habitation, and kept them as hoſtages for the peaceable behaviour of the men, only exchanging wives for daughters and the younger children of the Chiefs. Every conſiderable native had a large baidar capable of containing forty or fifty men, conſequently of making a ſtout reſiſtance; theſe, from motives of policy, were all purchaſed by Shelikoff, and they have now only ſmall baidars, none of them carrying more than two or three men. They ſeem reconciled to the regulations introduced by the preſent Manager for the Fur Company, a Greek, who governs with the ſtricteſt juſtice, as well natives as Ruſſians, and has eſtabliſhed a ſchool, in which the young natives are taught the Ruſſian language, reading, and writing. He allows a certain number of the hoſtages to viſit their relations for a ſtipulated time; theſe returning, others are allowed to go; and upon application of any one for his child to viſit him it is not refuſed. The total number of hoſtages is about three hundred. Our Author obſerved, that ſuch of the parties as were ſucceſsful in procuring rich ſkins received a ſtipulated payment: for inſtance, the higheſt reward was for a ſea-otter, a ſtring of beads about four feet long.

On the 19th of July our navigators got into Prince William's Sound, and brought up near the place where Captain Cook lay at anchor in the year 1778. The next day, the obſervatory, with all the apparatus, was ſent on ſhore, and they were viſited by ſeveral of the natives, who, on aſſurances of a friendly reception, went on board the Glory of Ruſſia, and being ſatisfied with their treatment, and ſome preſents that were made to them, promiſed to return with ſome ſkins. However, they made ſhift to take away with them every thing that lay about careleſsly, and, in particular, the iron tiller of the boat along-ſide the ſhip.

This thieviſh propenſity met with an extraordinary check on ſhore, where a number of the natives viſited Captain Billings, who treated them with tea; a water-ſpaniel belonging to the Captain did not ſeem to like the appearance of theſe ſavages; however, he lay ſtill in the middle of the tent. The cabin-boy had careleſsly placed the tea board ſo that part of it was ſeen on the outſide of the tent. One of the natives attempted to appropriate the ſpoons to himſelf; this no one obſerved but the dog, who ſprang up, leaped over the natives in the tent, ſeized the thief by the hand with the ſpoons in it, and held him faſt till the Captain told him to let him go; a circumſtance which, I believe, kept them honeſt afterwards in the dog's preſence.

They remained in this ſtation till the 30th of July, when upon taking into conſideration their ſmall ſtock of proviſions, which precluded every thought of paſſing the winter where they could not be ſure of procuring a ſupply; together with the lateneſs of the ſeaſon, and the diſtance they had to

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run back to Kamtſhatka, and the neceſſity of having a ſecond veſſel, for ſecurity in ſo uncertain a navigation; it was reſolved by the Captain to ſail directly for Kamtſhatka to forward the buſineſs of building the veſſel. It was alſo conſidered, that a principal object of the expedition was to obtain ſome more perfect information concerning Cook's river, and other rivers and parts of the continent South of it, as well as to ſurvey all the chain of iſlands between America and Kamtſhatka, and to aſcertain, by aſtronomical obſervations, their true ſituation; to effect which, the whole of the next ſummer and winter might be employed, and the ſummer following be appropriated to explore the more northern parts to the utmoſt extent of poſſibility.

Under all theſe circumſtances they began their voyage of return, and on the 14th of October they got ſafe into the harbour of St. Peter and Paul in Kamtſhatka, where they took up their winter quarters; and diſpatched their ſhip builder Neizhni Kamtſhatka to build a conſort for the Glory of Ruſſia, to accompany their next year's adventures.

It was the 20th of May 1791 before the ice broke up ſo as to permit them to quit the harbour, and proceed on their ſecond voyage; and Captain Billings then declared, that he was reſolved to abandon every idea of reviſiting the American coaſt to the South of Cook's river, and to ſteer his courſe for the bay of St. Laurence, in the land of the Tſhutſki, where two petty Officers ſent from Ochotſk in 1789 had received orders to wait their arrival; and as Captain Hall with the new veſſel was not yet arrived, orders were left for him to follow. Here our Author reflects ſeverely on the conduct of Billings, and conſiders this reſolution as a departure from the plan laid down in his inſtructions, and an abandonment of the grand part of the undertaking. Upon the whole, there ſeems to have been no good underſtanding between Sauer and the Captain; the former being attached to Hall, and to Saretſheff, who remonſtrated with the Captain, and wiſhed him to make a ſecond attempt to paſs through Bering's ſtraits; but he perſiſted in his firſt reſolution, and they purſued the track marked on the map to the bay of St. Laurence, paſſing by the iſlands of St. George, St. Paul, and Gore's Iſland, viſited and deſcribed by former navigators; the Captain alſo landed on a point of land forming part of the Continent of America; a deſcription of part of the dreſs, of a hut, a baidar, and ſome inſtruments of the *Tſhutſki* ſavages in the neighbourhood of the bay of St. Laurence, illuſtrated by a miſcellaneous plate, are the moſt curious articles in the journal of this voyage. On the 4th of Auguſt they came to an anchor in the bay. Latitude 65 deg. 37 min. Longitude 189 deg. 18 min.

In Chapter XVIII. a diviſion of the command takes place; Captain Billings with one party leaves the ſhip, on an excurſion acroſs the country to the *Kovima*, and Lieutenant Captain Saretſheff with our author and others, purſuant to order from Billings, ſailed for Oonalaſka, and anchored in the harbour of *Illuluk*; here they were joined by Captain Hall, and they all took up their winter quarters for the remainder of the year 1791. In the following Chapter a ſketch is given of the religious notions, government, arts, manners, &c. of the natives of the *Aleutan* Iſlands, compriſing the whole chain of iſlands from the point of *Alakſa* weſtward to Kamtſhatka, except Bering's and Copper Iſlands. A plate exhibiting the maſks worn by the *Oonalaſkans* in their dances, with the darts uſed by them, and the boards from which they throw the darts, decorates this part of the work.

In the month of April 1792, this party began to make preparations to return to Kamtſhatka, where they had been ſeverely afflicted with the ſcurvy; and they now diſcovered that the ſails, cordage, and rigging, of the ſhips, had ſuffered from the climate as much as the ſhips' company; every thing was rotten, and the veſſels very foul. Captain Hall, who had now the command, took charge of the Glory of Ruſſia, and Captain Saretſheff of the other veſſel, named the Black Eagle. Nothing remarkable happened during their paſſage to St. Peter and Paul, Kamtſhatka, where Captain Hall arrived on the 16th of June, and Saretſheff on the 19th; but what muſt appear to every reader of this narrative *very extraordinary indeed, is*, that Captain Billings, the Commander in Chief of the Expedition, ſhould ſuffer himſelf to be left without a ſhip, amongſt the ſavages on the

the land of the Tſhutſki, in the bay of St. Laurence, where, as it afterwards appears by a letter from one of the party to Mr. Sauer, he narrowly eſcaped being murdered.

The next Chapter contains a geographical deſcription of the peninſula of Kamtſhatka, with a ſketch of its civil and natural hiſtory, and an engraved View of the *Ozernoé* Hot Springs. In the month of Auguſt 1793, Mr. Sauer and his party ſailed in a galliot to Ochotſk, and from thence he ſet off, accompanied by Enſign *Alexuf* and two ſailors, on the 1ſt of September, for Yakutſk, where they were to wait the arrival of Captain Billings. After inexpreſſible hardſhips, ſome of their horſes dying in the woods, our Author arrived alone at Yakutſk on the 2d of October, having been obliged to leave his baggage and his companions in the woods. Being joined by Captain Billings, he remained with him in Yakutſk till the 2d of January 1794, when they ſet out in ſledges for the city of *Irkutſk*, where they arrived about the middle of the ſame month, and met with all the other Officers of the expedition.

A ſhort account is then given of Captain Billings's expedition acroſs the land of the Tſhutſki, with a further deſcription of the natives, from a journal of one of the party, and two plates; one of a Tſhutſki woman; the other of a man in armour, with a woman and child; and the body of the work concludes with the following paragraph:

"I arrived at St. Peterſburgh on the 10th of March 1794, ſo very much afflicted with the rheumatiſm, from a cold caught at Irkutſk, that in regard to action I was reduced to the helpleſs ſituation of an infant. The kind attendance, however, of Dr. Rogers, and the friendly aſſiſtance of the Britiſh merchants in that city, who are ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed for their unbounded hoſpitality, alleviated every pain, leſſened every difficulty, and prevented the miſeries of penury from being added to my misfortunes." And we ſincerely hope the encouragement given to his publication will afford additional conſolation.

There are ſeven Appendixes to this work. No. 1, is a Vocabulary of the Yukagir, Yakut, and Tungooſe Languages. No. 2, a Vocabulary of the Languages of Kamtſhatka, the Aleutan Iſlands, and of Kadiak. No. 3, a Liſt of the different Stages from St. Peterſburgh to Yakutſk, ſpecifying the Places, Number of Verſts, Houſes, and Churches, in the Cities and Towns, Dates of Arrival and Departure, &c. No. 4, an Account of the full Pay of the different Ranks of the Officers, Sailors, &c. in the Ruſſian Naval Service, according to the Regulations of 1782. No. 5, Inſtructions of her Imperial Majeſty, from the Admiralty College to Captain Billings, for the Expedition. No. 6, Inſtructions for Mr. Patrin, the Naturaliſt. No. 7, Extracts and Supplementary Obſervations.

M.

Letters addreſſed to a Young Man on his firſt Entrance into Life; and adapted to the peculiar Circumſtances of the preſent Times. By Mrs. Weſt, Author of "A Tale of the Times," "A Goſſip's Story," &c. 12mo.

(*Concluded from Page* 277.)

TOWARDS the cloſe of our laſt review of this extraordinary work, we promiſed to entertain our readers with ſome extracts from, and obſervations on, ſome of the moſt edifying letters in Vol. III. The performance of that promiſe enjoins us to pay particular attention to Letter XIII. the ſecond of that volume, in which will be found ſome excellent maxims on the ſubject of true *Politeneſs*. "It is inconſiſtent with irritability, negligence, and rudeneſs - therefore, if you find your ſuſceptibility of indignities ſuch as Hamlet complains of in his celebrated ſoliloquy—"the proud man's contumely—the inſolence of office," &c.—grow querulous, reſtrain it, as you value your future peace. If the perſon who has wounded your feelings be either a friend, or one whoſe eſteem you are anxious to procure or preſerve, and the circumſtances of the offence will admit of it, I ſhould recommend an early, cool, and reſpectful explanation. Many a ſincere attachment hath pined away under the *withering* influence of ſuſpicion, when mutual explicitneſs might have ſaved the moſt ſevere mutual heart-ache, and have preſerved to

each party the eſſential advantage of reciprocal good offices.

" If you feel any of the indignities (above-mentioned), treaſure them in your memory, not to excite your ſplenetic reſentment againſt thoſe from whom they proceeded, for they may as often have been cauſed by *inadvertency* as by a *deſign* to inſult you; but by the ſmart of your own acute ſenſibilities on ſuch occaſions, and by the obſervance which you would think it juſt to require from others, regulate your own behaviour, in every inſtance in which you are *lord of the aſcendant*.

" Hate what is arrogant and overbearing, ſo far as to avoid thoſe faults yourſelf; but let Chriſtian charity teach you caution in affixing ſuch opprobrious terms to the behaviour of others."

" We have agreed that general civility is eſſential to politeneſs, and have determined fretfulneſs to be as inimical to its nature as it is to the repoſe of the boſom in which it is harboured. Now let us look a little at the prevailing faſhion of eaſe, or rather inattention. The politeneſs of the laſt age had a good deal of officiouſneſs in it. I am told, that people often knocked one another down in running to ſhut the door, and that, in handing plates charged with the principal delicacy round the table, the moſt lamentable miſadventures frequently happened to Nanking china and brocade petticoats. While we ſmile at the perplexed ideas which could confound being very troubleſome with being very agreeable, and congratulate the poliſhed freedom which a juſter caſt of thinking has introduced into our preſent manners, let us take care that our *freedom* continues to be poliſhed. For, of the two extremes, it is better to be laughed at for a little overdoing in the way of civility, than to incur cenſure for inſolent negligence."

Our Author then inſtances the *familiar nod*, which young gentlemen and ladies have adopted, as being both awkward and ungraceful, and highly unbecoming, except to their very intimate *juvenile* acquaintance; and another ſtill more reprehenſible cuſtom, of calling their elders and ſuperiors by their bare names, without any appellation of reſpect. " Theſe habits are ſo far from being tokens of faſhionable breeding, that they are proofs of no breeding at all. A well-bred perſon treats you with attention, if not from tenderneſs to your feelings, from reſpect to his own character. I have ſo often heard what was meant for eaſe and freedom, decided by excellent judges of men and manners to be *ſheer impudence*, that I ſhould tremble at the apprehenſion of your incurring this cenſure."

The contraſt between ill-nature and good-humour is delineated with preciſion and elegance, and compriſes ſalutary advice for avoiding the former and cultivating the latter. " Good-humour is the current coin of life; an eaſy comfortable quality, which we may familiarize by hourly practice, a ſeed of ſpontaneous growth, which quickly produces its hundred fold return."

On that intereſting ſubject to youth, *public diverſions*, the following juſt obſervations will apply to thouſands as well as to her ſon. " They muſt be very *ſparingly reſorted to* (our Author writes *frequented*, but it renders the meaning equivocal *), for their expence is ill-ſuited to your fortune; and an exceſs in thoſe pleaſures would certainly ſeduce your mind from attention to your buſineſs, and might eventually injure your moral and religious feelings. The *amuſements* of life muſt never become its *employments*. Extreme rigidneſs in abſtaining from them *may* form an illiberal, moroſe, unpleaſant, character; unbounded gratification *muſt* conſtitute a diſſolute, ſelfiſh, unſtable one. In this, as in every other point, moderation is the end that we ſhould aim at; and to determine that moderation with reſpect to the danger of exceſs, I know of no better rule than to preſerve perfect ſelf poſſeſſion. When the love of pleaſure has the power to unhinge our minds, and to draw us into what we feel to be blameable, it is plainly become our maſter, and ſelf-denial muſt ſubdue the tyrant."

Letter XIV. commences with diſplaying the advantages of a taſte for literature, and in ſtating the different kinds of literature ſhe enters upon an ample field of criticiſm, and condemns or approves well-known works with a high hand—as who ſhould ſay, " it is our ſovereign will and pleaſure to condemn ſentimental reading as dangerous, and often ridiculous; and there-

* To frequent, is to viſit often, to be much in any place.—*Johnſon's Dict.*

fore

fore I will anatomize the Sorrows of Werter, and by throwing aſide the noble and vital parts, and expoſing only the weak veſſels and the offals, turn the whole into ridicule and a laughable ſcene of folly." See p. 137 to 148, in which Rouſſeau and Sterne ſhare the ſame fate as the Author of the Sorrows of Werter: and in this place it may be proper to remind our readers, that the Letters to her Son were reviſed, enlarged, and improved, for the benefit of the public; otherwiſe the queſtion might be aſked, if it was likely that the young man (apprentice to a manufacturer of packs of cards) ſhould think of reading Voltaire, Rouſſeau, Sterne, and other authors whoſe writings ſhe condemns, if ſhe had not put him in mind of them by her criticiſms, forgetful how prone we all are to follow the example of our common mother Eve, by an inclination to taſte forbidden fruit. But the Lady is determined, at all events, to ſhew her great reading, and for this purpoſe, in the courſe of her letters in the third volume, the ſubject of our preſent review, ſhe officiouſly introduces a few words, or a few lines, relative to almoſt every author of ancient or modern times, from Ariſtotle * to Mrs. Wolſtonecraft and Dr. Godwin. And ſtrange indeed it would have been if ſhe had left out *the Reviewers of Literature*. In warning her Son againſt "the dangers of periodical criticiſms," we come in for a large ſhare of her acrimonious witticiſms. The following deſcription of our fraternity muſt not be paſſed over without being honoured with our particular notice. On another occaſion ſhe admoniſhes her ſon carefully to avoid "illiberal general reproach:" in the preſent inſtance, however, the mother indulges herſelf in the wanton exerciſe of it without mercy.

"Many of our miſcellanies are *avowedly hoſtile* to our civil and religious eſtabliſhments." If ſo, why not ſpecify them, that all loyal ſubjects may hold in deteſtation the principles, the authors, and the publiſhers. "I could exemplify their moderation and impartiality by obſerving, that the moſt *plauſible* works on the ſide of ſchiſm and republicaniſm, I will not *quite* ſay infidelity and anarchy, are ſelected, and ſuffered to *amplify* their doctrines through ſucceſſive numbers; and if ſome fiery champion of the eſtabliſhment ſhould ruſh forth with more zeal than prudence, and lift up his *leaden* mace againſt the demon of miſrule, he alſo is unfortunately dragged to the *fore-ground*, and *baſtinaded* with the moſt *rigid impartiality*: while to ſhew their moderation, any excellent work of the ſame tendency is confined to the humble limit of half a page, and what cannot be ridiculed is 'damned *with faint applauſe*.' Their regard to truth reſts upon their own aſſertions"—and in the name of candour, on what elſe but aſſertion does this charitable Lady's cenſures reſt; where are her proofs; as an admirer of Lord Grenville's meaſures, ſhe ſhould have followed the enacting clauſes of his famous Bill; ſhe ſhould have affixed the names of the printers as the means of diſcovering the audacious authors. But ſhe proceeds—"Moſt of the publications of which I have been treating (*Magazines and Reviews*), are undertaken to ſerve the purpoſes of a party; and you will own, that an impartial partiſan is as rare as the phœnix; that ſole bird. I often think, that theſe tribunals owe much of the deference with which the public receives their *fiat* to the very politic uſe of the plural pronouns. '*We* are firmly of opinion—It is *our* decided judgment'—are phraſes that carry with them an impreſſive authority which poor ſingular *I* and *me* can never attain to. For many years, I never met with the above ſentences without finding my fancy tranſport me into an extenſive library, crowded with black coats, large wigs, and green ſpectacles. Each individual, while ſipping his cup of tea (the modern Helicon), appeared in the act of pronouncing his oracular opinion on the impeached author; while the moderator of the learned corps, collecting the ſuffrages as the *majority* decided, either crowned the work with immortal bays, or conſigned it to oblivion; well might I, and every unfortunate wight in my ſituation, tremble at an aſſemblage as formidable and invulnerable as that of the ſecret tribunal" (of the holy Inquiſition); "but ſince I have been enabled to take a peep behind the ſcenes, my terrors and my deference are conſiderably diminiſhed. For, alas! my dear boy, theſe black coats, wigs, ſpectacles, and commentators, are but the

* See Vol. III p. 176 to 179.

baſeleſs fabricks of a viſion. *Number one* always conſtitutes counſel, jury, moderator, and judge; and *we* is only compoſed of *I* and *myſelf*. It is even whiſpered, that truth and verity would oftener conduct us into the *circumſcribed attic* than the *ſpacious library*, where you would meet with one ſolitary writer glowing with rage and envy at a ſucceſsful competitor, and earning his Sunday dinner by a virulent abuſe of the pamphlet which has been extolled by a brother Reviewer, and impeded the circulation of his own."

The writer of this *review* acknowledges the charge of making uſe occaſionally of the plural *we*, and he owns he expected to have found in Mrs. Weſt's letters, that *we* included her huſband, as furniſhing the example of ſome virtue to be copied by the ſon, in the conduct, eſpecially as it has been more than *whiſpered* to him, that Mr. Weſt is a very reſpectable man in the ſame claſs (the middle) as that ſon; but inſtead of this we find no mention made of him throughout the whole work—but *we* reſolves itſelf into *I*—Mrs. Weſt (we do not know the Lady's chriſtian name), the Lady, is all in all! ſufficient in herſelf to oppoſe a hoſt of Critical, Analytical, Monthly, and London Reviewers. After all, curioſity has been buſy to enquire who is Mrs. Weſt, the dictatreſs, and how came ſhe acquainted, as ſhe is the wife of a capital grazing farmer at a great diſtance from London, with the manners of the beaux and belles of the nineteenth century, the *Narciſſuſes* of the day—the anſwer is, that ſhe is the daughter of a citizen of London, and in her juvenile days might have *ſparingly* reſorted to Bond ſtreet, Hyde Park, and Kenſington Gardens. We will now recommend her to a taſk for which ſhe is excellently qualified, to compoſe letters for young women, and to take Fordyce's Sermons (though a diſſenter) for a model, making it an object to diminiſh the number of *learned* wives, and to increaſe that of good domeſtic ones. Having beſtowed more than "half a page" on her preſent performance, we take our leave with a brief account of the principal contents of the remaining letters. In Letter XV. the *latitudinarianiſm* of the new philoſophy is conſidered—Vindication of Alexander the Great, with anecdotes of his life and character. The general tendency of periodical publications is to excite diſcontent at the inequality of mankind—Reflections on the origin of human improvement, as deſcribed by Rouſſeau, and as detailed in Scripture; this ſubject is continued in Letter XVI. The neceſſity of induſtry conſidered as a general bleſſing; this is one of the moſt uſeful leſſons in this book of inſtructions. Dreadful immorality of the Democrats; a time ſerving groſs miſrepreſentation of facts. Chriſtianity favourable to all lawful authorities; this is a truth deduced from Scripture, and properly maintained by hiſtorical evidence.

The laſt impreſſive caution to her ſon on the ſcore of infidelity we ſelect for a concluſion.

"Whatever views of earthly temporal happineſs you may blaſt by youthful indiſcretion, do not deprive yourſelf of your heavenly immortal inheritance, nor ever caſt away the wretch's laſt hope, repentance! As ſure as you now exiſt, that impious ſuggeſtion of the moſt terrible deſpair, "the eternal ſleep of death," cannot but be a fallacy. *Conſciouſneſs* will for ever purſue you; and whatever guilt you incur here, you muſt ſuffer for hereafter."

M.

ERRATICS. *By a Sailor. Vol. II. and III.* 12mo.

THIS Sailor deſcribes a trip up the Thames, and another into the Mediterranean Sea, with rambles in Italy, and ſome original information reſpecting the ſurrender and ſubſequent evacuation of Toulon. Of this laſt event he profeſſes, and we believe him to have been, an eye-witneſs. In communicating this information to the public, he has adopted the mode of letter-writing, which appears not ill calculated for ſuch intelligence. In going through the volumes, we have ſeen much to approve and nothing to condemn. We therefore recommend them to the reader's candour and attention.

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Lord Kenyon, late Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench. 8vo.

This Sketch delineates the character of a Magiſtrate whoſe name will be re-

vered

vered as long as law, religion, or morals, ſhall have any influence in ſociety. It contains a fair repreſentation of the reſpectable qualities of Lord Kenyon, without concealing or palliating his defects. It does juſtice to him, and we may add no more than juſtice.

The Utility of Country Banks conſidered. 8vo.

The Author of this pamphlet is an able defender of Country Banks, which he aſſerts may be conſidered as mines to the kingdom, and bankers as the workers of them. The ſubject he conſiders under the following heads: I. Of Money. II. Of Intereſt. III. Of Banks, and the Operations of the Banking Syſtem. "While our provincial Banks," ſays he, "maintain the confidence of the public, and by an unſullied integrity, and by a liberal accommodation to the mercantile part of the community promote the induſtrious endeavours of an enterpriſing people, it will be impoſſible for the empire of Great Britain to be outrivalled in her commerce. By extending the trading capitals of the merchants, the wealth of the country is put into a progreſſive ſtate of improvement, and from the largeneſs of the capitals employed in trade we muſt command a great ſuperiority over other nations." The writer has ſhewn very conſiderable abilities in this performance, but by many will be thought to have conducted himſelf too much in the ſtyle of an advocate, as he has certainly kept out of ſight many formidable objections to his ſyſtem.

Methodiſm Unmaſked; or, The Progreſs of Puritaniſm from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century: intended as a Supplement to "Hints to Heads of Families." By T. E. Owen, A. B. 8vo.

This pamphlet, which is compoſed chiefly of extracts from ancient and modern publications, is intended to prove that ſectaries of all kinds are (and ever have been ſince the time of the Reformation), either blind inſtruments, or wilful tools, in the hands of Anarchiſts and Deiſts; that their aim is not a reform in religion, but a total overthrow of our religious and political conſtitutions, and a revolution in theſe dominions ſimilar to that which has deluged France with blood, and brought upon millions irreparable ruin. The Author or Compiler hopes the public will give him credit for his good intentions; at the ſame time relying on the conſciouſneſs of having endeavoured to do what he believed to be his duty.

Chronological Tablets: exhibiting every remarkable Occurrence from the Creation of the World, &c. Chiefly abridged from the French of the Abbot [Abbé] Lenglet du Freſnoy: Arranged Alphabetically, and augmented from authentic Sources to the preſent Time; particularly as regarding Britiſh Hiſtory. Comprehending brief Accounts of Inventions and Diſcoveries in every Department of Science; and Biographical Sketches of Three Thouſand Illuſtrious or Notable Perſons. With a Frontiſpiece. One Volume, 12mo.

This compilation exhibits proofs of induſtry, and may be conſidered as a very uſeful addition to the chronological compendiums of our country.

Pleaſures of Solitude. With other Poems. By P. L. Courtier. One Volume, Small Octavo.

Theſe are, for the moſt part, pleaſing and elegant, though penſive, compoſitions, and breathe much of the true ſpirit of poetry. The volume is handſomely printed, and embelliſhed with engravings.

Melancholy; as it proceeds from the Diſpoſition and Habit, the Paſſion of Love, and the Influence of Religion. Drawn chiefly from the celebrated Work intitled "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;" and in which the Kinds, Cauſes, Conſequences, and Cures, of this Engliſh Malady

"——— *are traced from within*
"*Its inmoſt centre to its outmoſt ſkin.*"

One Volume, 12mo.

The celebrity and excellence of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" is well known. The preſent volume is a very judicious abridgment of it; but the Editor ſeems by no means to have confined himſelf wholly to his original; for he has in very many places illuſtrated Burton's poſitions by references to, and quotations from, modern hiſtory, &c.: and has thus greatly enlivened his work. To thoſe who either have not time or not patience to wade through the variety of quotation, or are not diſpoſed to endure the quaintneſs, of Robert Burton, the preſent cannot fail to be a pleaſing and intereſting ſubſtitute.

A Tour to the North of Devon, including Barnſtaple, Tawſtock, Lynton, Lynmouth, and the Valley of Stones. By T. H. Williams, of Plymouth. Royal Octavo, [illegible]

This is a ſecond part of the "Picturesque Excurſions in Devonſhire and Cornwall," of which the commencement was noticed in our XXXIXth Volume, p. 277; and the Author has by no means leſſened the favourable opinion of his work which the firſt part induced us to entertain. The ſcenes which he deſcribes are preſented to our view in beautiful etchings, all executed by himſelf. Beſides a Fancy Title-Page, we have here, 1. A View of Oakhampton Caſtle, Devon; 2. A View in the Valley of Stones; 3. The Valley of Culbone; 4. Lynton Church, from Lynmouth; 5. Another View of Lynton Church; 6. Lynmouth, from Lynton Church-yard; 7. View in the Road from Contiſbury Church to Lynmouth and Lynton; 8. A Third View of Lynton Church, &c.; 9. View of the Conoidal Hill in the Valley of Stones; 10. An admirable Sketch to ſerve as a Tail-piece to the Number, occupying an entire leaf.

LYCOPHRON's CASSANDRA, L. 766—769.

Οὔπω μάλ', ὄυπω· μὴ τόσος δ' ὕπνος λάβοι
Λήθης Μέλανθον ἐγκλιθέντ' Ἱππηγέτην.
Ἥξει γάρ, ἥξει ναύλοχον σκέπας,
Καὶ Νηρίτου πρηῶνας,——

Nondùm omninò, nondùm: ne tantus verò ſomnus
Oblivionis capiat Melanthum inclinatum Equeſtrem;
Veniet enim, veniet ad-navalem Rithri portum,
Et Neriti cacumina,——

LYCOPHRON has employed more than 150 lines in relating the adventures of Ulyſſes. He may be conſidered as having epitomiſed the Odyſſey, and given the caſt of novelty to ſtories not new. Though an imitator of Homer, his imitations are not ſo frequent, as to tire by their repetition; nor ſo ſervile and cloſe, as to exclude variety. Caſſandra, after having foretold the calamities, which Ulyſſes was doomed to ſuſtain, informs us; that thus were the curſes of the Cyclops fulfilled. Theſe curſes were; May he *not* return, or *late*, and to *new* troubles. His late return is thus expreſſed by Homer: Ὀψὲ κακῶς ἦλθε· by Lycophron, Οὔπω μάλ', ὄυπω· the word to be ſupplied is ἥξει, which appears below. Theſe three words, with thoſe that follow, μὴ δὲ, &c. have been conſidered as forming together one ſentence. But οὔπω μάλ' οὐπω, with ἥξει underſtood, is a ſentence by itſelf, and as ſuch it ſhould be pointed. Τόσος ὕπνος are words that refer to the ſleep of Ulyſſes, when left by the Phæacians on the coaſt of Ithaca. But, ſays Caſſandra, ſleep cannot ſo oppreſs him, λαθόμενον ἔπους λήθης, though inclined to the ſleep of forgetfulneſs, as that he ſhould long forget his native country. For he ſhall come at laſt. Ἥξει γάρ, ἥξει ——

We are informed by the Scholiaſt, whoſe information in theſe matters is accurate, that Μέλανθος and Ἱππηγέτης are among the names of Neptune. Yet, however applicable theſe names may be to Neptune, they are evidently here applied to Ulyſſes. Neptune is conſtantly repreſented as for ever vigilant in counteracting the ſchemes, and planning the deſtruction of his ſon's deſtroyer. The ſleep of Ulyſſes is ſo frequent, that ſome critics have been diſpoſed to cenſure it. They ſeem to have inſinuated, that, when the heroe ſlept, the poet ſlumbered. To Ulyſſes, however, this τόσος ὕπνος applies.

The reader will recollect, that the moſt arduous enterprize of Ulyſſes, that which gave him a *name*, was his night-adventure with Diomede. He *led the horſe* of Rheſus in triumph to the Grecian camp. With reference to this tranſaction he is, I conjecture, called Ἱππηγέτης· and, as a *night*-adventurer, Μέλανθος.

——— ſpreto noctiſque hoſtiſque periclo,
Ingredietur curru lætos imitante triumphos.

R.

ESSAYS AFTER THE MANNER OF GOLDSMITH.

ESSAY XVII.

"O reform it altogether. And let thoſe that play your clowns ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be of them that will themſelves laugh to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too." SHAKESPEARE.

HAPPENING a few evenings ſince to occupy a ſeat in the corner of a box at a coffee houſe where three remarkable perſonages were apparently holding a court to decide on the merits or defects of the preſent ſtate of the drama, I was engaged to liſten very attentively to a diſcourſe in which I felt myſelf extremely intereſted, having entertained ſome no doubt highly improper notions of the judgment and taſte of the town. I was preſently gratified by an oracle, dreſt in black, with a hard featured four-looking face, ſmoking a pipe of tobacco, who out of one corner of his mouth breathed the accents of diſcontent as follows: "The vitiated taſte and manners of the preſent age (ſaid he very gravely) are in a ſtate of conſtant warfare with the mind and opinions of a man of ſenſe, who ſhrinks back at the reigning abſurdities, and diſdains to pay his viſits at the court which Folly keeps; and in nothing is this open rebellion againſt common ſenſe more apparent than in the preſent ſyſtem of the drama, by which managers, authors, and performers, with a mean ſubmiſſion, lower and debaſe its functions for the momentary plaudits of audiences without taſte or diſcrimination, who come chiefly to diſplay their well dreſſed figures in the lobby, talk to the ladies of pleaſure, or retire from their third bottle of wine to the playhouſe for the convenience of a nap in a ſide box. Theſe wretched and vitiated manners (continued he) ſpread their unwholeſome contagions from the greater to the leſſer circles, till the diſeaſe of folly becomes an epidemic, differing only from others in one reſpect, that here the complaint in the natural way is the ſlighteſt, and that which Faſhion inoculates is the worſt ſort. "Ever finding fault," "ever ſetting things to rights" (replied a thin man with a long face that carried a conſtant kind of ſmile which I could not by all the rules of phyſiognomy comprehend); "it is yourſelf, Mr. Acid, who have wrong notions of things; you are of the Old School, and not ſenſible of the improvements we have made in authorſhip and the art of acting. Let me explain the ſcience, and you will own yourſelf in the wrong." "You may ſay what you pleaſe, Mr. Snipe (returned the Oracle); but you muſt admit the preſent deplorable ſtate of the drama, though you are a player." —"Not a bit of it" (anſwered the Comedian, contracting his buccinatory muſcles).—"Liſten to me while I ſtate three propoſitions (cried a man in the oppoſite corner with a commanding ſeverity of countenance): the firſt is, that the morals and manners of the preſent age are vitiated and depraved; the ſecond is derived from the firſt, that that depravity tends to depreciate literature and the drama; and the third is, that the managers and performers are infected with the reigning malady." "I deny the major of each (retorted the player), and will, if you will allow me, prove the negative propoſition: and firſt, I will undertake to eſtabliſh the poſition, that the morals and manners of the preſent age are not vitiated or depraved; and to do this, let us examine whether there is not in the preſent day an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding among the Great? Are there not more Nobility, and of courſe more refinement? Is there not a great deal of public virtue, and ſo ſmall a ſhare of ſecret venality that people are actually obliged to adverti ſe for ſeats in a Great Aſſembly, owing to the immenſe difficulty of *treating* for them in the uſual way? Is there any ſuch thing now as party? and do our great people, poſſeſſing the *great* minds that they do, own any ſide but that of Truth and Reaſon? And then for judgment and taſte, look at the fetes, entertainments, and private maſquerades among them: what a deal of novelty and wit. "You don't know me." "I think I know you." "Who am I?" "Who are you?" Is it poſſible not to be entertained with ſuch agreeable and pointed repartee? If you are convinced, Mr. Acid (continued the theatrical philoſopher

ſopher and politician), I will go on to another propoſition, derived from the firſt, that the ſame refinement of morals and manners extends to encourage merit, and to ſerve the intereſts of literature and the drama; and firſt for literature: Have we not New Syſtems of Philoſophy, New Syſtems of Surgery, and New Lectures on Midwifery, wherein each author diſcovers that every body before him was in the wrong, and that his ſyſtem is moſt right, becauſe it is the moſt new? How careful and induſtrious are our great people to reward merit: don't they liberally encourage the authors and inventors of patent candleſticks and ſnuffers, wine coolers, and water-cloſets? Don't they make the fortunes of thoſe deſerving people who by their ſkill in medicine can cure every thing; and take by the hand thoſe ingenious artiſts who underſtand *tricks upon cards* and other deceptions? Don't the Great turn players, and players get very great, that is, in every thing but their parts? And now to analyſe the merits of the modern authors; Can any thing be more gratifying? In former days, a plot, a deſign, character, wit, and humour, were thought neceſſary to the ſucceſs of a piece. Lord love ye, Mr. Acid, experience ſhews the contrary every day; the author of the preſent hour is quite a different ſort of being; he has nothing to do but to cram his play with incident, pantomime, ſpectacle, ghoſts, and ſpectres, to produce numerous ſtage effects, and innumerable *claptraps* in every ſcene, with handſome and appropriate compliments to high perſonages; in ſhort, he muſt take his freedom out in the *Plaiſterers'* Company, and he will ſucceed; his piece will be licenſed, ſo as it be not offenſive to Government or the morals. We have no occaſion for a licenſer to refuſe nonſenſe, as the place would be almoſt a ſinecure in a nation of ſo much ſenſe. And now for my laſt propoſition, which is, that the managers and performers are influenced by this refinement of taſte. Don't the manager refuſe any thing, however good, that won't do? and can any body blame him? and don't the performer, like a clever tailor, take meaſure of the taſte and judgment of his audiences, and *mark* the buſineſs of the ſpeaking pantomime with infinite addreſs? Don't he reiterate ejaculations and grimaces to obtain reiterated burſts of applauſe from thoſe inimitable judges of the ſcenic art; while he, maſter of human nature and its varieties of character, is ſo *marked* with excellence, that the moment he enters every body cries out, "That's Snipe;" for you muſt know a judicious alteration is made in the work of the drama; formerly the players had to ſtudy new characters, which was infinite labour, but now the author writes his character to fit the character of the performer, which makes it eaſy to both parties, and thus Snipe does not perform Scrub, but Scrub Snipe; which pleaſes the town very much, for they are fond of Snipe: and if an author wiſhes his farce to ſucceed, he muſt have me in it. But if you deſire another example, look at that celebrated Tragedian. How excellent! true to nature as clock-work: Obſerve, he enters O P, at the third plank he folds his arms, he advances at the ſixth, he ſtarts at the ſeventh, and at the tenth he commences his ſoliloquy; then enter two more performers, who range themſelves at certain diſtances and in certain attitudes: this is what we call *forming* the ſtage, but which you who are not acquainted with the Ruſe de Theatre would perhaps call *deforming* the ſtage. Now the hero is to put on his gloves, and now he is to take one off; at the appointed ſpot he pulls out his handkerchief from his pocket, and unfurls it like an enſign before the line. He leaves nothing to the directions of Nature working in the ſcene, becauſe he has got all his actions with his part; and indeed it would ſave ſome trouble if the copyiſt were to make marginal notes of this ſpecies of drill exerciſe. The player knows now what he is to do, and ſo do the audience as well as he. A good obſerver could mark out to a mathematical certainty the map of his journey on the boards, which in ſome great performers varies not an inch through a whole ſeaſon."—"And this is what you call dramatic excellence, Mr. Snipe (returned the Oracle). Let me tell you, Sir, that the actor ſhould be involved in the buſineſs of the ſcene; ſtudied action is like ſtudied ſentiment, forced and lame; the ſentiment of the author, to be felt, ſhould appear to come from the heart, the action of the player from the ſubject of the ſcene, and not from the Prompter's book."—"Ay, this might do formerly (returned the Comedian);

but are we not ſupported in our preſent ſyſtem by the authority of the German drama: for inſtance now: Enter Bloodungus P S, in a thoughtful attitude, his arms folded; he diſengages them, and lays the fore-finger of his right hand on the fore finger of his left. Enter Whiſkemia the ſpectre O P. Bloodungus ſtarts and runs off; Whiſkemia runs after him. Enter Bertherina and her little child; they are met by Count Bullinham, who embraces them both, when they hold up the pretty little boy between them like a Cupid in a vignette, and down drops the curtain."—"So (cried the old Gentleman in the oppoſite corner of the box) this is what you call playing; it may be ſo; there's one comfort, it is not playing upon our feelings. Did ever any body ſee a father and a mother holding up their child between them like the tumblers at Sadler's Wells, or the ſculptured figures in a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. I have an utter averſion to theſe poſture-maſters."

I began to deſpair of being able to form a right judgment of dramatic excellence, when a Gentleman in ſpectacles in the adjoining box was applied to by Mr. Snipe for his opinion of the requiſites neceſſary to make a good player, which they agreed ſhould be final. After a degree of modeſt reluctance, he ſpoke as follows: "Perhaps I may be thought to eſtabliſh a new propoſition, when I ſay, that the chief thing neceſſary to make a good actor is Genius; *actor naſcitur* will apply as well as *poeta naſcitur*. It muſt be remembered, that a performer is not merely an orator; he muſt do ſomething more than declaim; he muſt repreſent a certain character, and that juſtly. Genius is the perfection of the human underſtanding, an union of the collected powers of the mind, imagination, ſenſibility, penetration, and judgment, directed to the ſame point of excellence, with a happy facility of attaining truth. The genius of acting conſiſts in a fine and ready imagination, an acuteneſs of obſervation, and a correct judgment, working on the ſure principle of an ardent love for the drama, joined to the love of fame. Happy natural talents are neceſſary to make an actor: labour and ſtudy may do a great deal, but it will after all be a tedious journey to find dramatic excellence. The player who is not rich in talents may indeed labour to amaſs the wealth of the underſtanding; but he will be but a mere labourer after all; and will rarely ever find ſtock in trade enough for a maſter in the art. The art of acting requires ſuch happy reſemblances of nature, that the copies may not be known from the original. Thus the performer who has true genius aſſimilates himſelf without difficulty to the character he has to repreſent. The more Nature aſſiſts him the better; and it is only when ſhe refuſes that he muſt borrow from Art her beſt likeneſs. There are very few actors who poſſeſs the verſatility of talents by which they can with eaſe adapt themſelves to any character. Garrick came neareſt to this point of dramatic excellence: he was a Proteus who could not only take any ſhape he pleaſed, but infuſe into the form the ſoul and nature of the character. Yet how few poſſeſs the faſcinating *gaité de cœur* of genteel comedy, the grandeur of mind and manners neceſſary to tragedy, and the happy humour that conſtitutes farce. A great fault of our preſent performers is, that they are chiefly manneriſts; you may find them imitated with infinite ſucceſs, and there muſt be ſomething ridiculous to make ſuch imitations ſucceed; it would have been an extremely difficult taſk to have imitated Garrick. The moment a man becomes a manneriſt, he loſes the chief excellence of a performer, which conſiſts in metamorphoſis, and he gives up the praiſes of true judges for the unmeaning plaudits of the multitude, who laugh at any thing. Miſerable critics! equal in their taſte to the old woman, who being aſked her opinion of the reſemblance of a portrait to the face of a friend, made anſwer, *that the wig was prodigiouſly like indeed.* The performer who gives up the chaſteneſs of acting, and truſts his ſucceſs to making faces, and overdreſſing his character, offends truth and nature, and pleaſes only fools. Equally diſguſting is this puppet-ſhew mummery in comedy to the ſtudied niceties and preciſion of attitudes, the forming of groups, and other theatrical tactics in tragedy, that oppoſe Art to Nature, and can only be tolerated in ſpectacles and ballets. The Tragedian has better things to truſt to than theſe for ſucceſs. There is, however (ſaid he), an Actor of the preſent day whoſe merit needs no aid from trick or the common traps of applauſe, and who, by a Diſplay of Natural

Talents, commands the approbation of true criticiſm, which delights to find genius and acknowledge merit. This actor, diſdaining the little arts of meaner capacities, conceives the part he is to play with ſuch nice diſcrimination, that the character created by the author receives the Promethean ſpark from his genius, and has Life, Ambition, rage, revenge, hypocriſy, and malice ſpeak, he is a villain or a tyrant that you deteſt: this great actor is totally forgot in the repreſentation; nor is it till the piece is over that they cry out in rapture, "COOKE PERFORMED THE PART." G. B.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MAY 24.

THE *School for Scandal* was performed at Drury-lane Theatre, for the benefit of that veteran of the Stage Mr. King. The audience was uncommonly numerous, it having been announced that he would on that night take leave of the Public.

Mr. King ſeemed to have collected his remaining powers for exertion, in order to grace his exit from a ſtage which he has trod with the higheſt reputation for the long period of *fifty-four years* *. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to mention, that his performance was crowned with the loudeſt, the moſt liberal, and moſt heart-felt applauſe. He certainly had never played the character with more correct truth of colouring. Mrs. Jordan alſo performed Lady Teazle with great eaſe and vivacity.

Between the Play and the Farce, Mr. King came forward, attended by Mr. Charles Kemble (who kindly officiated as his Prompter, leſt on ſo trying an occaſion his memory ſhould happen to fail him), and delivered the following

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Eſq.

WHILST in my heart thoſe feelings yet ſurvive,
That keep reſpect and gratitude alive—
Feelings which, tho' all others ſhould decay, [away;—
Will be the laſt that Time can bear
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And doom my own dramatic death this night.
Patrons farewell!
Tho' you ſtill kindly my defects would ſpare, [bear?
Conſtant *indulgence* who would wiſh to
Who, that retains the ſenſe of brighter days, [praiſe?
Can ſue for pardon, while he pants for
On well-earn'd fame the mind with pride reflects,
But Pity ſinks the man whom it proteſts.
Your fathers had my ſtrength. My only claim [fame.
Was zeal; their favour was my only
Of late, too often, when the whole was due, [you.
I've paid *half ſervice* to the Muſe and
Not what I was, I now decline the field,
And ground thoſe arms which I but feebly wield. [blind.
The *Poet*, nearly breathleſs, lame, or
Whilſt the Muſe viſits his creative mind,
Continues wearing his immortal wreath,
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death. [ing blow
But every chance that deals the paſſ-
Lays the poor *Actor's* ſhort-liv'd trophies low. [to all;
That chance has come to me, that comes
My drama done, I let the curtain fall.

During the delivery, Mr. King was much affected; but he ſtruggled to conceal his agitation. His feeling was more diſcoverable in the low faultering tone of his voice, than in tears, a white handkerchief, fainting, or other theatrical trick. He received the moſt thundering applauſe; and as ſoon as he had made his bow, Mrs. Jordan came on the ſtage, and gracefully led him to the Green-room, which he found filled with the performers, who had nobly and generouſly done honour to themſelves by ſeizing on this opportunity of preſenting a handſome teſtimonial of their eſteem and regard for their retiring elder brother. Comedians are, perhaps, of all profeſſions, the moſt expoſed to error and frailty; but the united invention of malice and calumny has

* He firſt appeared at Drury-lane Oct. 19, 1748, as *Alhwerth*, in "*A New Way to pay Old Debts*."

has never imputed to them the want of the eſſential virtues of feeling, benevolence, generoſity, and noble-mindedneſs, whenever a ſufficient and fit occaſion has called for the exerciſe of either.—Mr. Dowton, after allowing Mr. King a little breathing time, came up to him, to beg that he would take a cheerful draught out of a ſilver cup, which his brothers and ſiſters of the *Sock* and *Buſkin* requeſted him to do them the favour to accept, with a ſalver, as a trifling token of their regard and grateful remembrance of his merit as a Comedian, and his uniformly friendly conduct towards them all, during the many years that he had continued to pleaſe the Public before the curtain, and endear himſelf to them behind it. Mr. King, in a tone that expreſſed his feeling, declared the deep ſenſe that he ſhould ever entertain of this moſt affectionate mark of their regard and eſteem; and aſſured them, that, if his health permitted, he ſhould gratify himſelf with the pleaſure of frequently coming among them. The cup was then handed round, and all the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Theatre drank Mr. King's health.

On the Cup is an inſcription, ſignifying the cauſe and occaſion of the preſent, with all the Performers' names (contributors to it); and on its baſe is the following motto from Henry V. Act 5.

"If he be not *fellow* with the *beſt King*,
"Thou ſhalt find him the *beſt* KING of *good fellows*."

The Salver was richly decorated, and had the arms of Mr. King engraven in the center.

26. A new Comedy, called "THE WORD OF HONOUR," was preſented at Covent Garden Theatre, for the firſt time, and for the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks; the principal characters being as follow:

Don Eſtivan, Governor of Valladolid	Mr. COOKE.
Don Valzario	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Don Fabricio	Mr. MURRAY.
Don Erneſto	Mr. BRUNTON.
Don Montiano	Mr. FARLEY.
Roxillo	Mr. SIMMONS.
Donna Roſaviva	Mrs H. JOHNSTON.
Donna Zoraminta	Mrs. ST LEGER.
Florina	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Doritta	Miſs SIMS.

The Scene is laid in Valladolid.

The plot is very ſimple in its ſtructure. Two young Ladies, Donna Roſaviva and Donna Zoraminta, agree, for the ſake of a frolic, to go veiled to the public parade. They there meet with their reſpective admirers, who, ſuppoſing the Ladies to be of an eaſy deſcription, reſolve on an intrigue. In the ardency of their purſuits, they give offence; and Donna Roſaviva calling out for help, is relieved by Don Valzario, who, in the rencontre, wounds Don Alfonſo, the profeſſed lover of Donna Roſaviva, but who is diſliked by the Lady. A rumour is ſpread, that Alfonſo is mortally wounded; and his aſſailant is conſequently treated as an aſſaſſin and murderer. He is cloſely purſued, and runs for ſhelter accidentally into the Governor's houſe, the firſt which preſented itſelf to him. Donna Roſaviva, the Governor's daughter, diſcovering in him her deliverer, endeavours, as an act of gratitude, to ſave him from the fury of his purſuers; and what was originally mere gratitude advances into love. He, however, is unacquainted with her real attachment; and thus commences the ſeries of hopes and fears on the part of the various characters. Valzario being taken at laſt, the Governor diſcovers in him the ſon of an old friend, the Governor of Seville, and beſtows upon him the hand of Roſaviva, of which Don Alfonſo (now recovered) appears to have been unworthy.

This piece is generally aſcribed to Mr. SKEFFINGTON, a Gentleman well known in the regions of faſhion.

The fable, as we have ſhewn, is founded upon Spaniſh manners, and is, of courſe, full of intrigue and intricacy. The dialogue, indeed, is not recommended by much humour or point; but we may ſay of the whole, that it is neither devoid of intereſt nor amuſement. If ſcarcely fit for legitimate Comedy, it neither ſhocks by extravagance nor diſguſts by vulgarity. There is an air of chivalry over the whole, which keeps alive the attention and agreeably flatters the imagination. It much reſembles the romances of the fifteenth century; and is more calculated for momentary pleaſure than permanent inſtruction. The characters are drawn with ſufficient attention to the manners of the Spaniſh nation in reſpect of generoſity and gallantry; they are, however, without contraſt. The great point, therefore, upon which its ſucceſs depends, is the activity of the ſcene, which never ſuffers the attention to languiſh. Many

novel and intereſting ſituations are produced; but they are not improved to their full advantage. The Author ſhews more of fancy than of judgment or ſpirit, and ſeems better calculated to rival Mrs. Radcliffe than Congreve or Sheridan. Nevertheleſs, he ought by no means to deſpair of attaining the *vis comica*. Experience in writing, when joined to his knowledge of life, may enable him to give a juſt picture of the manners of mankind, and of the various features of the human mind. With all its drawbacks, "*The Word of Honour*," as a *coup d'eſſai* of dramatic talents, is rather entitled to critical encouragement than hoſtility.

It was ſtrongly ſupported by the performers, and very well received by the audience, whoſe applauſe was abundantly teſtified on its concluſion. It has been ſince twice repeated.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE WORD OF HONOUR.

Written by W. H. IRELAND.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

BEFORE this high tribunal I appear,
Subdu'd by gratitude, not chill'd by fear,
I come, my ſoul's warm feelings to impart, [heart.
And breathe the language of a grateful
'Tis you have foſter'd me; to you I owe
Thoſe tranquil joys that from contentment flow: [ſtill,
'Tis you protect your veteran ſervant
Whoſe chief delight is to obey your will.
For fifty years I now have trod this Stage,
My form has yielded to the hand of Age;
Yet proudly let me ſay, Time's ſtern control [ſoul.
Has not yet warp'd the feelings of my
Trembling I ſtill your favour muſt implore
For one who never ſued to you before,
Our youthful Author! who this night appears,
Alternately o'ercome by hopes and fears,
Whoſe thoughts conflicting your ſweet ſmiles can eaſe. [pleaſe;
And thus o'erpay him for his wiſh to
Oh! could you read his heart, I know you'd find [mind;
Each trait that ſtamps the unaſſuming
His feelings would a Cynic's ire aſſuage,
And lull to reſt the direful Critic's rage.
Your gen'rous patronage will not refuſe
Protecting kindneſs to a trembling Muſe.
Full well the feelings of his ſoul I know;
For favour ſo benign his breaſt will glow;
Let me in this fond hope but augur true,
His warmeſt gratitude ſhall live for you;
And, to convince you that I vouch aright,
He'll pledge his WORD OF HONOUR ev'ry night.

EPILOGUE.

Written by W. H. IRELAND.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

[*Behind the Scenes.*

Do let me paſs, I muſt and will go by,
Folks muſt not be kept waiting ſo for I.

Your ſarvant, gentlefolks. Forgive me, pray;
I'm come now, laſt of all, to ſee a Play;
For you muſt know, in this my Sunday gown,
I left our village for this flaunting town,
'Cauſe folks did tell me fights would never ceaſe
Upon the Proclamation of the Peace.
Lord bleſs the Peace, ſay I, and bleſs the hand [tive land.
That guards THE STEERAGE of my na-
Well, from the ſtage I got, my bones full ſore, [Boar.
When coachee drove us to the Great Blue
Firſt, after ſqueezing 'twixt a Citt and Tar,
I ſaw the Mayor arrive at Temple-bar;
Aloud I heard the joyful tidings read,
Then came away, well pleas'd, though almoſt dead. [ſcene!
At night, Lord bleſs us! what a blazing
The lighted lamps of red, blue, pink, and green,
Appear'd to charm the eye in each abode,
From Hyde Park Corner to the City Road.
The India Houſe to ſee I needs muſt go,
But there a clumſy fellow ſqueez'd me ſo,
I ſcream'd with agony, then limp'd along,
And to the Bank was carried by the throng. [fire,
The houſe of Monſieur Otto ſeem'd on
And there, indeed, I thought I ſhou'd expire; [joke,
Believe me, tho', the ſcrouging was no
For there I loſt my apron, ſhoe, and cloak.
Well, in a night or ſo, my Couſin Sue,
With John the Butler, after much ado,
Forc'd me away the Op'ra folk to ſee,
Where I was told they play'd deep Tragedy; [fore;
But, lawk, I never ſaw ſuch ſtuff be-
For when the Gentlefolks cried out ENCORE, [pain,
A fine dreſs'd Lady, without ſign of
Firſt ſinging died; then roſe and ſung again. [maid,
With Suke and Betty, Lady Whimſie's
I ſaw the folks all go to Maſquerade,

La!

La! what a jumble!——
Why, ſome were ragged as our threſher Ben;
Some men were women—and ſome women men.
But at ſome men I laugh'd ſtill more than that,
With large looſe ſleeves, and with their Op'ra hat:
That poor ſqueez'd hat, that makes your London beauxs
Look juſt like taylors carrying home black cloaths.
This is not all——For I have been to view
The paintings at the Exhibition too:
But after all, to me the rareſt ſight
Is that I ſee before me here to-night;
Such ſweet good nature, and ſuch winning grace,
Beams in each eye, and lovely face, clothes each
That ev'ry ſight is now forgot—but one——
To ſee that ſight a thouſand miles I'd run,
To praiſe it, I am ſure, you'll all agree,
'Tis our lov'd King, his Queen, and Family.
O! may the choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Old England's Sov'reign, and his people's friend!
May ev'ry bliſs kind Heav'n ſtill has in ſtore
Await that King we honour and adore!

JUNE 2. At Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Hill, was preſented for the firſt time a Muſical Entertainment of two acts, ſaid to have been written by a Mr. Eyre, and called "THE CAFFRES; or, *Buried Alive.*"

The firſt act was very tedious, and the ſecond very ridiculous; the piece, therefore, met the fate that it deſerved, complete condemnation.

POETRY.

ODE
FOR
HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY 1802.
BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

No more the thunders of the plain
The fiery battle's iron ſhow'r,
Terrific, drown the duteous ſtrain
That greets our Monarch's natal hour;
Peace, ſoaring high on ſeraph wings,
Now ſtrikes her viol's golden ſtrings;
Reſponſive to the thrilling note,
Symphonious ſtrains of rapture float,
While grateful myriads in the Pæan join,
And hail her angel voice, and bleſs her form divine.

II.

Thro' many a whirlwind's blaſt ſevere,
The rage of elemental war,
Stern heralds of the op'ning year,
Sol urges on his burning car;
Tho' dark the wint'ry tempeſt lours,
Tho' keen are April's icy ſhow'rs,
Still, ſtill, his flaming courſers riſe,
'Till high in June's refulgent ſkies,
'Mid the blue arch of heav'n he victor rides,
And ſpreads of light and heat the unextinguiſh'd tides.

III.

Glory's true ſons, that hardy race,
Who bravely o'er the briny flood,
Smiling ſerene in danger's face,
Uncheck'd by tempeſt, fire, and blood,
Britain's triumphant flag unfurl'd,
The terror of the wat'ry world,
Now freely to the fav'ring gale
Of Commerce, ſpread the peaceful ſail,
And friendly waft from ev'ry ſhore,
Where Ocean's ſubject billows roar,
The gifts of Nature, and the works of toil,
Produce of ev'ry clime and ev'ry ſoil.
The Genius of the Siſter Iſles
On the rich heap exulting ſmiles,
"Mine the prime ſtores of earth's remoteſt zone,
"Her choiceſt fruits and flow'rs, her treaſures all my own."

IV.

Nor ſecond you 'mid glory's radiant train,
Who o'er the tented field your enſigns ſpread:
Whether on Lincelles' trophied plain
Before your ranks ſuperior numbers fled;
Or on Ierne's kindred coaſt
Ye cruſh'd invaſion's threat'ning hoſt;
Or on fam'd Egypt's ſultry ſands
The banner tore from Gallia's vet'ran bands;
Your ſinewy limbs with happier toil
Now till your country's fertile ſoil,
Mow with keen ſcythe the fragrant vale,
Or whirl aloft the ſounding flail,
Or bow with many a ſturdy ſtroke,
King of our groves, the giant oak;

Or now the blazing hearth beſide,
With all a ſoldier's honeſt pride,
To hoary ſires and blooming maidens tell
Of gallant Chiefs who fought, who conquer'd, or who fell.

V.

Yet, in the arms of Peace reclin'd,
Still flames the free, the ardent mind;
And ſhould again Sedition's roar,
Or hoſtile inroad threat our ſhore,
From Labour's field, from Commerce wave, [brave,
Eager would ruſh the ſtrong, the
To form an adamantine zone
Around their patriot Monarch's throne.
But long, with Plenty in her train,
May Concord ſpread her halcyon reign,
And join with feſtive voice the lay ſincere
Which ſings the auſpicious morn to Britain ever dear.

THE RETREAT TO THE COTTAGE OF MON REPOS.

A POETICAL OLIO.

BY JOHN, THE HERMIT.

(*Continued from page* 388.)

OCCASIONAL POEMS, WRITTEN AT THE COTTAGE; WITH INSCRIPTIONS IN THE GARDEN, &c.

X.

An Inſcription; addreſſed to a Roſe, on leaving the Cottage for a few Days.

FAREWELL, ſweet Roſe! delicious flow'r!
Ah! in my abſence thou wilt die!
And never more, around this bow'r,
Thy lovely bloom ſhall meet mine eye!

No more ſhall I thy ſweets inhale,
When Morning ſmiles, with eye ſerene;
Nor drink, with thee, the balmy gale,
That ſteals thy fragrance, all unſeen.

No more behold thee droop thy head,
All pregnant with the pearly dew!
No more, at evening, ſmooth thy bed,
And, ſighing, breathe a ſhort adieu!

No more, for her my ſoul adores,
Hang o'er thy charms, and, with a kiſs,
Aſk thee to lend thy od'rous ſtores
To grace the ſeat of Love and Bliſs.

And muſt I, when we meet again,
Behold thy glories in the duſt?
And, gathering all the ſcatter'd train,
Blend with the clod? Alas! I muſt!

Then the poor bird of love forlorn,
Shall mix its ſorrowing notes with mine;
Shall nightly viſit yonder thorn,
And, o'er its fav'rite's grave, repine!

Ah me! no more to view thy bloom,
Thou lovely, fragrance-breathing flow'r!
For ſoon thou'lt drop into the tomb!
And I but wait th' uncertain hour!

Yet, why untimely ſhould I mourn?
Full oft will Spring thy charms reſtore;
Whilſt I!——Oh never ſhall return!
Oh Spring! ſhall view thy charms no more!

I, who now droop, alas! conſuming ſlow!
The trembling child of unrelenting woe!

XI.

Addreſs to a Red-breaſt; inſcribed on a Tree much frequented by that Bird.

WHY ſit'ſt thou lonely on that ſpray,
Sweet bird! whoſe breaſt with crimſon glows?
Why abſent from thy love the day?
Hark! for ſhe calls thee, full of woes.

How can'ſt thou modulate thy tone,
And ſwell with ſong thy plumy breaſt,
Whilſt ſhe whom love has made thy own
Sits, penſive, in her diſtant neſt?

O why thus leave her ſecret bed,
That hangs in yonder woodland vale?
Why from her parent duties fled!
O haſte! and ſoothe her with thy tale!

She guards, with care, her callow brood
From ev'ry prying ſchool-boy's eye;
And aſks, of thee, that daily food
Which ſhe no longer can ſupply.

Yet whence that ſtrain of tender woe!
For ſure the notes of grief I heard!
What latent ſorrow bids them flow?
Tell me, my little ſocial bird.

No——Fancy whiſpers, in my breaſt,
The cauſe whence all thy actions ſpring:
Tells me why abſent from thy neſt;
Why lonely thus thou'rt wont to ſing.

Each morning, at thy love's command,
Thou ſeek'ſt that gently-waving ſpray,
Near which my *Julia's* milk-white hand
Beſtrews with crumbs the peppled way:

And there thou tun'ſt thy ſweeteſt ſtrain,
All grateful for the gifts it brings.
Yes, gentleſt of the woodland train,
For this my conſtant warbler ſings!

For this he quits love's ſecret bed,
That hangs in yon ſequeſter'd vale;
For this, from love's endearments fled,
He breathes his melancholy tale.

That

That note again! Ah, bird of woe!
'Tis thus, within the lonely grove,
'Tis thus my amorous sorrows flow,
When absent from the maid I love!

Haste, Bird! return the woods among.
And tell how charm'd I've heard thy lay;
And, mingling kisses with thy song,
Allure thy little love away.

Tell her, within this garden fair,
Embow'r'd by some selected tree,
My *Julia's* hand shall weave, with care,
A soft retreat for her and thee.

When the last leaf forsakes the grove,
And clouds and tempests rule the skies,
Julia will place thee and thy love
Within the chamber where she lies.

There shall that matchless child of May *,
The source of all my soul's delight,
With food and kisses bless thy day,
And guard from harm the hours of night.

Haste! to thy mistress joy restore!
Haste! nor repeat that plaintive strain!
'Tis thine to part with her no more;
'Tis thine no longer to complain.

XII.

Inscriptions, affixed to the following Models from the Antique, which were exhibited in the Cottage of Mon Repos during the Illumination in Honour of the Peace.

Venus de Medicis.

Now, Venus, smile! the ruthless God of War
By *Peace* is tumbled from his blood-stain'd car!
Now, Venus, all thy hopes and joys impart,
And bid Love riot in each British heart.

Crouching Venus.

To *Peace* I kneel! O maid of birth divine,
What myriads in my fervent prayer will join!
O may'st thou never fly Britannia's shore,
But bless her sons till time shall be no more.

Apollo Belvidere.

No more, Apollo, strike Ambition's lyre,
Nor waste, in Glory's praise, thy heav'n-born fire.
To *Peace* and Joy now tune the trembling string,
And sing of Venus, and of Bacchus sing.

Antinous.

Hence horrid War! of Discord born and strife!
Thou foe to all the social ties of life!
Whilst I, my friend, my Emperor to save,
Plung'd, self-devoted, in th' Egyptian wave:
At Friendship's call resign'd my youthful breath,
And died to save him from the arms of Death.

Venus aux belles fesses.

For joy some people stand upon their heads,
And play a thousand tricks to prove their glee.
So I, now *Peace* her golden radiance sheds,
Am careless what *I show*, or what *you see!*

A Reposing Bacchus.

Oh Pitt! O Minister of cold design,
To lay such imposts on each quart of wine!
For which (forgive a wine-devouring elf)
O may'st thou never taste a drop thyself!
Alas! reclined upon this shaggy bed,
I have not spirit to upraise my head!
When *Peace* returns, my friends! if wine grows cheap,
No more I'll murmur, and no longer sleep.

A Figure of Spring.

When last I call'd to life the sleeping flow'rs,
I wept o'er Europe's desolated lands!
But now delighted I adorn my bow'rs,
For *Peace* assists me with her balmy hands.

A Ditto of Summer.

When Spring from fair Europa bends her way,
To grace far distant lands, and South-ern Isles;
Long o'er these plains I'll shed a kin-der ray,
And bless mankind with more benign-ant smiles!

A Figure of Charity.

When War's wild yell, mixed with her thunder's roar,
Were heard, O Europe! on thy every shore;
On Albion's cliffs I roam'd amidst the strife,
And sought to heal the bleeding wounds of life.

JOHN, THE HERMIT.

Cottage of Mon Repos, Sturry, near Canterbury.

(To be continued.)

* *Julia* was born in that month.

MORNING.

A PASTORAL.

WITH purple bluſhes glow'd the eaſtern ſkies
The ſoaring birds on airy pinions riſe,
While, as he ſtray'd the winding vales along, [ſong.
Thus Colin tun'd his love-enrapt'ring
Smooth flow the ſtreams, and gently breathes the gale,
If Stella liſtens to my plaintive tale;
From ev'ry flow'r more fragrant odours riſe, [ſkies;
And ſweeter numbers fill the circling
The ſportive lambs renew their wonted play, [day:
And gayer ſunſhine gilds the happy
But, ah! ſhe's fled! lo, ſavage ſcenes appear,
Nor genial zephyrs bleſs the early year;
Nor lilies ſpring, nor fragrant odours riſe; [the ſkies!
And the rough whirlwind bellows thro'
'Tis ſhe with pleaſure crowns the paſſing hour, [bow'r!
And blooms enchanting in the vernal
'Tis ſhe diſpels Miſfortune's rugged frowns, [crowns!
And ſmiling joy with nobler bleſſings
Not Sylvia's air, or Arabella's face,
Bright Chloe's form, Amanda's every grace, [pare,
With youthful Stella's beauties can com-
Each charm more lovely, and her face more fair! [tive ſong,
For her each morn I tune my plain-
And all my numbers to the fair belong;
For her at eve I tread the ſhady grove,
While diſtant valleys echo to my love.
So when the night in ſable horror reigns,
The woods reſound with Philomela's ſtrains.
She penſive warbles at the day's decline,
Her ſong more tuneful, but as vain as mine! [day,
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the
"When firſt to Stella's charms I fell a prey!"
Oft have I ſported joyous on the plain,
The pride of nymphs, and envy of each ſwain; [ſhade,
Beneath ſome ſpreading poplar's ample
Have ſung with Damon, and with Sylvia play'd. [remain,
Alas! the nymph and well-known tree
But jocund pleaſure flies the luckleſs ſwain! [breaſt,
Gloomy deſpair with horror fills my
And fruitleſs paſſion ſteals my wonted reſt;
The bloſſoms droop, the ſhadowing leaves decay,
And griſly terrors blaſt the cheerful day!
But ſee freſh leaves the drooping trees adorn, [morn;
And ambient zephyrs fan the bluſhing
See Stella comes in all her ſylvan pride,
With love propitious ſmiling at her ſide;
See freſher beauties grace the rural plain,
And birds with rapture breathe the am'rous ſtrain;
See Stella comes, let cares be chas'd away,
And blithſome pleaſures crown the happy day. [laughing eye,
She comes, ſhe comes, let Mirth with
To diſtant woodlands ſound the ſhepherd's joy! [day,
"Bleſt was the hour, propitious was the
"When firſt to Stella's charms I fell a prey!"

NOON.

A PASTORAL.

TO MISS *****.

YOUNG Strephon, chief of ſhepherds, and the pride, [waters glide;
Sought the cool ſhade, where murm'ring
Retir'd from noon-tide Phœbus' ſultry rays, [lays.
The woods thus echo'd to his cheerful
O thou! whoſe temper every moment charms, [*warms*;
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe beauty
Gentle your manners, elegant your mien,
Unaw'd by paſſion, and your mind ſerene;
Accept the youthful poet's humble ſong,
To you his Muſe, and all his pow'rs belong! [diſtant plains,
Bear me ſome God to Hampton's
Where Delia ſmiles, and blooming Pleaſure reigns,
Bright as the day, as gentle eve ſerene,
Sweet as the ſpring, and fair as Beauty's Queen; [charms,
The lovely maid each paſſing moment
Checks ſordid Paſſion, and fierce Rage diſarms!
Her voice is muſic to my raviſh'd ears,
And niceſt ſenſe in all her words appears;
No youthful follies e'er debaſe her mind,
Bright as her form, and as her ſenſe refin'd; [confeſs,
There not a thought but veſtals might
No fav'rite wiſh but angels might expreſs.
Her riches virtue, innocence her fame,
Each paſſion gen'rous as her noble aim;
Her tears have long for others learn'd to flow,
Pitied Miſfortune, and reliev'd its woe.

Such

Such is the maid who firſt my boſom fir'd, [ſpir'd;
Rul'd my fond heart, and ev'ry wiſh in-
For her my ſheep unheeded careleſs ſtray,
Graze on the plain, or by the riv'let play:
The ſhepherd ſhuns his once delightful care, [ſhare!
While love's ſoft raptures all his wiſhes
When Delia ſmiles I heed no other joy,
No cares then vex me, and no ills annoy;
The nobleſt paſſions all my thoughts poſ-ſeſs, [creaſe!
Live in my actions, with my years in-
Delia is by me whereſoe'er I rove,
No moment but reflection paints my love;
Blooms in the valley, in the landſcape's ſeen, [green.
Charms in the meadow, and adorns the
In dreams, when Fancy rambles uncon-fin'd, [mind;
Her beauteous image ſtill aſſails my
Sometimes with her I tread Elyſian groves, [loves;
Where to their harps celeſtials tune their
And oft I ſee her on my paſſion ſmile,
Bleſs my fond ardour, and reward my toil; [night;
When ſome rude noiſe diſturbs the ſilent
And the gay viſions vaniſh from my ſight!
But ſtill my boſom, conſtant to the fair,
Shall care for her, and know no other care;
Each day examples of my love ſhall view,
True to my paſſion, to my Delia true!
'Till ſhe, dear maid, ſhall crown my fond deſires, [fires;
And feel the tranſport which my boſom
Then ſhall each year our gen'rous joy re-new,
True to our paſſions, to each other true!

NIGHT.

A PASTORAL.

CLEAR was the night, and o'er the duſky plain
Still Silence held her unmoleſted reign;
When youthful Florio, to the ſhades re-tir'd, [ſpir'd,
By fruitleſs paſſion and the Muſe in-
Thus ſung his love, while Cynthia mild-ly bright [light,
With quiv'ring rays diffus'd a ſilver
Adieu! ye woods! where oft, in hap-pier days, [praiſe;
I taught each ſhade to ſound Amanda's
Adieu! ye ſtreams! the meadows' ſylvan pride,
Where courteous echo to my love replied;
No more the ſong your riſing ſhores re-bound,
Or diſtant woods repeat the gentle ſound;
Ye ſilver ſtreams bear witneſs to my woe,
And plaintive murmur as ye ſmoothly flow; [complain,
Ye ſhadowing woods in mournful ſounds
Nor echo cheerful to the linnet's ſtrain;
But the brown horrors of drear grief diſ-play, [decay!
While your fair leaves in wintry ſtorms
Ah! luckleſs me! by cruel love be-tray'd, [maid!
And the curſt beauties of a faithleſs
Oft at the grey-ey'd morning's early dawn
I ſung her graces on the upland lawn;
At ſultry noon, beneath ſome fragrant ſhade,
I wove a garland for the lovely maid;
Where roſes ſweet, and op'ning lilies gay, [diſplay:
In blooming pride their radiant hues
Oft have I carv'd her name on beechen tree, [as me!
And thought no ſhepherd half ſo bleſt
How oft at dewy eve, along the plain,
Have gladly met her with the ſylvan train; [vance,
With jocund pleaſure bade each ſwain ad-
And lightly tripp'd it in the mazy dance.
She ſaw, well-pleas'd, what tumults fill'd my breaſt, [dreſt;
When ſhe appear'd, in youthful beauty
Some pitying ſmile to all my vows re-turn'd, [ſcorn'd.
And ſtill for me each other ſhepherd
But ah! when Jockey, Chiron's wealthy heir, [fair,
With eager paſſion ſought th'inconſtant
Flatter'd her beauty, prais'd her youth-ful mind; [bin'd;
With female arts then ſordid Pride com-
Her varying breaſt with diff'rent paſſions ſtrove, [Love.
Now urg'd by Av'rice, and delay'd by
At length her vanity taught Love to yield, [field.
And Pride remain'd ſole victor of the
Ah, faithleſs maid! was it for this I ſung [rung!
For this each valley with your praiſes
For this the party-colour'd garland wove,
The faithful emblem of inconſtant love!
Ye youthful ſwains! from Florio's fate beware, [fair:
Nor truſt too ſoon the fickle-hearted
Fly to the nymph in whom ſhall dwell, combin'd,
A lovely perſon, and a virtuous mind;
To her be all your adorations paid,
Let praiſe grow laviſh for the faithful maid! [reveal,
But mark the moral which my woes
A beauteous form may ev'ry vice conceal!

THE

THE WITLING AND THE CLOWN.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY AMBROSE PITMAN, ESQ.

A WITLING of the daſhing kind,
Aſk'd HODGE if he had ſeen a wind.
"Yes, that I have (quoth HODGE), I vow,
"I *ſaw* a mighty wind juſt now."
"You *ſaw* it, HODGE! it cannot be"—
Replied the man of repartee.
"Pray, what was't like?"—"*Like*," quoth the Clown, [*down*."
"'Twas *like—to have blown my cottage*

WILL THE MANIAC.

A BALLAD.

HARK! what wild ſound floats on the breeze!
'Tis Will, at evening fall,
Who ſings to yonder waving trees,
That ſhade his priſon wall.

Poor Will was once the gayeſt ſwain
At village wake was ſeen;
No lighter heart than his of pain
E'er tripp'd the moonlight green.

His ſnowy flock graz'd on the hill,
A finer ne'er was known;
And, but when died a kid, poor Will
Had never cauſe to moan.

But now poor William's brain is turn'd,
He cares not for his flock;
For when I aſk'd "If them he mourn'd?"
I mark'd his vacant look.

Yet William does not mourn his fold,
For them he ſcarce would miſs:
Some ſay a love he never told
Conſum'd his form to this.

And others tell, as how he ſtrove
To win the fair-one's heart,
Who mock'd his tears, and ſcorn'd his love,
And left him thus to ſmart.

Will wander'd then amid the rocks,
And left his flock to ſtray;
And oft would creep where burſting ſhocks
Had rent the earth away.

He lov'd to delve the darkſome dell,
Where never pierc'd a ray,
There to the wailing night-bird tell
His mournful tale away.

And oft upon the craggy mount,
Where threat'ning cliffs hang high,
Have I obſerv'd him ſtop to count,
With fixleſs ſtare, the ſky:

Then to himſelf in murmurs low
Repeating, as he wound
Along the mountain's woody brow,
'Till loſt was ev'ry ſound.

But ſoon he went ſo wild aſtray,
His kindred ach'd to ſee;
And now, ſecluded from the day,
In yonder cell is he.

Poor Will from all that paſs along
Claims but a tear; and then
Poor Will, the Maniac's, grateful ſong
Returns the gift again.

AMYNTOR.

London, March 24, 1802.

ANACREON.

ODE I.

I WISH to ſing Atrides' fire,
Or ſweep to Cadmas' praiſe my *lyre*:
To theſe, alas! no longer true,
It bids ſuch haughty themes adieu!

The ſilver ſtrings I lately chang'd,
And all the lyre afreſh arrang'd,
Boldly commenc'd, in martial verſe,
The Herculean labours to rehearſe.

But ſtill the plaintive lyre recoils
To ſing of Herc'les' arduous toils;
To love alone the notes belong,
To love alone it tunes the ſong.

Adieu! then, heroes, to your praiſe;
Adieu! to ſuch majeſtic lays!—
Averſe to theſe alone, my lyre
Trills with ſoft love's eeſtatic fire.

Σ.

SONNET.

WHILE gentle zephyrs the green ſurface ſweep,
And fan the boſom of the azure tide:
Lo! the winged veſſel ſkims along the deep, [ſide.
As Halcyons wanton round its painted

The balmy breezes fill the ſwelling ſail,
Which ſtrives with open breaſt their help to court; [gale,
Urg'd by the winds, it fluctuates in the
And wafts the veſſel to the wiſh'd-for port.

But ſhould loud tempeſts riot on the ſhore,
And rouſe the ſlumb'ring billows from their ſleep, [pour,
Then would the waves in one wide deluge
And whelm the veſſel in the faithleſs deep.

Thus, as on Pleaſure's lucid ſtream we ſail,
Riſes of Miſery the tempeſtuous gale.

June 3. E. S.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

[*Continued from Page* 400.]

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TUESDAY, MAY 4.

DEFINITIVE TREATY.

THE order of the day for the House to be ſummoned being read,

Lord Grenville roſe, and, in a ſpeech of near three hours, went into a general review of the articles of the Definitive Treaty. His Lordſhip dwelt principally upon what he conſidered the very important difference between the Preliminary Articles and the Definitive Treaty, in all of which he conſidered the French as having obtained great advantage, particularly in the ceſſion of the Cape of Good Hope; the alteration with reſpect to Malta, which was in fact yielding it to France; their ſettlement upon the River Amazon; and allowing them poſſeſſion of Louiſiana. He maintained, that by theſe ceſſions, to protect our trade in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, we ſhould be under the neceſſity of keeping thirty ſhips for every ſix the French might think proper to maintain on thoſe ſtations. The evident neglect of the intereſt of the Houſe of Orange his Lordſhip reprobated in the ſtrongeſt terms; for although ſome indemnity for his loſſes was to be made, it was neither ſtated when, by whom, or to what amount; this was ſacrificing the honour of the country, in not ſupporting an Ally, who had ſacrificed every thing for us. His Lordſhip then turned to the great diſadvantages we muſt experience by the neglect of renewing the Treaties of 1783 and 1787; the former of which their Lordſhips knew was negociated by Mr. Fox, and it was impoſſible for any treaty to be more beneficial to the country. Having gone through the arguments on theſe and ſeveral other points, his Lordſhip quoted part of the celebrated ſpeech of William the Third, wherein he recommended foreign alliances, to control the overgrown power of France, by the influence ſhe had gained in placing one of the family of her own Sovereign upon the Throne of Spain; and how trifling was this, ſaid his Lordſhip, compared with the influence ſhe at preſent poſſeſſes in Europe. His Lordſhip then remarked upon the very great importance it would be to have theſe various points explained, and, apologizing for propoſing ſo early a day, moved, that the Definitive Treaty be taken into conſideration on Friday, the 14th inſt.

Lord Pelham replied to the Noble Lord, and denied that any of the alterations between the Preliminary Articles and Definitive Treaty were of material conſequence. He admitted, that in ſome particulars thoſe who had adviſed the acceding to this Treaty, would have been glad to have made better terms, but at the ſame time they did not think the difference of ſufficient conſequence to juſtify them to recommend a continuance of the war. His Lordſhip declared, he was entirely at a loſs to conceive what was the intention of the Noble Lord's motion; but at all events he thought the ſubject was of too much importance to reſt ſo many days, and keep the public mind ſo long in a ſtate of agitation; he therefore propoſed, that Wedneſday, the 12th, ſhould be ſubſtituted inſtead of Friday, the 14th; which was agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.

THE HOUSE OF ORANGE.

The Earl of Carliſle, in a long preface to the motion he was about to ſubmit, animadverted on the ambiguous, equivocal, and uncertain manner, in which the non-renewal of the Treaties formerly ſubſiſting had left us, by the preſent peace, and particularly on the queſtions that were likely to be revived on the old claims of France, in reſpect to our ſovereignty in India. After adverting to the inſult given to the family, in ſuffering the French to dictate its title of—*a branch of the Houſe of Naſſau*—and ſome other topics, his

Lordſhip concluded with moving an Addreſs to his Majeſty for a copy of any Convention entered into by any of the Contracting Parties, in explanation of any article of the Treaty of Amiens.

The Marquis Cornwallis had no reaſon to doubt but that compenſation would be made to the Prince of Orange, if he would accept of it; nor could it be effected by any agreement between France and Holland, without the conſent of the other Contracting Parties.

After a very long and deſultory converſation, the motion was withdrawn.

FRIDAY, MAY 7.

The Royal Aſſent was given, by Commiſſion, to the Export and Import Duty Bill, to the Bill for allowing French Wines to be imported in Bottles, the Bank Reſtriction, and thirteen other Bills. The Commiſſioners were, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Auckland, and Lord Walſingham.

Earl Spencer moved for copies of returns of the revenues of Malta during the time of its being in our poſſeſſion. Agreed to.

MONDAY, MAY 10.

The Royal Aſſent was given, by Commiſſion, to the Bills for ſettling Annuities on their Royal Highneſſes the Dukes of Suſſex and Cambridge.

PORTUGAL.

Lord Holland roſe, purſuant to the notice he had given, to move for certain papers concerning Portugal. His object, he ſaid, was, to have it aſcertained with whom lay the blame of Portugal being now placed in ſuch very diſadvantageous circumſtances as ſhe was certainly in, in conſequence of the Treaty of Badajoz. This Treaty gave the French an entire command over her American poſſeſſions. He was inclined to think that the preſent Miniſters were altogether not to blame; their predeceſſors in office had reduced Portugal to a ſtate which neceſſarily brought about theſe diſtreſſes. He did not think the merits of the Definitive Treaty could be ſufficiently diſcuſſed, unleſs there were documents before the Houſe to ſhew what were the real cauſes of Portugal being placed in the diſtreſſed ſtate ſhe now was in. He would therefore move, That an Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, that he be graciouſly pleaſed to give directions to lay before the Houſe copies of all notes, or other official documents, which paſſed between Government and the Court of Portugal, relative to the Treaty between France and Portugal in the year 1797; and alſo thoſe which related to the Treaty of Badajoz.

Lord Pelham ſaid, it was impoſſible for him, conſiſtently with his duty to the country, to conſent to the production of ſuch papers. Many of them were private confidential communications, which it would be highly improper to make public—particularly ſo, when it was conſidered that they muſt contain language and expreſſions concerning France, with whom we were then at war, that would not be fit to uſe towards a country with which we were at peace.

Lord Grenville ſaid, he perfectly agreed with the Noble Lord who ſpoke laſt, as to the impropriety of expoſing thoſe official communications, eſpecially thoſe relating to the Treaty of 1797, which never had been ratified. Beſides, he could aſſure the Noble Lord who moved for thoſe papers, that if they were produced, they could not elucidate his argument, which was founded in error, nor prove any of the facts which he had aſſumed. With reſpect to the Treaty of El Ariſch, he had only to obſerve in reply to the charge of the Noble Lord, that as ſoon as ever the official account of the ſigning of that Treaty was received in this country, orders were ſent out for confirming it.

Lord Holland ſaid he would perſiſt in the motion, which was accordingly put and negatived.

THURSDAY, MAY 13.

Lord Stanhope acquainted the Houſe, that he had ſome important facts to communicate with reſpect to the enſuing diſcuſſion, which he thought could be ſafely done only to their Lordſhips. He therefore moved the order for the excluſion of ſtrangers, which was neceſſarily enforced.—When ſtrangers were re-admitted, Lord Grenville was ſpeaking on the ſubject of the Definitive Treaty. His Lordſhip, in a very able and argumentative ſpeech, which laſted three hours and a half, ſpoke againſt the Treaty, declaring it was infinitely worſe, and more dangerous, than the Preliminary Articles were in October laſt. He took an extenſive view of the Treaty in all its points, particularly the French claims in the Eaſt Indies, the indemnification of the Houſe of Orange, and the honour of our flag, earneſtly recommending the adjuſtment of thoſe diſputable

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points by amicable negociation. He concluded by moving,

"That an humble Addreſs ſhould be preſented to his Majeſty, aſſuring his Majeſty that this Houſe would take into its moſt ſerious conſideration the Treaty of Peace which his Majeſty had been graciouſly pleaſed to communicate: That the Houſe acknowledged with all due humility his Majeſty's prerogative to make peace or war; and that it ſhould be its firſt duty to maintain inviolate the public faith, as pledged by the Treaty of Peace, and to aſſiſt his Majeſty in performing the engagements which his Majeſty had bound himſelf to adhere to: That the Houſe could not conceal its awful apprehenſions at conſidering the ſituation which had been the reſult of the Treaty of Peace: That it could not forbear offering his Majeſty their Thanks for ſuch proviſions as had been adopted to avert the danger: That it was impoſſible for the Houſe to ſee without alarm the circumſtances that attended the concluſion of the preſent peace, by which ſacrifices had been made on the part of this country, without any correſponding conceſſion on the part of France: that numerous ſubjects of claſhing intereſts had been left unſettled: that in the moment of peace we had ſeen indubitable and convincing proofs of the ambitious projects of our rival: that theſe conſiderations had impoſed on the Britiſh Government the neceſſity of meaſures of precaution: That the Houſe relied on his Majeſty's wiſdom to be watchful of the power of France, and humbly thought it neceſſary to aſſure his Majeſty of its ready and firm ſupport in its exertions in reſiſting every freſh encroachment on the commercial rights of the Britiſh Empire: That it was deſirous of a ſyſtem of economy conſiſtent with a Naval and Military Eſtabliſhment, adequate to the danger of the country: That it was actuated by a ſincere wiſh for peace, and impreſſed with that ſentiment, earneſtly wiſhed his Majeſty, by amicable adjuſtment, to arrange thoſe points which had been left unſettled by the Definitive Treaty, &c.

The Duke of Norfolk ſpoke againſt the Addreſs, as one of the moſt pernicious tendency, and moved an amendment, "that all thoſe words after the expreſſions—the ſenſe of the Houſe to abide by the Treaty"—ſhould be left out.

Lord Pelham argued with wonderful ability againſt the principal poſitions in Lord Grenville's ſpeech. Our Sovereignty in the Eaſt, he ſaid, was acknowledged and confirmed by various Treaties—with reſpect to the rights of the Prince of Orange, every attention had been paid to them. His Lordſhip concluded by moving, as an amendment, that an Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, approving of the Definitive Treaty now under diſcuſſion.

Lords Weſtmoreland, Ellenborough, Darnley, Roſlyn, Chancellor, Camden, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Hobart and Stanhope, delivered their opinions. After which, the queſtion was put on the Amendment, when the numbers were—Contents, 122—Non-Contents, 16. Lord Pelham's motion was then put, and carried without a diviſion.

THURSDAY, MAY 20.

A converſation of ſome length enſued relative to the Election Treating Bill, on the queſtion of its going into a Committee; in the courſe of which, the Lord Chancellor, Lords Roſlyn, Buckingham, and Pelham, argued ſtrongly againſt the Bill; and Lords Alvanley, Ellenborough, and Romney, ſpoke in favour of it; after which a diviſion took place, when there appeared, in favour of the Bill, 6; againſt it, 7—the Bill is therefore loſt for the preſent Seſſion.

FRIDAY, MAY 21.

Upon reading the Order of the Day for the committal of a Bill from the Houſe of Commons, for regulating the Sale of Scot, Pigeons Dung, and other Manures, by Meaſure, and preventing Frauds therein,

Lord Holland obſerved, that however friendly he was to Bills of regulation, and for the prevention of frauds in any matters worthy of conſideration, when ſuch regulations were really neceſſary under any exiſting defect of the laws of the land; yet he had moſt ſeriouſly to deprecate the continuance of a cuſtom already too prevalent of degrading Parliament by proceeding to enact laws upon every frivolous occaſion, and loading the ſtatute books with Acts of Parliament; his Lordſhip could not conſent to its going into a Committee, until he had taken time to conſider a little more cloſely its contents. He therefore moved to poſtpone the committal to Monday ſe'nnight.—Ordered accordingly.

MONDAY, MAY 24.

The Royal Aſſent was given, by Commiſſion, to the Marine and Army Mutiny Bills, the Annual Indemnity Bill, and near thirty other Bills. The Commiſſioners were, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Alvanley, and Lord Walſingham.

Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, MAY 3.

THE DEFINITIVE TREATY.

MR. WINDHAM roſe to make his promiſed motion. What he had to propoſe, was merely to fix a day for the conſideration of the Definitive Treaty of Peace concluded with France, and not to aſk the Houſe to come to any final deciſion on that important ſubject. He did not ſuppoſe that any objection could be made to ſuch a propoſition. His firſt object was to aſk for a variety of papers neceſſary to enable the Houſe to pronounce a final deciſion. It would be for his Majeſty's Miniſters to ſay whether they will grant thoſe papers or not. In his opinion, the Treaty ought to be conſidered under four different heads. 1ſt, Thoſe arrangements made by France during, or about the time of, the negociation of the Preliminaries, which may be injurious to the intereſts of this country, and which were not known at the time the Treaty was diſcuſſed, at leaſt not known to the Houſe. 2dly, Circumſtances which have ſince occurred. 3dly, Thoſe points in which the Definitive Treaty differs from the Preliminaries. 4thly, Thoſe points which, though they might not properly be conſidered as departures from the Preliminary Treaty, were yet of an entirely new nature, not having been touched upon in it. Under the firſt diviſion of the ſubject, the Houſe would have to conſider all the ſtipulations which had been made relative to the ceſſion of the iſland of Elba, the boundary of Portugueſe Guiana, the ceſſion of Louiſiana, &c. As the ceſſion of the iſland of Elba had already been more than once adverted to in the Houſe, he ſhould touch but ſhortly on that topic. He would obſerve, by the bye, however, that there were two points of view under which this and all the other topics to which he was about to allude ought to be conſidered. Firſt, the importance of the tranſactions themſelves, and next, the means by which they were brought about. Of the importance of the ceſſion of the iſland of Elba to France the Houſe could not be ignorant. It gave them Porto Ferrajo, a ſtrong fortreſs, and an excellent harbour in the Mediterranean. Nothing could be more advantageous to them for extending their power in that quarter. The boundary of Guiana was alſo a queſtion of great importance to this country; but here again he ſhould rather conſider the manner than the thing itſelf—Nothing could exceed the duplicity of that tranſaction. When the Preliminaries were ſanctioned by the Houſe, did they rightly underſtand what that boundary was to be; there was a Treaty of Madrid and a Treaty of Badajoz, with neither of which was the Houſe acquainted. The expedition to St. Domingo made the ſituation of this country in the Weſt Indies very different from what it was expected to be at the ſigning of the Preliminaries. It was not to be foreſeen, that at peace we were to lend a helping hand to our own enemies, to do that which the Government of this country had ſo long been endeavouring, at a vaſt expence, to do themſelves. He came now to the third diviſion of the ſubject, in which he propoſed to conſider thoſe ſtipulations of the Definitive Treaty, in which there appeared a departure from ſimilar articles in the Preliminaries. The firſt he ſhould notice, was the article which related to the priſoners of war. No ſecurity was given by France for payment of the money advanced for the ſupport of her ſeamen, or troops, priſoners in this country; but it was provided, that the Contracting Parties ſhould, in ſettling the account, make allowance for the expence of the foreign troops at the diſpoſal of either. Under this we probably ſhould have to pay for Ruſſian troops, who, at one time, there was reaſon to expect would have been ſent to attack this country. Malta was an object of great importance, which had been given up by the Preliminaries. What proviſion was there made for our delivering Malta into the hands of thoſe who were to protect

protect it? Similar obſervations applied to the Article which related to the Cape of Good Hope. It was ſtipulated that that port ſhould remain to the Batavian Republic in full *Sovereignty*; but there was nothing in this that could prevent the Dutch Government from admitting a French garriſon, if they thought proper ſo to do. He then proceeded to the fourth and laſt head, namely, the conſideration of certain circumſtances which had no reference to the Preliminaries. The firſt thing that occurred to him was the total abſence of any thing like a notice of preceding Treaties. He knew that ſome were of opinion that we gained more than we loſt by this omiſſion. That was a queſtion for future conſideration. We thought it right, it ſhould ſeem, to renounce the Continent, and perhaps the Continent might think it proper to renounce us. But it was not our relations in Europe only that this non-revival of former Treaties affected; it might prove ſeriouſly injurious to our intereſts in the Eaſt Indies, which really conſtituted the laſt hope of the Empire. Our rights in that country had been ſecured at two different periods, viz. in the year 1783 and in 1787: but theſe Treaties were not even alluded to in the preſent. The country was placed preciſely in the ſame ſtate of diſpute with France, as that in which it ſtood before the Treaty of 1783. It is true, it might be ſaid, we had right on our ſide; we had what an attorney would call a good cauſe; we might come into Court with all the evidence in our favour; but if he had the deciſion of an arbiter in his favour, he would not pull the ſeal off the deed in order to try the queſtion anew. Let it be recollected, however, that this right of action was a war, that the arbiter was the ſword, and the court of juſtice in which the action was to be tried was the field of battle. There were other rights which might be implicated by this omiſſion, which, though of great importance, yet ſink to nothing when compared to this, ſuch as cutting logwood in the Bay of Honduras, &c. It was the practice to talk of the proſperity of the country, of the confidence of the public, and other wonder-working words, but there was one thing which, more than any other, ought never to be ſacrificed, that was national dignity. The beſt ſecurity a nation could have was, never to ſuffer herſelf or her allies to be inſulted. But in this reſpect we had departed from all the policy of our anceſtors, and our late enemies ſeemed to have taken it up. They took care to protect their Allies from every indignity, except what they choſe to beſtow on them themſelves. Theſe Allies were always ready to do any ſervice that might be put upon them, and they would probably be employed to drag us by the hair of the head into the war. They were like dogs that would bear kicks and cuffs from their maſter, but were always ready to fly at any body that would offer to attack him. Theſe Powers will ſoon begin to inſult us; they will not even wait till the wax that has ſealed the Peace be cool, before they ſhew their eagerneſs to pleaſe their maſters. In fact, the terror which the French Government excited in the neighbouring States on the one hand, and the protection it gave them on the other, could not fail to make them all range under her. He lamented the ſituation of the Prince of Orange and the King of Sardinia; but above all the ſtate of degradation in which this country had been placed by the Treaty. It was truly a humbling ſtroke. The matter muſt be well inveſtigated in order to aſcertain whether this cordial drop of Peace, which we have taken into our mouths, may not turn bitter on the ſtomach. We know not yet what effects it may have; as Shakeſpeare's Juliet ſays, "What if it be poiſon?" Let us examine this Treaty minutely; let us ſee what our ſituation really is. One reaſon for his having entered at ſome length into the ſubject at preſent, was, to ſhew the neceſſity of full time being given for the conſideration of the Treaty before the Houſe proceeded to decide upon it. A day conſiderably diſtant ought, in his opinion, to be appointed. He, therefore, concluded by moving, that this Houſe will take into conſideration the Definitive Treaty of Peace on this day fortnight.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer obſerved, his Hon. Friend had reſted his arguments on four points. It was not his intention to follow him throughout all his details, but he ſhould not act properly if he did not take this opportunity of doing away the impreſſion which ſome of his ſtatements might have made. His Hon. Friend had laid great ſtreſs on the ceſſion of the Iſle of Elba; but was it a reproach to his

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Majeſty's Miniſters, that a ceſſion was made by a Sovereign Power, which was perfectly competent to make it. With regard to the boundary of Guiana, the Hon. Gentleman complained that that boundary was ſettled by the Treaty of Badajoz; but during the negociation of the Preliminaries, his only complaint was, that the Treaty of Madrid was to be ſubſtituted inſtead of that of Badajoz.

The Right Hon. Gentleman denied that Louiſiana was the only great point; the ſame arguments might with equal truth be applied to Florida, or any of our poſſeſſions in the North and South of America. With reſpect to the eſtabliſhment of the Italian Republic, there was no perſon, who had the honour and intereſt of his country at heart, could for a moment contend that ſuch an eſtabliſhment ought to operate as an interruption to the negociation. Did he mean to ſay that the renewal of war could ſanction the interruption? Certainly he could not. The conduct of the Courts who had ſanctioned and approved the meaſure was a juſtification for Miniſters for the proceedings at Liſle. He would aſk, whether the ſailing of the armament deſtined to the Iſland of St. Domingo was a cauſe of regret to this Court? He believed not, connected as our poſſeſſions in the Weſt Indies were with the event of the tranſactions carrying on in that Iſland, it muſt be a ſource of univerſal ſatiſfaction that the ſailing had not been retarded. It may be fairly calculated, from what has happened in that quarter, what might have been the probable conſequence of the extenſion of the Black Government, and therefore it would have been a ſource of not only regret, but deep ſelf-reproach, if Miniſters had retarded it. With reſpect to Malta, he had taken a wide and ample field. The preſent proviſion did not make any material difference from the arrangement which had taken place on the ſuppoſition of peace. The Right Hon. Gentleman had laid much ſtreſs on the Sovereignty of the Cape. It was true that there is a little difference in the term of the ſtipulation. In the preſent inſtance, the port is opened to other Contracting Powers. Whether this would occaſion any alarm was a matter of doubt; thoſe who beſt knew have determined in the negative. The other point he claſſes under the head of new articles and proviſions. In his opinion it was rather an omiſſion or inadvertency on the part of Great Britain. It was not the fact that this country had ſtipulated for a renewal of the Convention or Treaty of 1787: with reſpect to that ſubject, he wiſhed the Houſe to abſtain from forming an opinion till the whole matter was gone into; and he felt a confidence and ſatisfaction in ſaying, that a full explanation and juſtification would be given by Miniſters. By the Treaty of 1783, France had nothing to claim. The trade to the Bay of Honduras would be recognized by the Court of Spain, in time of peace as well as war. The objection which the Right Hon. Gentleman had taken, and which now remained to be anſwered, was to the day. He was not ſurpriſed that one who diſliked ſo many parts of the Peace ſhould object to the whole; but did the Right Hon. Gentleman hope, by the delay which he moved for, to prevent the ratification? He believed not; ſuch an object would not be countenanced by the Houſe, nor ſanctioned by the people. His Majeſty's Miniſters were ready to give the Right Hon. Gentleman every explanation he could deſire, and afford him all the papers he might aſk; but conceiving that time had been amply given to afford Gentlemen an opportunity to make up their minds, he ſhould move, that inſtead of "tomorrow fortnight," the words "Tueſday ſe'nnight" be introduced.

The amended queſtion being put,

Mr. T. Grenville contended, that his Right Hon. Friend had adverted merely to the general topics which preſented themſelves to his mind on the view of the queſtion. It was a moſt curious argument of the Right Hon. Gentleman, that becauſe the queſtion was the moſt important, and embraced a greater field of diſcuſſion, that the time for examining it ſhould be contracted.

Mr. Pitt defended the Treaty againſt Mr. Windham's attack, but he reſerved the full ſtatement of his arguments till the promiſed motion ſhould be made. He ſaid, however, with reſpect to the apprehenſions expreſſed for the ſafety of our Eaſt India dominions, in conſequence of the non-renewal of former Treaties, that not only no Engliſh Member of Parliament could find any ſolid ground of objection or uneaſineſs, but that no rival could diſcover a plauſible pretence for

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cavil on that account. He defended generally the non-renewal of Treaties; and contended, the advantage of the omiſſion was as much on our ſide as on that of France.

Mr. Windham explained, and could not think leſs time neceſſary than was propoſed by his Motion.

After ſome further explanatory converſation, rather than debate, between the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Windham, Lord Hawkeſbury, and Mr. Grenville, the queſtion was put on the amendment, and carried in the affirmative without a diviſion.

TUESDAY, MAY 4.

The Secretary at War roſe, in conſequence of the notice he had lately given, to move for leave to bring in a Bill to enable his Majeſty to continue the ſervices of certain Volunteer Yeomanry Corps under particular circumſtances. In the firſt place he propoſed, that the Thanks to the Volunteer Yeomanry Corps, voted by the Houſe, ſhould be read; which being done, he remarked, that theſe Thanks rendered it quite unneceſſary for him to enter into any eulogium on the ſervices of theſe Corps. Every body muſt be ſenſible, that during the War the Volunteers and Yeomanry had greatly contributed to preſerve the tranquillity of the country, and that they had alſo, by the good countenance they maintained, tended greatly to embarraſs all the ſpeculations of the enemy reſpecting any attack on this country. In the firſt place it ſhould be provided, that the ſervice of each individual ſhould be perfectly voluntary, and that if any perſon ſhould at any time think proper to retire from it, he ſhould be liable to no reproach, either public or private. 2dly, That the ſervice ſhould be given without pay. The Houſe were aware that the Volunteer Infantry Corps had, during the few laſt years, been a conſiderable expence to the public, at leaſt about 6 or 700,000l. annually, as moſt of them received two days pay in the week. Nothing, however, had at any time been paid to the Yeomanry. The advantages to be given to theſe Corps for the continuance of their ſervices were ſimply theſe: Firſt to the Yeomanry Cavalry—that they ſhould be exempted from ſerving in the Militia by appearing on horſeback and equipped, during ſeven days in each year, for exerciſe; and that they ſhould be exempted from the Horſe Duty, by appearing at muſter armed and accoutred one day in the year; they ſhould alſo be held bound, in honour at leaſt they would be, to aſſemble on the ſummons of the Lords Lieutenants to ſuppreſs any riot, or to repel any attack on the Coaſt. Next, the advantages to the Infantry Corps were, that they ſhould be exempt from the Militia ſervice, by appearing annually fourteen days under arms for exerciſe; and from the Hair Powder Duty, for appearing one day under arms. It would not be neceſſary to continue the ſervices of the ſmall corps of infantry in little towns, country pariſhes, &c. No Corps would be kept up except thoſe of great towns, ſuch as London, Edinburgh, Briſtol, &c. He would wiſh to ſee every yeoman of this country have his broad ſword and his helmet placed over his chimney, and be, like his anceſtors, ever ready to take them down when the intereſts of his country required he ſhould uſe them. He then moved, that leave be given to bring in a Bill to enable his Majeſty to accept of the ſervices of ſuch Yeomanry and Volunteer Corps as may chooſe to offer them.

Sir Edward Knatchbull roſe, with extreme pleaſure, to ſecond the motion.

Leave was then given to bring in the Bill.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.

Mr. Elliot roſe to move for certain papers which he conceived ought to be laid before the Houſe, and he was happy to find, from what had fallen from his Majeſty's Miniſters, that no neceſſary information on that important ſubject would be withheld. The firſt paper he ſhould move for was, the Treaty of Badajoz. There were two Treaties ſigned at that place, but he meant the one concluded between Spain and Portugal, referred to in the Definitive Treaty between Great Britain and France. That Treaty gave up Olivenez to Spain, and materially affected the integrity of Portugal. His ſecond motion would be for copies of all the Armiſtices and Conventions concluded between Spain and Portugal in the courſe of the year 1801. One of theſe Conventions, he underſtood, contained the baſis of a conſiderable ceſſion made to France of Portugueſe Guiana. His third motion would be for Copies of all the Treaties or Conventions between France and Spain, concluded ſince the

ſigning

ſigning of the Preliminaries of Peace, which may have been communicated to his Majeſty. It was well known now that the Britiſh flag was already degraded by what had been yielded in negociation. He concluded by moving an humble Addreſs to his Majeſty, praying that he would order to be laid before the Houſe a Copy of the Treaty of Badajoz, referred to in the 7th Article of the Definitive Treaty of Peace.

Lord Hawkeſbury did not object to the motion; but could not help making ſome obſervations on the irregular, if not diſorderly, manner, in which the Hon. Gentleman had brought it forward. He concluded by a ſtrong and animated cenſure of the aſſertion which the Hon. Gentleman had made reſpecting the degradation of the Britiſh flag.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer defended the conduct of Miniſters, and inſiſted, that the intereſts of Portugal had not been abandoned. He contended, that the object of moving for the papers was ſolely with the view of influencing opinions of Gentlemen by frequent arguments and diſcuſſions. Miniſters, when the queſtion came regularly before the Houſe, were ready to give a complete and ſatisfactory anſwer to the objections which might then be made.

After a few words more from Lord Hawkeſbury and Mr. Elliot, the Addreſſes were put and carried.

Mr. Elliot then moved an Addreſs to his Majeſty, that he would be graciouſly pleaſed to direct, that Copies of any Treaties concluded between France and Portugal in the courſe of the year 1801 be laid before the Houſe. This Addreſs was carried.

He afterwards moved an Addreſs to his Majeſty for Copies of any Treaties concluded between France and Spain, which may have been communicated to his Majeſty's Miniſters ſince the concluſion of the Preliminaries of Peace, by which any part of the Spaniſh Territories in America have been ceded to France. The queſtion being put, was negatived.

THURSDAY, MAY 6.

Earl Temple, in a neat and appropriate ſpeech, moved, "That an Account be laid before the Houſe of all territorial Revenues and commercial Duties raiſed in Malta, while in his Majeſty's Poſſeſſion, diſtinguiſhing the ſame into annual Accounts."—"That an humble Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, praying that he would be pleaſed to order a Copy of the Treaty concluded between France and Auſtria, at Luneville, to be laid before the Houſe."—"Alſo, A Copy of the Laws and Ordinances of Malta, referred to in the 10th Article of the Treaty, and guaranteed by this Country."—The firſt motion was put and agreed to, but the two laſt were negatived.

FRIDAY, MAY 7.

Mr. Nicholls ſubmitted his motion for paſſing cenſure on the late Miniſters, and entered into a long detail of the meaſures purſued from the commencement of the war. Among other inferior points, he accuſed Mr. Pitt of attempting to famiſh France, by buying up corn in foreign markets; and of waſting the force and money of the kingdom, by the expedition to St. Domingo, by which, he ſaid, we loſt 25,000 men, and expended 22,000,000l. He particularly cenſured the expeditions to La Vendee and Holland; and aſſerted, that in conſequence of the eſtabliſhment of the Income Tax, *thouſands had periſhed in the poor houſes!* In ſhort, he condemned every meaſure of the late Miniſters; denied that any one of their ſchemes had proved ſucceſsful, excepting the expedition to Egypt, to the happy termination of which he attributed the peace; and concluded with moving, "That an Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, expreſſing the Thanks of the Houſe for his having been pleaſed to remove the Right Hon. William Pitt from his councils."

The motion was ſeconded by Mr. Jones.

Lord Belgrave defended the general conduct of the late Miniſtry; and ſaid, he could hardly conceive the Hon. Member was ſerious in his motion, becauſe it was well known, that ſo far from his Right Hon. Friend being diſmiſſed from his Majeſty's Councils, he had in fact reſigned. His Lordſhip then pronounced an eloquent panegyric on Mr. Pitt; and concluded by moving the following amendment, "That by the wiſdom, energy, and firmneſs of his Majeſty's Councils, during the late arduous conteſt, ſupported by the unparalleled exertions of our fleets and armies, and by the magnanimity and fortitude of the people, the honour of this country has been upheld, its ſtrength united and conſolidated, its credit and commerce maintained

tained and extended, and our invaluable conſtitution preſerved againſt the attacks of foreign and domeſtic enemies."

Mr. Thornton ſeconded the amendment, in a ſhort ſpeech, in which he bore teſtimony to the wiſdom, talents, and exertions, of Mr. Pitt, in the conduct of the war.

Sir H. Mildmay contended, that the conduct of Mr. Pitt had ſaved the country from ruin; and that a vote of thanks ſhould be paſſed to him for the great and important ſervices he had rendered this country; to which effect he moved a further amendment.

Mr. Erſkine oppoſed the amendment. The Noble Lord compared the country to a veſſel, which, after enduring the moſt tremendous ſtorms, had at laſt entered into port with colours flying, had dropped anchor, and all was peace, all was ſafety; and yet inſtead of moving the thanks of the Houſe to the Pilot who brought her into ſafety, he calls for the acknowledgments to be directed to that man, who took to his *long-boat* in the moments of extreme danger, and abandoned the veſſel to the violence of contending ſeas? It has been ſaid, that the Peace was not ſo good a one as the country had a right to expect; was not that the fault of the man we were called upon to thank, the fault of that ſame William Pitt? He hoped a Committee would be appointed to enquire into his conduct. It might be neceſſary, however, here to aſk, whether he had really quitted the helm, or whether he was ſtill *incognito* guiding all the affairs of the ſtate, whilſt thoſe who had the name of Peace-makers are but his deputies? When the late Miniſters are to be applauded for their ſkill in conducting the affairs of the empire, he wiſhed to know whether Earl Spencer (who probably was at that inſtant ſpeaking againſt the peace) was to be thanked for his conduct, when that conduct at the ſame moment differs ſo widely from his coadjutor in the war, who is held forth as the champion of adulation. The conduct of the one-half of that Adminiſtration is the beſt evidence of accuſation againſt the other; and that alone was ſufficient to impeach Mr. Pitt, which he truſted would be the caſe, for unleſs impeachment purſued him in his lurking-place, that Houſe would never exerciſe its functions with juſtice to their conſtituents; and he was ſtrongly of opinion that juſtice never would be done till that perſon was brought to a fair and retributive account for the millions of money loſt, and the oceans of blood ſpilled, to amuſe his ambition. In adverting to the amendment made to the original motion, he ſaw no reaſon that after this ſpecial pleading word "that," he might not alſo change the whole of the original motion, and move, "That a Committee be appointed to inquire into the conduct of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer during the war;" which he did, and was ſeconded by Mr. Whitbread.

Mr. Carter in terms of the higheſt panegyric ſpoke of the late Miniſters, particularly Mr. Pitt; and ſtated him to be the cauſe of the ſalvation of the country, when beſet with foreign and domeſtic enemies.

Mr. Wilberforce brought to the recollection of the Houſe all the ſplendid achievements of the war, and the glories it produced, contraſting them with the ſituation of the country before the war, and drawing a compariſon between its wealth, commerce, and character, then and now, ſhewing that the difference is moſt conſiderably in favour of the preſent, and imputing the whole to the wiſdom, perſeverance, foreſight, policy, and magnanimity of his Right Hon. Friend. He conſidered the original motion ungrateful and unjuſt, and the firſt amendment moſt becoming the character of a generous people.

Sir Robert Peele very warmly ſupported Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Grey, conſidering that under the late Adminiſtration this country, from a ſituation of power, was brought into a ſtate of comparative weakneſs, and the public debt doubled, voted againſt the amendment.

Mr. Fox roſe at half paſt eleven, and ſpoke till paſt two o'clock. He reprobated the mode which the Noble Lord had adopted of engrafting an amendment ſo different from the original motion, for the purpoſe of obtaining the priority of vote. It was thought perhaps too, that to praiſe by name the late Chancellor of the Exchequer might not be agreeable to certain deſcriptions of men, and therefore the general lumping amendment was propoſed, by which Army, Navy (already repeatedly and juſtly thanked by the Houſe), and his Majeſty's Councils, were

were praiſed: and, in fact, a general edict of praiſe was to be iſſued. Mr. Fox proceeded to contraſt the ſituation of the country as the late Adminiſtration found and as they left it; and went on to ſhew, that at the beginning of the conteſt, had Maret been treated with, we might have had peace on the moſt advantageous terms; Holland, Belgium, &c. would have been ſaved; and then, would French principles have been more dangerous than under the extended dominion of Bonaparte? He reprobated the pretence of fighting for religion, ſocial order, &c. when, after various negociations, mere terms only were diſcuſſed, and theſe venerable names were only uſurped to colour the cauſe, and to inflame the paſſions of men. Mr. Fox then conſidered the ſuperior advantages of our ſituation for negociating with weight in 1800, and dwelt with much ſeverity on the inſolent inſulting letters of Lord Grenville. He highly complimented Sir Sidney Smith, both as an officer and negociator [Sir S. was under the gallery]; and ſaid, that if the French had Egypt, it was becauſe we compelled them to remain there. He rapidly diſcuſſed the prominent actions of the late Adminiſtration, particularly the financial conduct of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the preſent ſituation of the Bank, the impolicy of the Income Tax, and, above all, the miſchiefs to the Britiſh Conſtitution reſulting from the Union with Ireland. This laſt he conſidered as the moſt prominent objection to the vote of thanks now propoſed. The terms of peace were in themſelves very alarming in many reſpects, but this he aſcribed to the war. No man could view the aggrandizement of France without diſmay and anxiety. The war too had deſtroyed that connection with the Continent, and influence in Europe, which, well underſtood and applied, was of ſo much importance. As a Whig, he could not but lament the change. It was the misfortune of the preſent reign, that his Majeſty's adviſers were always for ſtretching power beyond its due extent. By one effort of this kind they loſt America, and by a ſecond they had augmented the power of France to a height to which the proudeſt hopes of Louis XIV. could never have aſpired. The preſent propoſition he therefore muſt conſider as an inſult to the public, as it only ſerved to ſhew in what ſenſe Parliament was always inclined to vote. He ſhould, however, give his decided negative both to the original queſtion and the amendment.

Mr. Foſter ſaid, that he could not vote his thanks to the Miniſters who had forced the Union with Ireland againſt the ſenſe of the people of that country.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſupported the amendment of Lord Belgrave. He admitted, that during the late war ſome of our expeditions had failed; but contended, that the conduct of the war, in general, had been attended with ſucceſs.

The following diviſions at length took place. For the original motion 52, againſt it 224; For Lord Belgrave's motion 222, againſt it 52; For Sir Henry Mildmay's motion of thanks to Mr. Pitt 211, againſt it 52.

Adjourned.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IN the Paris Papers of the 3d inſtant, we find the following article relative to Switzerland: — The Aſſembly of Notables at Berne have unanimouſly adopted the new plan of Conſtitution for the Helvetic Republic, propoſed by a ſelect Committee of ſeven Members. The reports that the French Government intended to interfere in the internal affairs of Switzerland, are contradicted in the Helvetic Journal in the following terms:—"We can aſſure our readers, on the credit of authentic information, that the French Government have formally approved of our laſt revolution, and that, reſpecting the independence of our country, it entirely leaves to thoſe perſons who are actually at the head of affairs, the care of giving the Helvetic people a Conſtitution adapted to their circumſtances."

Extract of a Letter from Paris, June 2.

"Bonaparte having ſent to the King of Etruria a copy of the *Cancordat*, the latter

latter returned it with a great number of marginal notes written in his own hand, and containing obſervations to which he expreſſed his hopes that Bonaparte would conform. Bonaparte anſwered in a way that ſhewed it was not his deſire that the King of Etruria ſhould preſume to have any thing to do with the affairs of France, and ſent a tranſcript of his Majeſty's letter to the archives of Foreign Relations, with the following title: "*To be preſerved as a monument of the ſtupidity of Kings, when they ſuffer themſelves to be governed by Prieſts.*"—The King of Etruria has prohibited in his kingdom the execution of thoſe articles of the *Concordat* which might have any relation to it.

"Some important changes in the Conſtitution are mentioned. The eſtabliſhment of two Chambers is ſpoken of—the one to conſiſt of landed proprietors, and the other to form the ſenate, and to have the privilege of diſcuſſing all treaties and diplomatic tranſactions."

On the 14th May, the Firſt Conſul reviewed the firſt regiment of artillery. This regiment was deprived of its colours for being concerned in the inſurrection at Turin. The Conſul, however, after making a long addreſs to the ſoldiers, and pointing out the diſgrace which attended their conduct in the ſtrongeſt terms, reſtored their colours, on which they ſwore to defend them till death.

The decree appointing General Andreoſſi Ambaſſador to the Court of Great Britain has been ſigned by the Conſuls.

Extract of a Letter publiſhed in the Moniteur.

"FORT REPUBLICAIN, *Feb.* 13.—On the arrival of the French ſquadron here, the Chiefs were abſent. The ſubalterns deprived the two White Commanders at Port Republicain of authority, and prepared for reſiſtance. Port-au-Prince has not been deſtroyed, but upwards of 300 white inhabitants have been carried away by the inſurgents, numbers of whom eſcaped and returned; others are ſaid to be put to death; ſeveral were butchered at Chitry. The village of Croix de-Bouquets was burned to the ground, and ſeveral plantations. The negroes employed in the cultivation of this diſtrict are ſaid to have oppoſed the incendiaries, or the whole muſt have been deſtroyed. The villages of Arcabaye, Vares, and Boucaſſen, were alſo burnt, and great apprehenſions entertained for the lives of the inhabitants. The town of Leogane was firſt pillaged, afterwards burned, and all the inhabitants murdered except five or ſix. There is ſtrong reaſon to fear that the whole of that diſtrict has ſhared the ſame fate. Touſſaint takes no half meaſures; he ſays great dangers ought to be general. The flames begin to appear in the neighbourhood of St. Mark. The expences of the colony this year amounted to thirty-four millions, and the effective receipt is only nineteen millions. Touſſaint and Deſſalines are two of the richeſt individuals in Europe. Touſſaint now demands new taxes to the amount of fifteen millions, and has thrown up ſtrong entrenchments in the Spaniſh quarter."

ARMY OF ST. DOMINGO.

The General in Chief to the Miniſter of the Marine and Colonies.

"*Head Quarters at Port Republicain, March* 9, 1802.

"CITIZEN MINISTER,

"I have arrived at Port Republicain, and have found the town ſafe and untouched. The caſe is not the ſame with the town of Leogane, which was burnt by Deſſalines. But there the ravage has ſtopped, and the whole South part, from Leogane, has been preſerved from harm. I am under particular obligations to the Black General Laplume, who has behaved with great propriety, and maintained good order in all that fine part of the colony. The whole Spaniſh part has been preſerved. Its inhabitants are armed, and on their march to eſtabliſh a cordon. The cruelty and barbarity of Touſſaint are without example. The letters we found in his baggage, or which were delivered to us by Blacks who abandoned his party, characteriſe a ſoul as atrocious as hypocritical. I ſend you one of them, which was put into my hands by General Laplume, who fortunately had acted entirely contrary to the orders he received from him. All the diviſions are on their march to repair to Le Petite Riviere, in order to occupy the important poſt of Le Crete à-Pierrot, where the enemy has his principal powder magazine, his principal depot of cartridges, and where he ſeems reſolved to defend himſelf to the laſt extremity. The large number

of powder magazines which we have already taken from him, and which we found in the different Mornes, begin to render this central depot of very eſſential importance. I have left General Deſfourneaux at Plaiſance, to protect the Northern Department; and I hope that the ſquadrons from Fluſhing and Havre will ſoon arrive at the Cape. The diviſions of Hatry, Rochambeau, Boudet, and Debelle, are in motion. The proviſions embarked at Bourdeaux begin to arrive, and the maintenance of the army is already enſured for ſix months. This frees us from one great uneaſineſs; oxen are in ſufficient abundance, ſince the expedition of Touſſaint into the Spaniſh part. The baggage of the enemy falls frequently into the hands of our ſoldiers, which affords them great relief, and enables them to ſuſtain the unheard-of fatigue of this difficult warfare. The Black Officers have baggage and great luxury. The Chiefs wear ſilver ſpurs, without ſhoes or ſtockings. The moment I have enſured the adminiſtration, and organized a park of artillery, in caſe we experience reſiſtance in any ſort, I ſhall myſelf repair to the advanced poſts.

"Health and reſpect.

(Signed) "LECLERC."

In another letter to the Miniſter of the Marine and Colonies, dated Head Quarters at Crete-à-Pierrot, March 25, Gen. Leclerc gives an account of the capture of the Mornes and forts of Crete à-Pierrot, near Artibonite, at the diſtance of eight leagues from St. Marc, and fifteen from Port Republicain. After a ſhort journal of the blockade of Crete-à-Pierrot, Leclerc ſays, "From the 1ſt to the 3d of Germinal (22d to the 24th of May), we bombarded the fort with great activity, and ſet it ſeveral times on fire. On the 3d, at eight in the evening, the left of the enemy made a ſortie on our right, and endeavoured to pierce our lines, throwing themſelves on Artibonite between the corps of General Rochambeau and a reſerve which I placed under the command of Aid-de-Camp Burke, on the left of Artibonite. The miſerable wretches were put to the ſword. We found in the fort a powder magazine, the baggage of Deſſalines, his muſic, a great many fuſees, and fifteen pieces of cannon. The enemy loſt in theſe combats more than 3000 men, but they fought with confidence behind their walls, whereas they ſhew very little in the open field. Our loſs has been conſiderable; in all theſe affairs we had 500 men killed or wounded. Touſſaint, however, after his troops had been beat and diſperſed at Gonaives, in the beginning of Germinal (March 22), retired to the woods with only 500 men. While the army was engaged againſt Deſſalines, he recovered from his firſt terror, collected 500 men more, effected a junction with Chriſtophe, who had preſerved 300 men, and conceived the project of raiſing the whole department of the North, and perhaps carrying the Cape. He preſented himſelf before Plaiſance to attack General Deſfourneaux, who repulſed him with vigour. Touſſaint was not diſcouraged—he diſappeared from before Desfourneaux—advanced towards Dondon and Marmelade—raiſed a part of the planters of the North, and preſented himſelf before the Cape. If the ſuccours from Fluſhing and Havre had arrived, the inhabitants of the North would have been kept in awe; but knowing that there was only a weak garriſon at the Cape, and deceived by the falſe reports which Touſſaint cauſed to be ſpread, theſe unhappy planters were once more miſled. General Boyer kept the enemy at a certain diſtance from the town—made frequent ſorties, and the Cape ſuſtained no hurt. General Hardy ſet out this day from Crete à-Pierrot to take up cantonments in the North. General Rochambeau has marched towards Gonaives, Touſſaint being in that canton. I expect that the diviſions of Fluſhing and Havre, and thoſe from Breſt and Toulon, which you announce, will ſoon arrive: they will be uſeful to us in order that we may occupy cantonments in every point of this vaſt colony, which will be the only means of enabling us to attain the re-eſtabliſhment of order and tranquillity. Though we have been marching forty days, we are reſolved ſtill to march, and not to leave the enemy time to take breath. Language does not furniſh an epithet for the ferocity of Touſſaint. He has butchered more than 10,000 of the inhabitants, Blacks, Whites, and Mulattoes. In our different expeditions we collected nearly 8,000 individuals, men and women, whom he had devoted to ſlaughter. None of the wounded Generals are mortally wounded. I cannot beſtow too high praiſes on their zeal, or on that of the whole army.

"Health and reſpect.

(Signed) "LECLERC."

Admiral Villaret Joyeuſe to the Miniſter of Marine, &c.

" *Road of Cape Francois, on board the Flag Ship, Le Gemappe, April 8.*

" CITIZEN MINISTER,

" The conqueſt and reſtoration of St. Domingo are the grand object of public intereſt, according to which I have been ordered to direct all the movements of the naval army. The navy has hitherto omitted nothing to fulfil this deſtination. All the ports of the colony have been reduced, all the coaſts are guarded, our maritime communications are free in every point, and thoſe of the rebels are impaſſable. It is in the interior of the iſland, even amidſt the mountains, that the focus of the war is eſtabliſhed. The Commander in Chief, after the ſubmiſſion of Maurepas, penetrated as far as Port Republicain, by the moſt dangerous roads, forcing all the poſts, and driving before him all the troops of the rebels. But while, by his junction with Gen. Boudet, he occupied all the towns and all the plains from Leogane to Gonaives, and purſued Deſſalines, in the mountains of Artibonite and Mirebalais, Touſſaint-Louverture and Chriſtophe, collecting in his rear ſome regular troops, and thouſands of brigands (who are here called planters), fell upon the houſes of the Cape, ſet fire to all the plantations in the plain of the North, the quarter of Morin, Limonade, Terrein-Rauge, Trou, Grande Rivere, and even came to brave General Boyer, under the walls of L'Hoſpital and La Petite Anſe. General Boyer procured from the ſquadron all the artillery-ſoldiers of the fleet, and a corps of 1200 ſailors, who valiantly contributed to the defence of the Cape, till the arrival of General Hardy's diviſion. Armed boats were ſtationed at La Petite Anſe, the River Califfet, and in every point of the harbour which could be threatened: they remained there as long as there was any appearance of danger. The Commander in Chief, however, being maſter of the northern part of the Colony by the fidelity of General Laplume, of the ci-devant Spaniſh part, by the ſubmiſſion of Clervaux and Paul L'Ouverture, and of all the eaſtern department by the preſence of his army, was deſirous to deſtroy the principal force of the rebels, collected under the command of Deſſalines, in a poſt named Crete à-Pierrot, and in the neighbouring mountains. This poſt was defended by two conſiderable forts, conſtructed in a pretty regular manner. Generals Debelle, Dugua, Devaux, and Boudet, were wounded. In the attack, General Leclerc received a ſpent ball in his ſaſh, and four of his Aides de-Camp were wounded by his ſide. Our loſs was 500 men killed or wounded; but the rebels, frightened at the intrepidity of our troops, and the obſtinacy with which they purſued them in theſe Mornes, hitherto conſidered as inacceſſible, and ſeeing beſides that their fortifications were deſtroyed by our bombs, having exhauſted their proviſions, and foreſeeing the ſucceſs of a combined attack, reſolved to evacuate Crete à-Pierrot—they were attacked by our troops, who gave them no quarter. Immediately after General Hardy ſet out with his diviſion to advance towards the plain of the North and the environs of the Cape, and by the moſt laborious marches formed a junction with General Boyer. During theſe different operations General Desfourneaux, having under his command the Negro General Maurepas, preſerved from pillage and fire the quarters of Limbe, Borgne, Plaiſance, Port au Paix, Jean-Rabel, and the Mole St. Nicholas. Frigates and corvettes ſtationed on the whole coaſt ſeconded the movements of the diviſion. Rear-Admiral Magon, on his part, with the weakeſt means, happily repulſed all the attacks of the enemy, and preſerved to the cultivators of the colony, as well as to the commerce of the mother country, the rich quarters of Maribaroux, Ouanaminthe, Valliere, Laxabon, and Forte Liberte. Two ſhips of the line and a frigate have been conſtantly under his command, and the crews ſhared with the ſmall number of ſoldiers at his diſpoſal, the dangers of his poſition and the honours of his ſucceſs. Such, Citizen Miniſter, is a general view of the events of the campaign during the whole month of Ventoſe. More circumſtantial details will be communicated to Government by the Commander in Chief, a judge of the merit and advantages of all theſe particular engagements."

The Admiral then goes on to ſtate ſome particulars of no great moment reſpecting the operations of particular veſſels belonging to this ſquadron. The diviſion of Admiral Latouch had continued its ſtation at Port Republicain, and all the important points of the Eaſtern and Southern coaſts; the General having proceeded to the Cape, March 9, to concert meaſures with Admiral Villaret, the Foudroyant, through the ignorance of the pilot, ſtruck on a rock, and had been nearly

nearly wrecked: ſhe however eſcaped with the loſs of her rudder. The Zele, Tourville, and Swiftſure, are arrived at the Cape, and the frigates from Havre on the 17th and 29th of March. Theſe veſſels landed about 3000 troops. The Batavian diviſion arrived on the 18th Germinal, April 8, and landed 2500 men. The Engliſh frigate the Nereide, commanded by Captain Mends, appeared off the Cape on the 31ſt of March. He had left his ſtation off Cape Tiberon, to inquire after an Engliſh veſſel reported to have been captured or detained by one of Touſſaint's cruizers. Captain Mends anchored in the road. "We received him," ſays Admiral Villaret, "with the ſame marks of reſpect and friendſhip as thoſe which Admiral Duckworth ſhewed to the Captain of the Cornelie. I am inclined to believe, that his Officers will bear teſtimony to the politeneſs of the French, and to our wiſhes to maintain peace between the two nations."

BREST, *May* 21.—Admiral Villaret, who left St. Domingo the 10th of April, with eight ſail of the line, is arrived at Breſt. There was nothing new at St. Domingo ſince the Fidele quitted it. Our troops had recommenced their purſuit of Touſſaint.

PARIS, *May* 25.

The General in Chief to the Miniſter of the Marine and Colonies.

"*Head Quarters at Port Republicain, April* 1.

"CITIZEN MINISTER,

"Immediately after the taking of Crete-à-Pierrot, Deſſalines, finding himſelf purſued, fell back upon the great foreſts; but I had cut off his retreat in that direction by a detachment which occupied the Mirebalais. Deſſalines attempted to force a paſſage, and was repulſed. He then fell back upon the Cahous, and now wanders from poſition to poſition with very few followers, but extremely favoured by local ſituations, of which it is very difficult to form a proper idea. I have again put the fort of Crete-à-Pierrot in a ſerviceable condition, and placed a garriſon in it. When the ſquadron arrived at Port Republicain, General Boudet diſpatched Citizen Sahe, his Aid-de Camp, with a flag of truce. He was detained by the Blacks, who conſtantly carried him along with them from *morne* to *morne*, and wood to wood; twenty times was he on the point of being put to death. The details of the maſſacres which he witneſſed make one ſhudder. On the 29th of April Touſſaint ſent for him, lamented the diſagreeable ſituation in which affairs were now placed, and ſent him back with ſome letters. Thus it appears that Touſſaint ſtill hopes to find, in the duplicity of his character, a remedy for the painful ſituation to which he is now reduced. He begins at laſt to form an idea of the power of France. I have taken every meaſure to follow up the firſt ſtep of this intercourſe, though there is little to be hoped from a man who is ſo deeply verſed in the arts of villainy.

"Health and reſpect.

(Signed) "LECLERC."

In another letter, dated at the Cape the 9th, he laments the want of artificers in the colony to aſſiſt in rebuilding the city.

PARIS, *June* 13.—The following letter was this day received from the General in Chief:—

ST. DOMINGO.

"*Head Quarters at the Cape, May* 8.

"CITIZEN MINISTER,

"I take the earlieſt opportunity of diſpatching Citizen Bruyeres, my Aid-de-Camp, to acquaint you with the happy events which have re-eſtabliſhed tranquillity throughout this fine and immenſe colony. You muſt have received the diſpatches by which I informed you of the military occurrences which took place in the month of Germinal (March 22—April 20). Beaten and diſperſed in every direction, terror filled the camps of the rebels. Deſtitute of ſtores, and almoſt without powder, they were reduced to eat bananas. The arrival of the ſquadron from Fluſhing and Havre gave the finiſhing blow. Chriſtophe ſent to inform me that he had always been a friend to the Whites, whoſe ſocial qualities and information he had eſteemed more highly than any other man of colour; that all the Europeans who had been in St. Domingo could bear teſtimony to his principles and his conduct; but that imperious circumſtances, which govern and frequently decide the conduct of a public character, had not left him power to act as he could have wiſhed; in a word, that he was anxious to know whether there ſtill remained any hopes of ſafety for him. I returned, in anſwer, that with the French people the door of repentance was always left open; that the conſtant habit of the Firſt Conſul

was

was to weigh the actions of men, and that a ſingle miſdeed, whatever were its conſequences, never effaced the remembrance of ſervices formerly rendered; that, in fact, the information received by me previous to my departure was perſonally favourable to him; and, in ſhort, that if he was willing to place himſelf at my diſcretion, he would have reaſon to be ſatisfied. He ſtill heſitated. Several columns marched in purſuit of him, and ſome ſlight encounters took place. At length Chriſtophe apprized me that I had only to ſend him my orders. Thoſe I ſent were that he ſhould repair alone to the Cape, diſmiſs all the working Negroes whom he had ſtill with him, and collect all the troops under his command. Every thing was punctually executed. More than 2000 inhabitants of the Cape, who were in the moſt diſtant *mornes*, have returned. His magazines and artillery are in our hands, and about 1200 troops of the line, whom he had ſtill remaining, joined our troops. A part of them have been diſarmed and ſent to work at the plantations. The reſt I retain in order to be incorporated with the national troops. The ſubmiſſion of Chriſtophe completed the conſternation of Touſſaint. He employed every means to acquaint me with the afflicting ſituation in which he was placed, and with what pain he ſaw hoſtilities continued without an object, and without an end. He added, that very unfortunate circumſtances had already occaſioned many calamities; but that, however great the force of the French army, he ſhould ſtill remain ſufficiently ſtrong and powerful to burn, ravage, and ſell dearly a life which had once been uſeful to the mother country. All theſe communications, frequently repeated, gave riſe to profound reflections. Three-fourths of the colony had ſtill eſcaped the ravages of fire; and Touſſaint and the Blacks, though they had done much miſchief and conducted the war with extreme barbarity, had never ſeen France, and, for twelve years, had received only falſe impreſſions of our force and our character. I cauſed Touſſaint to be informed, that he had only to repair to the Cape, and that the hour of pardon might ſtill return. Touſſaint did not fail to profit by the permiſſion I had given. He came to ſee me, entreated to be reſtored to favour, and took an oath of fidelity to France. I accepted his ſubmiſſion, and ordered him to repair to a plantation near Gonaives, and never to leave it without my permiſſion. I have placed Deſſalines at a plantation near St. Marc. All the planters, who had been carried off, are returned. I ſhall incorporate with the colonial troops ſuch part of the trained Blacks as I ſhall think fit to be entruſted with arms. The ſtores and pieces of artillery which they had dragged to the top of precipices, or concealed in the woods, are daily brought in. They had ſtill more than a hundred. A new era commences. From all the *arretes* and meaſures I have taken, you will perceive that we are buſily occupied with the internal adminiſtration of the country. The bad ſeaſon has commenced; but the repoſe which the troops enjoy will enable us to paſs it with the leaſt poſſible loſs. In conſequence of your attention, we are abundantly ſupplied with proviſions.

" Health and reſpect.

(Signed) " LECLERC."

From the ſame at the Cape, May 8.

" The rebuilding of the Cape proceeds with a degree of activity which it is difficult to conceive. The city riſes out of its aſhes. I do not conceal the miſchief which has been done in many diſtricts of the colony; but from the different official reports which I am now receiving, I am convinced that more than three-fourths of the colony are entire. The diſtricts of Artibonite, and all thoſe of the South, the Mole, and Fort Liberte, are completely preſerved. American veſſels crowd our harbours with cargoes of flour, deal, and other materials for building. Citizen Pichon acquaints me, that the Americans have ſhewn much diſſatisfaction with the meaſures taken by me on my arrival; but, in my opinion, they are wrong to ſpeak of the paſt. There were ſome agents of the American Government with Touſſaint, and they did not always give him the beſt advice. Muſkets, guns, and powder, were furniſhed from the United States with increaſed activity, the moment the Preliminaries of Peace were known. It was therefore natural that I ſhould take meaſures to prevent this communication with the rebels. Our Commiſſioners in America do not feel very much for the intereſt of the public treaſury. A paltry little brig which you ſent out has coſt 28,000 francs for repairs. Citizen Pichon, however, ought to know that the brig was not worth half that ſum. The national trade alſo begins to ſend me a few veſſels. I have given orders for reſtoring the operation of the colonial ſyſtem as far as poſſible. All veſſels coming from France

are exempted from every kind of import duty. They pay ten per cent. on exportation; it would perhaps be adviſeable to demand five only; but I ſhall wait for inſtructions from you on this point. This can no wiſe injure commerce, becauſe you can, in the mean time, diminiſh in a like proportion the duties upon the trade from the Weſt Indies. The colony is alſo in a ſituation to receive ſuch a commercial ſyſtem of regulation as you may think proper. Should our large commercial towns take means for ſupplying our demands, we may in a ſhort time reſtore the operation of the edicts of 1784 relative to the cuſtoms. I have further to requeſt that you will aſſure the Firſt Conſul that I have not for a moment loſt ſight of the direct inſtructions he gave me, as well in a political as in a commercial point of view, and that I ſhall regard the day when the national commerce alone will be ſufficient for the demands of St. Domingo, as a happy day for myſelf and the army; inaſmuch as a colonial war ſhould have for its reſult the triumph of commerce. I have ſent General Dugua to the Southern part. General Rochambeau is in the diſtrict of St. Marc. The whole of the army is entitled to my praiſe; but I ought to notice, in a more particular manner, the zeal, the firmneſs, and the ſervices of General Rochambeau. The activity of Daure, the Chief Commiſſary *ordonnateur*, is alſo entitled to eulogium.

"Health and reſpect.

(Signed) "LECLERC."

A private letter of the ſame date ſtates tranquillity as completely reſtored to the whole iſland; and that inhabitants from the Spaniſh colonies in North America are arriving in great numbers.

In a letter from General Leclerc to Touſſaint he tells him, that a veil of oblivion ſhall be thrown over every thing that has paſſed prior to his arrival at St. Domingo. "With regard to yourſelf," he obſerves, "you deſire repoſe, and you deſerve it. After a man has ſuſtained for ſeveral years the burthen of the government of St. Domingo, I apprehend he needs repoſe. I leave you at liberty to retire to which ever of your habitations you pleaſe. I rely ſo much on the attachment you bear to the colony of St. Domingo, as to believe that you will employ the moments of leiſure you may have in your retreat, in communicating to me your views reſpecting the means to be taken to make agriculture and commerce again flouriſh."

To this letter is ſubjoined a decree which repeals the outlawry of Touſſaint and his colleagues.

A letter from Tours, in the Department of Indre and Loire, dated the 4th inſtant, ſtates, that on the 30th ult. the whole of that Department was ravaged by a moſt dreadful hail-ſtorm, which has deſtroyed all hopes of the harveſt. The hail was of an extraordinary ſize, and ſuch as was never before ſeen in that part of the country. The crops of grain are completely annihilated, the vines are all deſtroyed, and even ſeveral large trees are beaten down.

The old Prince Suboff, a celebrated favourite of Catherine II. having arrived at Warſaw, on his way to Italy, the populace, who always conſidered him as the projector of the diſmemberment of Poland, treated him with the utmoſt indignity, and even threatened his life. Troops were obliged to be ordered out for his protection; and the next day, he made a precipitate retreat from the city.

The city of Lorca, ſituated in the kingdom of Murcia, experienced, on the 30th of April, a dreadful diſaſter. The reſervoir, which is of ſeveral leagues extent, and ſerved to water the ſurrounding countries, ſuddenly burſt, and inundated a ſpace of more than twenty leagues, as alſo a part of the city. Five hundred houſes have been deſtroyed. Above 1000 perſons have loſt their lives, and a great number of beaſts have been drowned.

RATISBON, *June* 1.—Letters from Italy announce an extraordinary piece of news. It is no leſs than the occupation of the Morea by the French army, which has evacuated Calabria, to ſerve, adds the ſame account, *with the conſent of the Porte*, as a compenſation for the aggrandiſement of territory which Wallachia and Bulgaria will give to Auſtria and Ruſſia, who, *with the conſent of the Porte* alſo, are preparing to take poſſeſſion of them.

AMERICA.

The Congreſs have agreed to the admiſſion of the North Weſtern Territory as a State into the Union.

The Creek Indians being deſirous of making peace with the Spaniards, propoſed to the Governor of St. Auguſtine, that they would deliver up to him the famous Bowles, the Chief of one of their tribes, together with all the Spaniſh priſoners, negroes, and property of every deſcription, that they had taken from Flo-

rida;

rida: in return, they demanded that the Indian priſoners in the Spaniſh fortreſſes ſhould be delivered up, and that the Indian tribes be admitted to have intercourſe with the Spaniſh ſettlement; which the Governor agreed to, on condition of their leaving their arms on the frontiers.

A very ſingular circumſtance occurred towards the end of April at Baltimore: as the ſhip Birmingham, Captain M'Carthy, was entering the river, the mate blew out his brains in the forecaſtle; and immediately afterwards, a young lady, a paſſenger in the ſhip, threw herſelf overboard, and was drowned. The mate had a wife and family on ſhore, and the father and brother of the young lady were on board the veſſel.

WEST INDIES.

[From the *Barbadoes Mercury* of the 24th April.]

ROSEAU, (DOMINICA), *April* 14.—On Saturday morning the 10th inſtant, accounts arrived in town expreſs to his Excellency Governor Johnſtone, that a mutiny had broke out in the 8th Weſt India regiment, of which his Excellency is Colonel, who, on the preceding evening, had revolted againſt their Officers, and put three of them to death *; in conſequence of which an alarm was fired, and the colony put under martial law, which was ſanctioned by a Council of War, to continue for fourteen days.—The different military corps were immediately aſſembled in the town. On Sunday his Excellency embarked with the remainder of the 68th, and arrived at Prince Rupert's on the evening of the ſame day. Previous to this the mutineers had made a *ſortie*, in which they had a ſkirmiſh with Captain Trotter's company, but in the end were repulſed and driven back by that company, ſupported by the Marines of the different ſhips in the Bay †. His Excellency found, on his arrival, that terms had been propoſed to Major Hamilton; after which, ſeveral interviews between parties deputed from the mutineers and our Commanders took place, the reſult of which was, that they ſhould ſurrender and lay down their arms, and that 500 men ſhould march to take poſſeſſion. The Governor, at the head of a detachment from the Royals, commanded by Captain Puxley from the Saints, about 300 of the 68th, commanded by Majors Scott and Hamilton, and the Marines, together with ſome Officers and privates of the Artillery, entered the garriſon, when they found the mutineers drawn up on their uſual place of parade, with the colours in their front. They received our troops with preſented arms, and obliged two of their Officers, whom they had ſpared from the maſſacre of Friday night, to take poſt in their front. The Governor drew up his troops in two lines oppoſite to them, rode to the line of mutineers, and directed them to ſhoulder and ground their arms, on which he rode to the rear of the front line. They were then ordered to advance three paces in front; at which moment a Serjeant called out, "No, General—no." The Governor then replied, if they did not inſtantly obey, he would order the troops to fire upon them. On which, the whole ſeized their arms, and a general fire commenced, by which many of the mutineers fell, and the remainder diſperſed themſelves in different directions. —After the ſcene on the parade, many of the ſurviving fugitives were ſeen ſcrambling up the outer Cabrit; others fled up the inner one, and thoſe who could attain it, running along the line on the ridge, diſcharged, as they paſſed, the cannon which had been previouſly loaded, and pointed on their purſuers, and then threw themſelves headlong over the precipice. Such, however, was the ſpirit of activity manifeſted by every white individual in the garriſon, that, in the courſe of half an hour, the whole were completely reduced; and theſe daring banditti may now be ſaid (except about 130, who are priſoners on board the ſhips of war) to be almoſt wholly exterminated.—Our own loſs has been very trifling, according to the beſt accounts, amounting to 20 killed and wounded.—Lieutenants M'Kay and Waſtnays appeared to have been peculiar objects of their rage. Lieutenant Waſtnays' fate was truly lamentable. Theſe barbarians having ſtripped him, faſtened him to a tree, pricked him with their bayonets, and mutilated him in a moſt ſhocking manner; and the dead body of Lieutenant M'Kay, the firſt victim to their wrath, they equally inſulted, by dragging it about the poſt in a manner too horrid to relate.

* Capt. Cameron, killed; Lieut. Mackay, ditto; Lieut. Waſtnays, ditto; Commiſſary Laing, ditto; Quarter and Barrack-maſter, Serjeant M'Kay, ditto; Clerk of the Cheque, Barron, dangerouſly wounded; Quarter-maſter Serjeant Young, wounded.

† The Magnificent and Excellent, 74 each; Severn, 44; and Gaieté ſloop of war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 27.

MASTER Broderip, an Etonian, was unfortunately drowned, as he was bathing near the Eton Headpile, in the river Thames.

29. The Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, had a meeting in the Adelphi; when the annual premiums and bounties were delivered. Among many others were the following:—To John Hunter, Esq. of Gubbins, in Herefordshire, for having planted 40,000 oaks, the gold medal.—To Mr. Thomas Clulow, of Shoreditch, for his invention of weaving purses, pockets, and sacks, in a loom, and improving the construction of looms in general, 25 guineas.—To Mr. H. Greathead, of South Shields, for his construction of a cork boat, by which the lives of many persons shipwrecked have been preserved, the gold medal of 50 guineas.—To the Hon. Joseph Robley, of Tobago, for a plantation of bread fruit trees, the gold medal.

30. A fire broke out in the Castle of Roseneath, Scotland, belonging to His Grace the Duke of Argyle, which was burned to the ground.

By a treaty between Saadut-Ally, the present Nabob, of Oude; and the Hon. Henry Wellesley, concluded at Lucknow, on the 10th of November, 1801, his Highness has ceded to the Company, in perpetual sovereignty, a certain proportion of his territory, in lieu of the subsidy usually granted by him to the Company's troops. The revenue of this ceded territory amounts to 1,350,000l. sterling. Mr. H. Wellesley is appointed Lieutenant-governor of this country.

Captain C. W. Byne and Lieutenant G. B. Bellasis have been found guilty at the Quarter Sessions at Bombay, of the murder of Mr. A. Forbes Mitchell, by killing him in a duel: in consequence of the Jury having recommended them to mercy, the Court sentenced them to be transported to Botany Bay, the former for seven, and the latter for fourteen years.

A duel was fought in the Company's garden, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 14th March last, between Lieutenant Rae of the marines and Mr. Bremer, purser of the Hindostan, when, after firing three rounds, Mr. B. received a wound in the body, of which he died the next morning. The Lieutenant and his seconds are arrived at Portsmouth under arrest.

31. A duel was fought at nine o'clock in the morning, on Rathfarnham Strand, Dublin, between Sir Richard Musgrave and Mr. William Todd Jones. Mr. May was second to Sir Richard, and Mr. T. O'Mara was second to Mr. Jones. Having taken their ground, Sir R. was wounded on the first fire, his antagonist's ball striking him on the side of the abdomen, and passing out near the left thigh; he was carried to his house, and we are happy to hear is in a fair way of recovery.—The cause of this unfortunate affair was, Sir R. having made some animadversions on the character of Mr. Jones, in his History of the "Irish Rebellion."

In a sort of Supplement to that Work, intitled "Observations on the Reply of Dr. Caulfield, Roman Catholic Bishop, and of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Wexford, to the Misrepresentations of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. and on other Writers who have animadverted on the "Memoirs of the Irish Rebellions," Sir Richard had the following passage:—

"Mr. Wm. Todd Jones is very much incensed with me for having quoted part of a letter written by him in the year 1792, to that *illustrious Body the United Irishmen* (of which it is said he was a member) in favour of the Roman Catholics. From some part of Wales, where he resides, he published a furious tirade of abuse against me, which has been circulated with malignant sedulity by *his good friends, the United Irishmen*. In framing it, he seems to have extracted from the Billingsgate Vocabulary a number of opprobrious epithets and appellations, which those who know me, must be convinced are no more attached to my character than the scurrilous railings of a drunken fishwoman to an unknown passenger. I will not degrade myself by attempting to answer so contemptible a production. I shall only observe, that any thing coming from the pen of Mr. Jones can no more wound my feelings than it can injure my character; and, though I am not an adept at scolding, I dread his pen as little as I do his sword.

On Sunday, May 23, Counsellors O'Brien and O'Dwyer, waited upon Sir Richard

Richard Muſgrave, and delivered to him the following *written* meſſage:

"Sir Richard, Mr. Todd Jones conſiders your mention of his ſword in your late publication, joined to your other expreſſions, as a direct call upon him, and he deſires you will pleaſe to appoint time and place for a meeting."

Sir Richard Muſgrave then almoſt immediately ſigned the following paper, as previouſly drawn up:

"I am *ſorry* for having imputed any unworthy motives to Wm. Todd Jones, Eſq. and *I retract every expreſſion* tending to wound his feelings,"

"RICHARD MUSGRAVE."

Signed in preſence of Us,
May 23, 1802,
MORGAN JOHN O'DWYER
DENNIS O'BRIEN, jun.

"The above tranſaction is to be publiſhed by Sir Richard Muſgrave's conſent, in the Britiſh and Iriſh Newſpapers, and in the *Moniteur* of Paris; and a copy of Sir Richard's retraction is to be printed *by himſelf*, in nine days from the date hereof, in the new edition of his work now going to preſs.

"Promiſed in preſence of us,
"MORGAN J. O'DWYER.
"DENNIS O'BRIEN."

The Account adds, that Sir Richard Muſgrave, conceiving his character had ſuffered by his retraction, wiſhed to withdraw it. The duel was the conſequence.

A ſplendid Gala was given by the Union Club, in Pall Mall, in honour of the Peace; and it is admitted, that every idea which was previouſly formed of this grand and novel exhibition fell far ſhort of reality.—The demand for tickets had been exceſſive, and the anxiety of the faſhionable world to arrive in time was ſo great, that every avenue to Cumberland-houſe was completely blocked up before midnight.—By one o'clock the houſe was completely filled, and a more varied or more ſplendid aſſembly it is not eaſy for the imagination to conceive. All that the inventive taſte of luxury could deviſe was combined in the dreſſes and metamorphoſes of the company. The decorations were profuſe in the extreme; and as the excluſion of dominos gave ſcope for the diſplay of a variety of characters, the whole was the moſt motley group we ever remember to have ſeen. The grand ſaloon being filled with company, there was no opportunity for dancing, nor did the viſitors ſeem inclined to partake of that amuſement. The terrace adjoining the ſaloon, at the back of the houſe, was illuminated with painted gauze lanterns, hanging from a ſhrubbery, planted on each ſide of the walk. The effect was charming, and univerſally admired. The long walk from the houſe to the Park was illuminated in the ſame manner, and would have afforded a delightful promenade, had not the weather been cold. The walk was planted on each ſide with fruit trees in full bearing, and flowers of every deſcription.—The billiard room was appropriated to the uſe of the Prince of Wales and his friends. The tables were here laid with a brilliancy that excited univerſal admiration. The wreaths of flowers, the elegance of the frame-work, and the feſtoon ornaments were unparalleled. On the principal table was a beautiful *water piece*, the centre of which was occupied by *Neptune* in his car, ſurrounded by Naiads, trophies, and other naval devices, and in the parterre were complimentary trophies to his Royal Highneſs, with allegorical deſigns. The canopy erected for the Prince, evinced a magnificence ſuited to the rank of the Royal Viſitor. The ground was of crimſon ſatin, and the effect was greatly heightened by ſuperb fringe, and trimmings of gold and ſilver.—The ſupper-rooms above ſtairs were alſo comparatively ſplendid. The tables contained frame-work, down the middle, beautifully painted in a variety of colours, and ornamented with trophies and ſmall ſtatues of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip. Over the tables were arches, hung with ſilver gauze in feſtoons. In the large card-room there were two tables 41 feet in length, both ſuperbly ornamented. The ſupper-room of the Club contained two tables 23 feet each, on which were two ſets of ornaments, in the Arabeſque ſtile, very ſuperb; in the centre of one, in an ornamented vaſe, were introduced live gold fiſh.—When the time of ſupper approached, a great ſcene of confuſion occurred. The company were obliged to aſcend to the upper rooms by a narrow ſtaircaſe, where hundreds were wedged in for the ſpace of two hours. The rooms had been filled in a few ſeconds, and the company preſſing from below, prevented thoſe who had aſcended from returning. With reſpect to the ſupper, it is only neceſſary to ſay that it conſiſted of every delicacy which art and nature could afford. The principal character of the evening was the Prince of Wales, as King Henry VIII. in a very ſuperb

dreſs, and a cap ſurrounded with diamonds.—Several accidents happened in Pall Mall; ſome coaches were overturned, and others daſhed to pieces; but no lives were loſt.—We underſtand that upwards of 1200 perſons got admiſſion by means of forged tickets.

JUNE 2. The Gentlemen of Boodle's Club gave a grand entertainment at Ranelagh; and though it was not equal in point of ſplendour to that of the Union Club, yet of the two it was preferable, as there was more ſpace, and conſequently better accommodation for the numerous company which attended.—At ten o'clock the Lottery began drawing as the Ladies preſented their tickets.—All prizes and no blanks.—The prizes conſiſted of ſhawls, paraſols, handkerchiefs, quizzing glaſſes, &c. and the drawing occaſioned great mirth.—The miniature Opera performances began about eleven.—The Ball began about half paſt eleven, and about thirty couple danced.—The Prince entered alone at half paſt eleven, dreſſed in ſcarlet regimentals, the uniform of a Field Marſhal; and Sir Willoughby Aſton immediately attended his Highneſs round the room.—The Duke of Cumberland entered arm in arm with Sir Sidney Smith.—Some perſons came in maſks, but they were refuſed admittance.—The buſineſs was well conducted by ſeveral gentlemen of the Club; and the ſupper conſiſted of every rarity.

3. In the afternoon, a dreadful fire broke out at a warehouſe in Great Alie-ſtreet, Goodman's-fields. It was occaſioned by a candle being left burning near ſome ſtraw. Several engines arrived in a ſhort time: three of the firemen got on the roof, which ſunk under them, and two are ſaid to be loſt: the other was dug out in a very miſerable ſtate, but is likely to recover.

7. A boy eight years of age, ſon of the late Captain Wilſon, fell into the water at Hull Harbour, and was loſt. His father and another ſon ſhared a ſimilar fate, at the ſame place, about three years ſince.

8. A party of Gipſies were brought up to the Public Office, Bow-ſtreet, charged with kidnapping a female child, named Mary Kellen. It appeared that on Friday laſt this child, in a moſt wretched ſtate, applied to ſome perſons at South End, near Lewiſham, for relief; and ſaid that ſhe had juſt made her eſcape from ſome Gipſies, who had ſtolen her from her friends at Plymouth. On being interrogated, ſhe aſſerted that ſhe was the daughter of Captain K. of the Marines; that ſhe was ſtolen about ſeven months ago, and that, after having been ſtripped of her clothes, and dreſſed in a filthy garb, ſhe was forced to wander with the gang, who treated her with the greateſt cruelty. She alſo ſtated, that they lately entrapped a little boy, whom they treated in a ſimilar manner. The Gipſies admitted that ſhe had been with them; but, inſtead of ſix or ſeven months, as ſhe ſaid, declared ſhe had only come to them about ten days ago, and then by her own requeſt, one of the women meeting with her on Kennington Common apparently in the greateſt diſtreſs, and ſhe begging to be received among them. This aſſertion was poſitively denied by the child; and the Vagrants were committed to the Houſe of Correction till the matter could be inveſtigated.

The conſequence of further enquiry has been to prove, that the ſtatement of Mary Kellen, reſpecting her being kidnapped by Gipſies, was a complete fabrication. The girl ran away from the Rotherhithe Poor-houſe, and offered to go with theſe Gipſies who met her at Kennington. She did not appear much diſconcerted at being detected in her combination of falſehood; the Magiſtrate committed her to the Houſe of Correction, and diſmiſſed the Gipſies, for whom a handſome collection was made in the office.

Eton Montem.—This triennial ceremony took place on Tueſday.—Their Majeſties and the Princeſſes attended at eleven o'clock, and gave their uſual donation to the Salt bearers, after which the proceſſion then moved to Salt-hill, where an elegant dinner was provided for the Gentlemen.—A great portion of *ſalt* was collected; every perſon who entered Windſor on Tueſday, being obliged to contribute to the box.

A man named Teague has been committed to Hereford gaol, for feloniouſly altering four drafts of the Brecon Bank, from 10l. to 50l. and uttering them.

Laſt week the moſt tremendous ſtorm came on at Melton Mowbray, that has ever been remembered, attended with a whirl-wind and water-ſpout from the S. W. Many buildings were ſtripped of their roofs; trees were torn up by the roots; and the rain deſcended in ſuch torrents as to deluge the lower floors of the houſes. The lightning killed a bullock, but no perſon received any ſerious injury.

14. The

14. The grand Annual Sheep-Shearing at Woburn commenced, and was attended by a number of the Nobility and many of the firſt profeſſional breeders in the kingdom. A variety of premiums were offered this year for fat cattle and newly-invented inſtruments. There was an exhibition of very fine Leiceſter rams and Hereford cattle, which was followed by a ſale of Leiceſter ewes. Ten Herefordſhire cows and two bulls were ſold at a high rate. The buſineſs of the day was concluded with a ſplendid entertainment.—On Wedneſday, the following Prizes were adjudged:—For the beſt two Shear Fat Wether, a Cup to Mr. Smith, Northampton. For the beſt two Shear Fat Wether, bred in Bedfordſhire, a Cup to Mr. Moore. For the beſt Theave, Prize to Mr. Bithray. For the beſt Boar, ditto, Mr. Clayton. For Improved Implement in Agriculture, a Thraſhing Machine, Shepherd and Co. (i. e. R. Salmon); and for the beſt Plough, Mr. Runciman.—Mr. Smith, a land ſurveyor and drainer, from Bath, exhibited his Map (now in very conſiderable forwardneſs) of the ſtrata of different earths, ſtones, coals, &c. &c. which conſtitute the ſoil of this iſland. The extraordinary degree of patient reſearch and inveſtigation which Mr. S. has for many years carried on, not only on the ſurface, but below it, in the numerous mines, wells, &c. which have been ſunk in almoſt every part of the country, promiſes to give his work a degree of ſcientific certainty hitherto unattained in mineralogical and geological publications.

D. Michaels went to Newgate to ſee his brother, who is under ſentence of death for uttering counterfeit ſilver: and, while in the act of preſenting him half a guinea, the villain in confinement ripped open his belly with a knife. He was immediately confined to his cell, and his brother was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital.

A few days ago, a Gentleman firing at ſome rooks over the thatched houſes near Carmarthen Church-yard, the wadding from his gun fell upon the roof of one of them, which ſet it on fire, and communicating to the reſt, burned the whole range to the ground.

MARRIAGES.

MAJOR BORTHWICK, of the Royal Artillery, to Miſs Warburton, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Warburton, archdeacon of Norfolk.

Thomas Raikes, junior, of New Broad-ſtreet, to Miſs Sophia Maria Bayly.

The Hon. Auguſtus Richard Butler Danvers, to Miſs Elizabeth Sturt.

Mr. W. G. Roſe, of the Houſe of Commons, to Miſs F. Davies, of Guildford-ſtreet.

The Lord Viſcount Aſhbrook to Miſs Friend, of Woodſtock, Oxfordſhire.

Colonel Bayley Wallis, M. P. for Ilcheſter, to Mrs. Boſville, widow of Col. Boſville, of the Guards.

Clarke Hildyard, Eſq. of Northampton, to Miſs Tahourdin.

Mr. Emery, of Covent Garden Theatre, to Miſs Anne Thompſon, of the Borough.

The Hon. and Rev. Walter Hutchinſon Aſton, to Miſs Haines.

James Abercomby, Eſq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miſs Leigh, eldeſt daughter of Egerton Leigh, Eſq.

Thomas Heneage, Eſq. to the Hon. Arabella Pelham, daughter of Lord Pelham.

Mr. Henry Siddons, of Covent Garden Theatre, to Miſs Murray, of the ſame Theatre.

Edward Cook, Eſq. of the Treaſury, to Miſs Flude, of Mortlake.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

MAY 16.

MR. Thomas Chapman, of Leiceſter, aged 75. He was lineally deſcended from Sir Iſaac Newton's own ſiſter, ſhe being his grandmother.

20. At York, aged 72, Edward Bedingfield,

Bedingfield, Eſq. ſon of the late Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart. of Oxburgh, Norfolk.

22. In his 85th year, the Rev. Geo. Trannacker, Biſhop of the Proteſtant Church of the United Brethren, and many years paſtor of the congregation at Fulneck, near Leeds.

Anne Counteſs of Roden.

23. At Stanmore, Charles Wigan, Eſq.

Lately, at Witham in Eſſex, Mr. Alexander Watſon, Secretary to the Royal Exchange Aſſurance.

24. The Hon. Frederick Stuart, M.P. for the county of Bute.

25. At his ſeat at Lowther Hall, Weſtmorland, in the 66th year of his age, the Right Hon. James Lowther, Earl of Lonſdale, Viſcount Lonſdale and Lowther, Baron Lowther, of Kendal, and Burgh, and a Baronet. The immediate cauſe of his Lordship's death was a mortification in the bowels; but he had for nearly the two laſt years been in a very precarious and declining ſtate of health, and was occaſionally in ſo exhauſted a ſtate as to be capable of retaining on his ſtomach nothing but human milk. His Lordship inherited his baronetcy from a long line of anceſtors; and in September 1761, was married to Lady Mary Stuart, eldeſt daughter of the late Earl of Bute, by whom he had no iſſue. In May 1784, ſoon after the acceſſion of Mr. Pitt to the Premierſhip, he was created Earl of Lonſdale and a Peer by the ſeveral titles above mentioned. His Lordship's annual income was immenſe. A great part of it, however, was derived from the proceeds of the coal mines upon his eſtates in Cumberland and Weſtmorland, of which counties he was for many years paſt Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum, and alſo Colonel of the Cumberland regiment of militia.

Lately, the Rev. Dr. Joſeph Hoare, Principal of Jeſus College, Oxford, to which he was choſen in 1768, and prebendary of Weſtminſter. His death was occaſioned by an extraordinary accident. As he was ſitting at tea, ſomebody moved the table upon his favourite cat, and gave the animal ſuch pain, that it flew directly at the Doctor, and the wound occaſioned by its claws occaſioned a mortification, which put a period to the life of a very worthy and learned man. Dr. Hoare was upwards of ninety years of age.

26. At Croom's Hill, Greenwich, Chriſtopher Maſon, Eſq. Vice-Admiral of the White, in the 50th year of his age.

At Wooler, Mr. John Whitehead, enſign in the Royal Cheviot Legion.

27. Colonel William Robertſon, of the Royal Invalids.

Lately, George Fordyce, M.D. F.R.S. and of the College of Phyſicians, 1765. He was author of (1) Diſſert. Inaug. de Cattarho. Edin. 8vo. 1758. (2) Elements of the Practice of Phyſick, 8vo, 2d Edit. 1771. (3) Elements of Agriculture and Vegetation, 8vo. 1771.

29. At Streatham, John Whitelock, Eſq. in his 83d year.

In Panton-ſquare, Lieut. Col. William Gunn, formerly of the Inniſkilling Dragoons, and lieutenant governor of Cheſter caſtle.

At Hackney, Mr. John Hoſkins, in his 85th year.

Mr. W. Chapman, late of Kennington-lane, aged 81.

31. At Chelſea, the Rev. Henry Otto Schrader, Chaplain to the German Chapel. St. James's.

Lately, Sir Philip Ainſlie, of Pilton.

JUNE 1. At Barrowgill Caſtle, John Lord Berrudale, eldeſt ſon of James Earl of Caithneſs.

2. In Berkeley-ſquare, Mrs. Jane Mainwaring, ſiſter of William Mainwaring, M.P.

At Morden Hall, Surrey, Lady Burnett, wife of Sir Robert Burnett.

Lately, in Coleman-ſtreet, Mr. Nathaniel Modigliani, aged 78 years.

4. Dr. Lewis Bagot, biſhop of St. Aſaph, formerly biſhop of Norwich, brother of the late and uncle of the preſent Lord Bagot. He was author of (1) A Sermon preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, July 1, 1779, before the Governors of the Radcliffe Infirmary. 4to. (2) Twelve Sermons on the Prophecies concerning the firſt Eſtabliſhment and ſubſequent Hiſtory of Chriſtianity. 8vo. 1781. (3) A Letter to the Rev. William Bell, D.D. on the Subject of his late Publication upon the Authority, Nature, and Deſign, of the Lord's Supper. 8vo. 1781. (4) A Sermon preached before the Houſe of Lords, at Weſtminſter, Jan. 30, 1783. 4to.

J. B. Murphy, Eſq. of Sion College, his 61ſt year.

At Teſton, in Kent, Mrs. Cornwall, widow of Capt. Cornwall, of the Navy.

At Fulbeck, in Lincolnſhire, the Hon. Henry Fane, eſq. M. P. for Lyme Regis, uncle of the Earl of Weſtmorland.

5. Miſs Diana Warren, youngeſt daughter

daughter of Rear Admiral Sir John Borlaſe Warren, Bart. and K. B.

6. At Clapham, in his 72d year, Mr. James Randall, of Queenhithe.

7. At Ruſhton Hall, Northamptonſhire, the Right Hon. Charles Cockayne, Lord Viſcount and Baron Cullen in the kingdom of Ireland, in his 92d year.

Lately, at Vauxhall, Mr. Henry Addis, of the Borough, Southwark.

Lately, at Liverpool, Mr. Benjamin Dawſon, aged 84.

9. Mrs. Mills, wife of Capt. Mills, of Hampſtead Road. This lady, formerly Miſs Burchell, and afterwards Mrs. Vincent, appeared as a ſinger at Vauxhall in 1751. On the 23d of September, 1760, ſhe was brought forwards at Drury Lane in Polly, in The Beggar's Opera, to oppoſe Miſs Brent at the rival houſe. After a few years performance ſhe married Captain Mills (now the laſt ſurvivor of thoſe who ſuffered in the Black Hole, Calcutta), quitted the ſtage, and went to the Eaſt Indies.

Jacob Baker, Eſq. of Eaſt Barnet.

At Edinburgh, David Leſlie, Earl of Leven and Melvil.

Dr. Donald Monro, F. R. S. Fellow of the College of Phyſicians, 1768, and Senior Phyſician to the Army, aged 75. He was author of (1) Diſſert. Inaug. de Hydrope, 8vo. Edin. 1753. (2) An Eſſay on the Dropſy and its different Species, 8vo. 1756, 2d Edit. 1765. (3) Account of the Diſeaſes in the Britiſh Military Hoſpitals in Germany, from January 1761 to March 1763, 8vo. 1764. (4) A Treatiſe on Mineral Waters, 2 vols. 8vo. 1770. (5) Prælectiones Medicæ ex Cronii inſtituto annis 1774 et 1775, et Oratio anniverſaria ex Harveii inſtituto die Octobris anni 1775, habitæ in Theatro C. R. M. L. 8vo. 1776. (6) Obſervations on the Means of preſerving the Health of Soldiers, and of conducting Military Hoſpitals, 2 vols. 8vo. 1780. (7) A Treatiſe on Medical and Pharmaceutical Chemiſtry, and the Materia Medica, 3 vols. 8vo. 1788: and ſeveral papers in the Philoſophical and Medical Tranſactions.

Lieut. Col. Cowper, late of the 60th regiment, and Deputy Inſpector General of the foreign depôt at Cowes.

Mr. Grave, ſen. of Catharine ſtreet, Strand, a collector of prints, in his 75th year.

11. George Rous, Eſq. Counſel to the Eaſt India Company. He was Author of (1) An Eſſay on the Middleſex Election; in which the Power of Expulſion is particularly conſidered, 8vo. 1769. (2) A Letter to the Jurors of Great Britain, occaſioned by the Opinion of the Court of King's Bench read by Lord Chief Juſtice Mansfield, in the Caſe of the King and Woodfall, and ſaid to have been left by his Lordſhip with the Clerk of Parliament, 8vo, 1771. (3) A candid Inveſtigation of the preſent prevailing Topic, 8vo. 1782. (4) A Letter to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, in Reply to his Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, 8vo. 1791: and ſome Pamphlets on Eaſt India affairs.

At Clifton, John Shafts, of Whitworth, in the county of Durham, Eſq.

12. At Edinburgh, Keith Jopp, Eſq. youngeſt ſon of Keith Jopp, Eſq. of Welbeck-ſtreet.

13. At Camberwell, Capt. Francis William Leigh, late of the Warren Haſtings Eaſt Indiaman.

Lately, at Blandfield, near Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Hamilton, phyſician.

Lately, at Barlow, near Selby, Henry Thompſon, Eſq. aged 57.

14. At Highbury Place, Mr. Joſeph Mayſey, of Amwell, Hertfordſhire.

At Camden Town, Joſeph Outrum, Eſq. formerly of Kingſton-upon-Hull.

16. Childers Wallbank Childers, Eſq. of Cantley Lodge, in the county of York.

18. At Enfield, John Lafont, Eſq. ſenior, of Lemon-ſtreet.

19. Mr. John Horns, of Merlin's Cave, Clerkenwell.

Mr. Richard Francis, Gracechurch-ſtreet.

21. In Groſvenor Place, John Cornwall, Eſq. banker.

DEATHS ABROAD.

MARCH 29. At Jamaica, Major John Lennox, commanding the 4th battalion of the 60th regiment.

MAY 23. At Saint Omers, the Right Rev. Gregory Stapleton, Catholic Biſhop of the middle diſtrict, and brother to Thomas Stapleton, Eſq. of Carlton, Yorkſhire.

DEC. 28, 1801. At Quebec, Major Samuel Holland.

EACH DAY's PRICE OF STOCKS FOR JUNE 1802.

Days	Bank Stock	3perCt Reduc.	3 per C. Consols	4perCt Consols	Navy 5perCt	New 5perCt	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn.	Imp. 3pr Ct	Imp. Ann.	India Stock.	Indi. Scrip	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Irish 5perCt	English Lott. Tick.	Irish Tick.
26		72⅛	73 a ¼	88⅜	103	103⅛	20 11-16	4⅞	1		12							
27																		
28	183	73½	73⅝ a 74⅜	89⅛	104	104¼	20 13 16	5		72¼	12⅛				6			
29																		
31		73¾		88⅞	104⅜	104¼	20 5-16	4 15-16	1	72								
1																		
2	182	73⅛		88⅝	104⅛	104	20¾	4 15 16	¾	71⅜					3 dif.	100		
3		72½		87¼	103¼		20½				11 7-16	212						
4																		
5		71⅝		85¾		102⅞	20 5-16	4 15-16	2½		11¾							
7																		
8																		
9		71⅞		86½		102⅞	20¼	5	2	70½								
10	181	72⅛		87⅛		103⅛	20⅛	5	1¼	71	12	211						
11																		
12		72⅝		87⅛		103¼	20⅝	4 15-16	1		12 1-16					99		
14		72½		87⅛		103⅛	20⅛	4 15-16	1¼	71								
15	183	72½		87⅞		103¼	20⅛	5	1½	71	12 1-16					99½		
16	184	73⅛		88¼		103⅜	20¼	5	¾	71¾	12⅛					100		
17	184	73⅛		88⅜		104½	20 15-16	5	par	71⅛	12 3-16					100¼		
18		73¾		89⅛		104⅜	20 15-16	5	dif.	72⅛	12 3 16					100½		
19		74⅜		89¾		105	21⅛	5	¼	72⅝	12¼				1s pr.			
21		74½		89½		105¼	21⅛		¼	73								
22		74¾		90½		105¼	21¼		¾	73¼	12 5-16	216½			2s. pr.	102		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the higheſt and loweſt Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks the higheſt Price only.